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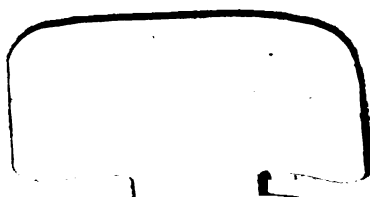
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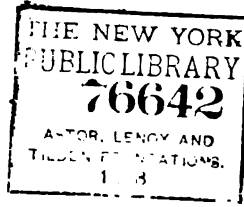
J. Parmly Paret, Editor.

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To J. S. Bellinger &
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THE
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VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1896.

No. 1.



SHORE BIRD SHOOTING.

BY WALTER DREW.

FOR those lovers of wild fowl shooting who have enjoyed it, there is perhaps no more fascinating sport than shore bird shooting, excellent facilities for which are enjoyed at many points along the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard of the United States. The season, opening as it does from July 15 and August 1, from the coast of Maine southward, offers the sportsman an opportunity for sport, midway between the closing of the Spring and the opening of the Fall shooting seasons, that is seized upon with avidity by the old shore bird shooter, and that is declared not only delightful shooting,

but most excellent practice, by the "tenderfoot" who has hitherto been restricted to upland or Fall waterfowl shooting.

The conditions and environments encountered by the shore bird shooter are of the pleasantest, from the sportsman's standpoint. Instead of the benumbed fingers and icy surroundings that make things interesting for the duck hunter, your shore bird shooter takes his seat upon a pile of yielding seaweed at the bottom of his blind, and with his meerschaum for a companion, pulls his hat over his eyes, and keeps a lookout over the heads of his decoys for the

approach of the hardy, swift-flying, and thickly-plumaged birds that are to furnish him his afternoon's sport. From across the sand ridge behind him, comes the soothing roar of the surf, while to counteract the effects of the August sun, the coolest of ocean breezes sweeps along the shore, and gently rustles the sprays of seaweed which have been festooned about the shooting blind, to conceal the form of the shooter from the quick eye of the wary feathered ranger.

The term "shore bird" is applied to the almost endless variety of migrating birds which breed in the far North during the month of June, and return almost immediately after the breeding season to the South Atlantic and Pacific Islands. Largely for the sake of convenience, and partly through habit, the shore bird is known to the gunner by names that would be very apt to puzzle the naturalist and ornithologist. To the gunner, the different members of the family of shore birds are known as red-breasted plover, curlew, brown-back, summer and winter yellow leg, sanderling, beetle head, willet, ring neck, ox-eye, and so on, down to the ubiquitous peep, which at almost all points along the shore is as numerous as the English sparrow in the streets of our large cities. The birds possess distinctly a game bird's plumage, and but for the length of leg and bill, would, to the inexperienced sportsman, present a marked similarity in appearance to many species of upland game birds. The larger varieties are fair eating, but a knowledge of just how to prepare them for the table is necessary to make the average shore bird palatable to any one not a well-seasoned and experienced sportsman. It is unquestionably for the sport, rather than the eating, that the gunner seeks the haunts of the shore bird.

By many sportsmen, shore bird shooting has been termed a lazy

man's pastime, but an experienced shore bird shooter knows that while the work of tramping, attendant upon field shooting, is done away with when after shore birds, the man who would secure a good bag of them must be not only constantly upon the alert, but unusually quick of eye, and a more than ordinarily good wing shot. While almost the entire family of shore birds are readily decoyed, unless panic-stricken by a battery of gunners that they may have inadvertently run into, many and many a bird has met his fate, in the experience of the writer, by responding to the cleverly-imitated call of the gunner. A season's experience and a little practice will familiarize almost any one with the distinctive cries of the birds, and will enable the shooter to distinguish the species almost as far away as he can distinguish the moving forms of the birds. It is really amusing at times to watch the movements of a brace of "beetle heads," for instance, who may happen along the shore, bound, judging from the swiftness of their flight, for some far distant point. As the gunner sees them approaching, and imitates the call, the birds will swerve slightly from their course, hesitate, and then proceed as though having given up all thought of joining the imaginary mate at the water's edge. Perhaps, when the gunner has almost arrived at the conclusion that all chance for a shot is gone, the birds will, if the call is continued, circle about, and come right up to the decoys.

Of course, under such conditions, a gunner may burn a great deal of powder between the hours of the incoming and the ebb tides, and if he does not take home a fat bag of birds, it is due either to his inexperience as a caller, or to his bad marksman-ship.

Shore birds, with the exception of the smaller varieties, almost invariably follow the water line; it is good

usage, therefore, to take one's position in the box perhaps an hour before the flood tide commences, and the water rising, forces the birds shoreward as they feed on the edge of the incoming tide. When the water has reached the box it is then advisable for the gunner to take in his decoys and retreat to his blind, which may be from 100 to 200 yards further shoreward and at the edge of the sand dunes up to which the water reaches at the highest point of the tide. Here he enjoys excellent shooting, while the high tide lasts, and even for an hour afterward, as it recedes.

Confining our references to the Atlantic coast, there are any number of localities whereat the lover of shore bird shooting may find excellent sport and good accommodations.

All along the coast of Maine and Massachusetts, and particularly along the south shore of Long Island, the best shore bird shooting of the North Atlantic coast is to be had. After leaving Long Island, however, there is little shore bird shooting to be enjoyed, until the coast of the Carolinas is reached. This is due to the fact that from New York southward, until the coast of Maryland has been passed, the district is so thickly settled, and the smoke from factory

chimneys and large cities is so constantly prevalent, that the birds fight shy of the coast for several hundred miles, refusing to stop for more than the merest bite of lunch, and flying almost constantly until the wilder and more unsettled regions of the south Atlantic coast has been reached. This he begins to strike at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, and it is said that the best of this kind of shooting to be had in the east, is

from Cape Charles and Cape Henry southward to the extreme end of the Florida coast.

The northern flight of the shore bird takes place in April and May, when the birds are in full flight to their northern breeding grounds in the far distant regions of Baffin Bay, and the great district north of Hudson Bay.

How much

farther north they go, no one has attempted to say, authentically. That they go for breeding purposes, one does not have to go further north than the New England coast to determine, for the reason that the south bound flight, which begins about July 1, consists almost entirely of old birds. With the coming of September, however, there are few if any old birds among the thousands that range along the shore. All are young birds, and it is then perhaps that the



A BUNCH OF SHORE BIRDS.

largest bags are taken. Fair weather is not as a rule favorable weather for shore bird shooting, the shore bird seeming to be putting in his best efforts to leave as many miles as possible behind him, under fair weather conditions. When the weather is thick and foggy, however, with a strong southeast wind on the Atlantic shore, the shore bird shooter burns the most powder, for the birds, tired out by the opposing winds and urged by instinct to keep near the shore, rather than to plough their way blindly through the thickening fogs, are present upon their feeding grounds in large numbers.

For the New York gunner, the south shore of Long Island, and some portions of the Jersey coast, notably Barnegat Bay, are the most easily accessible. The Jersey coast, however, for reasons above given, is rather fought shy of by the migrating bird. The south shore of Long Island suits him better. This coast, for many miles, is but thinly settled, and the miles upon miles of beach along the sand dunes that form the breakwater to Long Island, afford them excellent feeding grounds. While the smoke of the factory, however, is not present on the Long Island shore to frighten his shore-birdship, the easy accessibility of this coast from New York has made it the resort of hundreds of gunners during the season, and what the factory chimney has not accomplished, the batteries of the gunners have, to an almost equal extent. That section of coast which is furthest away from the thickly settled community, and which is therefore more difficult for the gunner to reach, offers, of course, the best opportunities and the best results for the gunner. Consequently, the best shooting that is to be had between Chesapeake Bay and the coast of Maine, is unquestionably found along the sandy shores of Cape Cod, from Chatham on the southern extreme, to Provincetown on the north.

This is the first bit of shore that the birds strike after leaving the coast of Maine. Fighting shy of the thickly settled district south of Portsmouth and along the eastern Massachusetts coast, they take a direct line across the ocean to Cape Cod, and from there follow the shore right down to Rhode Island, thence striking across the sound to the extreme end of Long Island, and thus following the coast as far as Great South Bay.

When the writer, therefore, during the past Summer, determined upon a few days of shore bird shooting, he selected the extreme eastern coast of this great peninsula as his ground for operations, and began to make inquiry as to the best point at which to set out his decoys, and what accommodations he might expect to meet with. As a result, tickets were purchased for the time-honored town of Chatham, which is the last station reached by the southern extension of the Cape Cod division of the Old Colony road. The trip from New York may be an all rail one if desired, but by far the pleasantest route is via Fall River line steamer to Fall River, and thence by rail via Middleboro, to Chatham. Aside from the pleasant anticipations of good sport after reaching one's destination, it is a treat indeed to leave the overpowering heat of a great city, and upon the shady decks of the Puritan or Priscilla, steam around the Battery and up the East River, passing the big Bridge, Blackwell's Island, and Ward's Island, and the many other interesting and picturesque points along the shore, until one enters the broad waters of the Sound. The Fall River Line boats afford perhaps the greatest degree of comfort and luxury that one can find in sea travel anywhere in the world, and the experience of a journey up the Sound, during the hot months of the Summer, even without the luxurious accommodations to be enjoyed upon these boats, is in itself



"BANG! WENT THE RIGHT BARRELS OF TWO GUNS."—Page 11.

well worth taking. Fall River is reached at six o'clock in the morning, and after breakfast aboard the boat, one takes the train at 7.20 A.M., immediately at the steamboat landing, and an hour later, is skirting the northern shore of Buzzard's Bay. Upon leaving Buzzard's Bay station, one can easily, from the car windows, see the Summer home of President Cleveland, and the beautiful shores that extend southward from Gray Gables to Woods Hull, and Martha's Vineyard Sound. The road from Buzzard's Bay runs along the shore of Cape Cod Bay, past Sagamore, Barnstable, Yarmouth, Harwich, and the many other popular Summer resorts of New England people. Three hours and fifteen minutes after leaving the steamer, the old town of Chatham is reached, and one is driven in a carry-all through its queer old streets to the sandy shore, and thence southward a distance of two miles, to the Chatham Beach Hotel.

Just off the main shore stretches a long sand bar which forms the breakwater of Chatham Harbor, and the carry-all takes the gunner across the ford and on to this sand bar. At a distance of two miles from the ford is the Government life-saving station at Chatham. This station was for some years in charge of Captain Nat. E. Gould, one of the hardest, most experienced and bravest men in the service. Many years of arduous work and the hardships encountered in patrolling the ice-bound beach of Cape Cod, finally determined the Captain upon relinquishing the exacting conditions of life necessitated by his duties in the service, and, being an ardent sportsman, he conceived the idea of building near the life-saving station, a comfortable hotel, capable of accommodating from thirty to forty guests, and of utilizing the great flats which extended southward therefrom, for the pleasure and accommodation of any and all sportsmen who might be attracted by the

sport which they offered. Consequently, the Captain built the Chatham Beach Hotel, wherein it has been the writer's pleasure to meet some of the most congenial spirits that he has encountered in a long career of many similar journeys. The view down the beach, as one approaches the hotel, while almost desolate in its long stretches of white sand, with here and there an old and weather-worn wreck, is at the same time a most impressive one. The surf here is one of the grandest on the New England coast, and the hotel, without any professions to architectural beauty, comfort and convenience for sportsmen being about the only objects aimed at, fronts the ocean not more than fifty yards from the long line of white-capped combers that break over a beach anywhere from one hundred to two hundred feet in width. No guest ever presented himself at the door of the Chatham Beach Hotel and failed to receive a cheery welcome from the Captain and his good wife, who makes the table at the hotel, and the good things served upon it, her individual and special charge.

The walls, floors and ceilings of the hotel are ceiled in white pine; the beds are scrupulously neat and clean, and while each guest is made his own bell boy, there is nothing in the house that he cannot have if he asks for it, a fact our little party soon discovered after reaching its portals.

We had arrived about noon, and the breeze from the ocean was not only cool, but it was chilly. The transition from the sun-baked granite blocked pavements of New York was so complete that one could scarcely realize it, the change from 96 in the shade to 70, being to all of us as unexpected as it was delightful. On arrival, we learned that it would be high tide about four o'clock, and so with plenty of time to unpack our trunks, get on our shooting togs, and enjoy one of Mrs. Gould's wholesome New England dinners, we made no haste

in getting down to the boxes. Two o'clock, however, found us with our guns a-shoulder, and our faces turned away from the hotel, toward the great stretch of shell-covered flats that extend southward toward Monomoy Island.

Our guide to the boxes was "Natty," the irrepressible young nephew of Captain Gould, and we were not long in discovering that Natty, while only fairly into his teens, was one of the enjoyable and amusing, as well as one of the most valuable institutions at Chatham Beach. There is probably not a foot of ground that this hardy and steel-muscled youngster does not know. During the winter months he is earnestly engaged in laying the foundation for an education, at school in Harwich, but the moment school closes in July, Natty hangs his store clothes on the peg, and hies himself away to the flats and Chatham Beach Hotel. Here, from four o'clock in the morning, at which hour he is down on the flats, shoveling out the accumulated water from the boxes, and sprinkling the floors with dry, white sand for the comfort of the guests, until seven o'clock at night, when he trudges back to the hotel as enthusiastic and pleased as the most successful sportsman, over the big bags of shore birds that he is lugging home, Natty is here, there and everywhere, flying from one box to another, offering suggestions, schooling the novice in the art of shore bird killing, complimenting this, and criticising that sportsman on the shots that brought down, or did not bring down, the birds he has called in, and doing his utmost to impart his broad knowledge of the sport to each and every one of the guests of his uncle's hostelry. How many miles a day Natty travels it is difficult to tell. We doubted if it has ever occurred to him, but it must be many miles, so many, indeed, that more than one visiting sportsman has declared that he would not follow

Natty Gould over those flats for a single day, not for the newest \$100 note that was ever printed. There is no question but that with Natty crouched down behind the seaweed blind, many a sportsman has pulled in birds that he never would have gotten in the world, both from the fact that Natty has called them in, and has at the same time, by his running sotto voce comments, imbued the gunner with a degree of confidence in his own skill at long range, that he would never have had but for Natty's presence and Natty's words.

"Here comes two," Natty will say; "they are so far off that I can't tell just what they be, but I think they're beetles. Yes! No, by thunder, they're willets! You can get them, they're the foolishhest birds that fly."

Now, many a man would take this bit of jolly on Natty's part with a very big grain of doubt as to Natty's true estimate of his ability; whether or not Natty meant that the gunner was in luck at having such an easy mark before him, or whether Natty in his inmost heart believed that he was incapable of bringing down anything but the "foolishhest birds." Be that as it may, the bird must either be deaf or blind who passes that box without at least swerving out of his course, and within range, at Natty's call.

"Natty, without the hotel, would be sufficient inducement for me to go to the beach," remarked an old patron of the Chatham Beach flats, as we wandered down to our boxes one afternoon, "but the hotel without Natty would lose all attraction for me."

Having introduced Natty, and trusting that the reader has gained a fair idea of what he might encounter in the way of hospitality, as well as the physical character of the ground about Chatham, we will take up again our story of our journey to our respective shooting boxes.

The boxes are twelve in number. The first box, No. 1, is about a mile

from the hotel, and from No. 1 the boxes stretch down the beach from five hundred to six hundred yards apart, almost to the extreme end of the bar, until from the last box, one can catch sight of Monomoy Island, which is another very popular feeding ground for the shore bird. Boxes No. 3 and 4 fell to our lot, and "Natty" having thrown out the puddle of water in box No. 3, and sprinkled more fresh sand over the bottom, we took our seats on the little shelf along one side of the box, which is nothing more nor less than a big dry goods box capable of comfortably seating two men. When seated, the head of the gunner is on a level with the seaweed, which is so arranged as to effectually deceive even the wary birds which make this their feeding grounds. Natty meantime had stood out our decoys in approved positions, and with a cheery wish for good luck, he and the balance of the party waved us a good-bye, and took their departure for the boxes further on down the beach. As the figures of the disappearing sportsmen grow smaller and smaller on the horizon, we jump into our boxes, stow away in the white sand at the bottom our flask of fresh water, our pipes and our matches, and shoving some shells into our guns, pull our hats over our eyes and scan the edge of the water, four or five hundred yards away. We can see a little line

of froth at the edge as the incoming tide bubbles and picks its way over the flats, higher and higher, and then as our fellow sportsmen have finally disappeared into their boxes or out of sight down the beach, we see a few flocks of peep and sanderling skirting the far edge of the water. Having had a bit of experience we know that these birds will pay but little attention to any call that can be given, so we simply watch them

dropping down at the edge of the tide in search of the feed of which they are fondest, knowing that it is but a matter of time when the tide will force them within range of our guns. Besides, we do not care to lay the foundation of our day's bag with such as these.

Suddenly from the north, we see four or five big birds; they come skimming along with wonderful strength of wing, and we know from their broad sweep and the speed at

which they are going, that they are game well worth our shot. It does not take a very practiced eye to see that they are either "beetle-heads" or "brown-backs;" the distance is just a little too far to distinguish accurately, but we know that whatever they are, we want them. Along they come, fully three hundred yards towards tide water from our box, and now our efforts at calling begin. To the first few calls, the birds pay no attention whatever; they seem not to



"NATTY."

hear our whistles, but to settle down for a long journey along the shore. Suddenly, as they get almost by our box, they hesitate, waver, the right wings go up in the air, and they wheel around; they see our decoys evidently feeding peacefully upon the sand, and a moment later, four big beetle-heads turn, throw their big breasts up to the wind, and prepare to settle down for a feed; the companionship of so many good fellows as we have before us is not to be resisted. Some movement in the box, however, perhaps the too incautious raising of a head, or the shifting of a gun barrel, attracts their attention, and with a quick flirt of the wing, they are off again with double the speed they seemed to be moving at before. But it was too late. Bang, bang, went the right barrels of two guns, and down came two "beetle-heads." The other two rose as they heard the shot, and spurted forward again at even accelerated speed. One of them got away: the other fell to the left barrel of one of the guns, and considering that we had been in the box scarce fifteen minutes, we felt that our foundation for a fat bag was a rattling good one.

Further away, down the shore, we heard the sound of other guns, and we wondered if our number four beetle-head had got away. While we were thus speculating, down came a big flock of "sanderlings," evidently scared up by the guns below us, and as they passed our box, we dropped just six out of the flock. A few moments later a flock of full forty "peep" came sailing up along the north shore. Ordinarily, "peep" are not considered satisfactory game, but when so large a flock passes, the inclination to determine just what degree of execution one is capable of is irresistible, and we poured four barrels into the flock. Even though the range is a long one—quite forty-five or fifty yards—we bring a round dozen of "peep" to ground.

Now comes a little lull; for fully

fifteen or twenty minutes there is not a wing in sight, and we wonder if the cannonading in which we have been indulging has not scared off all the birds along shore. Just as we have about decided that such is the case, two long-legged "willets" swing around the little point of sand that has been created by the incoming tide. They see our decoys, and without any indication from us that we are looking for them, they come straight up to the decoys. When just over our heads they throw their breasts up to the wind and their long legs prepare to settle on the sand. "The foolishhest birds that fly along these shores," comes to my ears and mingles with the bang, bang, of our right barrels, as a brace of "willets" fall to our credit.

And thus the sport is kept up until the tide reaches our box, when we both jump out ankle-deep in the salt water, pick up our decoys, shoulder our guns, and taking our birds, repair to the blind at the edge of the sand dune, knowing that the tide will be up with us in a very few moments. Soon the water is bubbling about the sticks of our decoys, twenty yards from our blind, and being at its highest mark, the birds are fairly ravenous for the tid-bits that are to be found at this stage of the tide. In flocks they range up and down the edge of the water; the big birds, a bit more wary, fly higher and are harder to get, but they are the ones we want, so we let flock after flock of "peep" go by, and although occasionally bringing down the fat birds out of a flock of "sanderlings," we really keep our eyes upon those that we want—big, full-breasted fellows, that amount to something when their feathers are off and they are lying upon a broiler. For almost an hour we have all the shooting we want; then the tide begins to recede, and the flight of the birds grows less and less, until finally the edge of the water has taken them out of range, and we begin to string our birds for the return.

Away up along the beach come other sportsmen, their guns over their shoulders, and big strings of birds fastened to their belts, all jolly and good-natured, and all well satisfied with the day's sport. As the occupants of the far-distant boxes come along, they pick up the occupants of other boxes en route, until, when box No. 3 is reached, there is a round dozen good fellows, each and every one of them the embodiment of good-fellowship, and all possessed of appetites that would simply paralyze with astonishment any one but so good a housewife as Mrs. Gould. On

a day's shooting, it is difficult to tell, but the aggregate bags will foot up anywhere from one hundred and twenty to two hundred and twenty birds. This is considered a really good day's shooting, although many a day has resulted in even better figures than this. An hour later, with shooting togs off, and clad in the most comfortable negligé costumes that one can provide for an evening on the piazzas and the beach, anywhere from a dozen to a score of hungry sportsmen have seated themselves at the table which, they are satisfied, beyond all question, will



ON THE WAY HOME.

over the flats we trudge, then into the softer sand of the dunes, and finally we reach the piazzas of the little hotel, and file through the door into the gun-room. Here our guns are deposited in the racks, and fifteen minutes later Natty is giving them a good cleaning, and an oil-bath, which prevents the salt air from rusting them. Then down into his game-bags goes each sportsman, and in a few moments there is a royal pile of birds on the big shelf above the gun rack.

How many species of shore birds are represented in the result of such

yield them a meal as well cooked as it is wholesome and refreshing.

Although there are no stimulants sold at the hotel, there is no lack of them there, for visiting sportsmen, at least those possessed of a sufficiently large bump of caution to provide for wants of this kind, send down by express, their cases of beer, claret, and Scotch, Irish and American whiskies, and it may be said right here, that nothing is more invigorating after several hours of good hard shooting on the beach and the walk down and back, than a drop

of "Scotch," or more refreshing than a good cold glass of iced claret or cool beer with the delightful meals which Mrs. Gould provides. After supper, hammocks and easy chairs are filled with sportsmen recounting the satisfactory shots and the lost opportunities of the day. The spirit of goodfellowship seems to penetrate every quarter of the hotel; men who have never before met, chat together as though they had been boon companions for years. There is no restraint: there is no side effected; and there is no offense taken at whatever good-natured jokes may be indulged in at the expense of the other fellow. Should the night be stormy or cold, the piazzas are deserted, but the smoking room which Captain Gould wisely provided when he built the hotel, is filled with the same good fellows, and through the tobacco smoke and the clink of glasses, stories of the day are told with as much zest as on the night before upon the piazzas.

The hotel is rarely without its complement of ladies. Many sportsmen coming down for a bit of shooting at the beach, bring their wives or sisters with them, and among the ladies are some excellent shots. They seem to enjoy the sport fully as much as their husbands and brothers, and really the only portion of the sport they miss is in the telling of it, when the gun-room is the place of assembly.

Before midnight, the lights of the little hotel have ceased to burn, tired sportsmen are enjoying a much-needed and refreshing slumber, for with daybreak on the morrow, they will be up and down upon the flats to catch the early tide, returning for breakfast after the ebb, as hungry as they were the night before. At ten o'clock, when the tide had reached the extreme low water-mark, a bath in the magnificent surf was another of the good things to be enjoyed at Chatham, and is a greater appetizer, with no bad effects, than all the cocktails in Christendom. Within two hours after

dinner, guns are again shouldered, and another afternoon of sport is entered upon.

Thus one enjoys life at this far-away spot on the south end of Cape Cod. There, shore bird shooting is perhaps as fine as one will find anywhere in the country, and as we have said, the accommodations and the good cheer at the hotel are all that one could possibly desire, and a great deal more than one would expect to find.

Occasionally a bit of diversion from the ordinary style of shooting is afforded by the foxes which come over from the mainland in search of fish and wounded birds. Before the shore bird shooting commenced, it was a rare thing to see foxes upon the flats. At this season, however, with so much shooting going on, there are bound to be a greater or less number of birds who have died "out of bounds," and these afford a fat living for Reynard.

They are consequently attracted to quite a number, and not infrequently afford good sport for visiting sportsmen.

In the early Spring, about Chatham, the black duck and brant shooting is fine, and some great stories are told by the sportsmen who have enjoyed it.

In the Fall, when ice begins to form and lock up Chatham harbor in its glacial embrace, "coot" shooting is enjoyed by the same sportsmen who go down for shore birds in the Summer, and great sport it is, if one is ambitious to make big bags. Altogether, Chatham will afford as much sport as many months in the year as one will find in any like area anywhere else that the writer has ever been, and if you want brant, shore bird or coot shooting, drop a line just in advance of the season to Captain Nat. E. Gould, and you will get your information first, your cheery welcome at the hotel next, and, my word for it, plenty of shooting afterwards, to say nothing of a rattling good endorsement from "Natty," if you shoot well.

THE IRISH SETTER IN AMERICA.

BY W. L. WASHINGTON (KILDARE).

OF all the great variety of breeds of dogs, there is none more generally popular and useful than the handsome, dark mahogany-red coated Irish setter which has made so many friends in England and America that the best specimens of the breed are to be found in these countries at this time. While the native Irish setter remains but little improved, it has been left to the

Twenty-five years ago, a good specimen of an Irish setter, or, in fact, very few of any kind, were to be found in America. The English setter and pointer, having been largely imported and bred, were almost exclusively used as the American sportsman's shooting dog. But now the Irish setter has made such strides in general favor, on account of his high bred and handsome



CHAMPION FINGLAS.

intelligence of English and American breeders to develop the breed from a heavy, clumsy, light-colored, head-strong animal, to the beautiful deep-red, racy, rakish, dashing, but tractable dog that is generally recognized as the correct type of the Irish setter to-day, and which has become the assistant and companion of a large number of our most practical shooters.

appearance, and especially by virtue of his wonderful endurance, intelligence, practical bird sense, high courage, and companionable qualities, that he is as generally used for shooting purposes as any other breed of hunting dog.

It is at the bench shows that the Irish setter first attracted general attention, and the unfortunate practice of "breeding for the bench," at

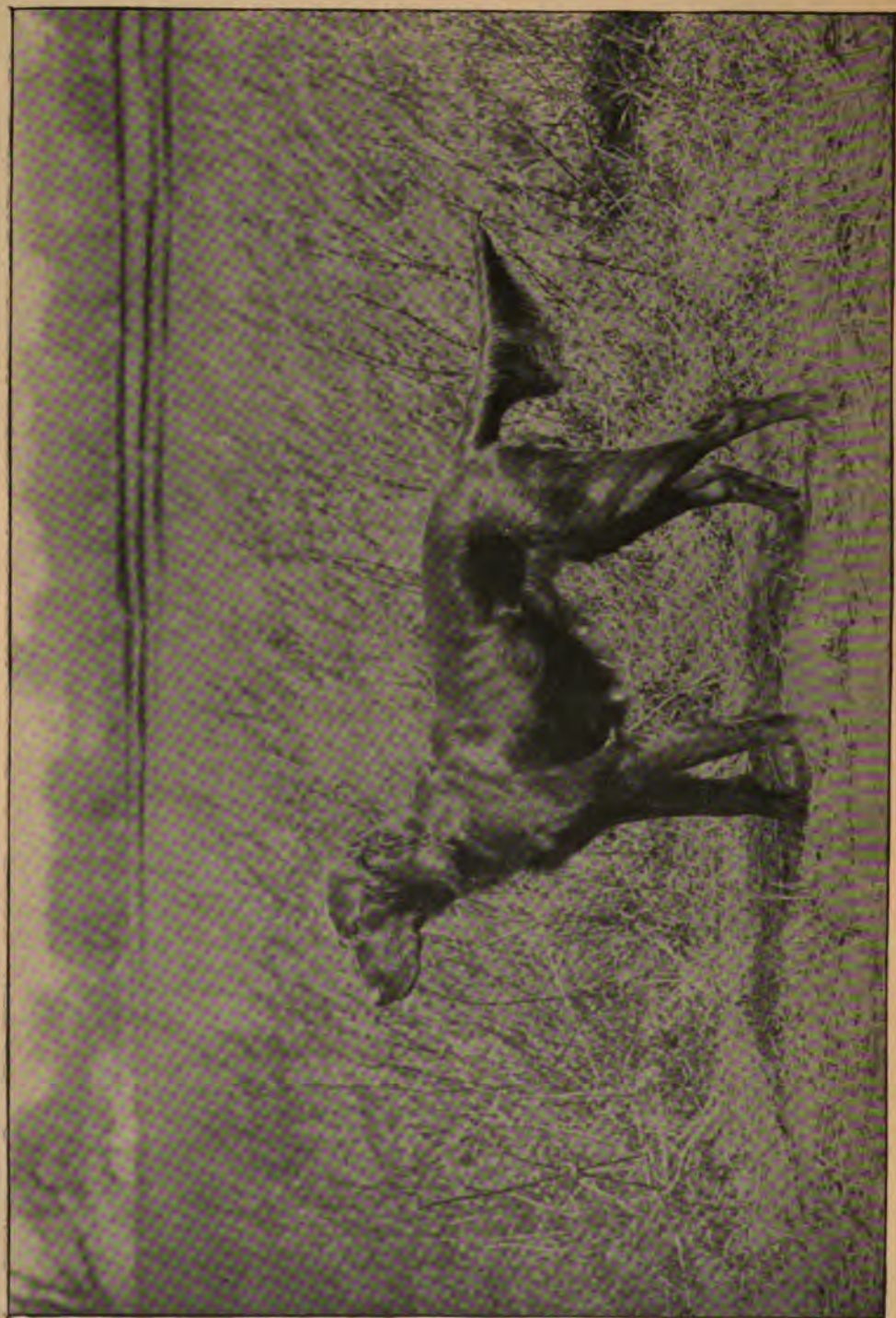
the sacrifice of field qualities, by the early breeders, was likely to prove the ruin of the red dog for practical purposes. To be sure, some wonderfully beautiful animals were produced, but it is generally admitted that while the physical standard was wonderfully improved, the lack of field use, and consideration of field qualities in breeding, very nearly sounded the doom of the Irish setter as a hunting dog. During later years, however, this tendency has been vigorously combated, and as the hunting instinct had only lain dormant, more recent breeders have taken means to develop it, and have the earliest breeders to thank for having raised the present physical standard to such a high degree, which, though generally condemned, can only recommend itself as a blessing in disguise to the intelligent and thinking breeder and sportsman.

The infusion of new blood and an abundance of practical field work has awakened the instinct so long neglected, and has improved the formerly headstrong tendency of the breed, so that now he is trained and kept in condition for the field as easily as his much lauded brother, the English setter, whose performances in field trials, while giving to the English dog a reputation for speed and a general advertisement, appeal to the practical hunter as absurd. Indeed, those who have witnessed the performances of not a few high class English setter field trial winners, are only impressed with their utter unfitness for general shooting purposes, though wonders at ranging for a short time with unnatural speed and generally without regard to the handler.

The Irish setter of to-day is by no means a slow dog afield. He is a wide ranger, but he adopts a pace and style of hunting that makes him generally useful, and as a rule is able to do as much work and find as many birds in a week, being hunted continuously, as half a dozen Eng-

lish setters or pointers taken out, one at a time, quite fresh. This is mainly due to his wonderful endurance. It is true also that the longevity of the Irish setter is greater than that of any breed of hunting dog, and his hunting instinct, faculties and endurance are retained to a greater age than almost any species of the canine family. Several famous dogs of this breed have lived from sixteen to seventeen years: notably the great champions, Berkley and Rory O'More, and the writer has hunted continuously for several days behind a brace of Irish setters, one of which was ten and the other nearly twelve years of age, both going at a reasonably fast gait, finding with few faults, and pointing and backing each other with precision and style.

The origin of the Irish setter is enveloped somewhat in mystery. Many theories have been advanced which can at the best be classed as a mere surmise. The most reasonable of these is that the original Irish setter was the result of the judicious crossing of the red spaniel (now extinct) with the bloodhound. It is true that certain skull formations of the Irish setter resemble that of the bloodhound more closely than any other variety of dog. That all varieties of setters are originated from the earlier types of spaniels (so called from the fact that they were first known in Spain) is an accepted fact, as the two breeds, even to this day, are somewhat allied in characteristic formation. The development of the Irish setter, of which more is known, is very interesting, as it was done almost exclusively by the nobility of Ireland, and in several generations of such families we find a record to the effect that the breed was jealously guarded against innovation or contamination. Youatt, in his book of the dog, one of the first scientific works upon the subject, though now recognized as an authority only in its bearing on the earlier history of the dog, says of the setter:

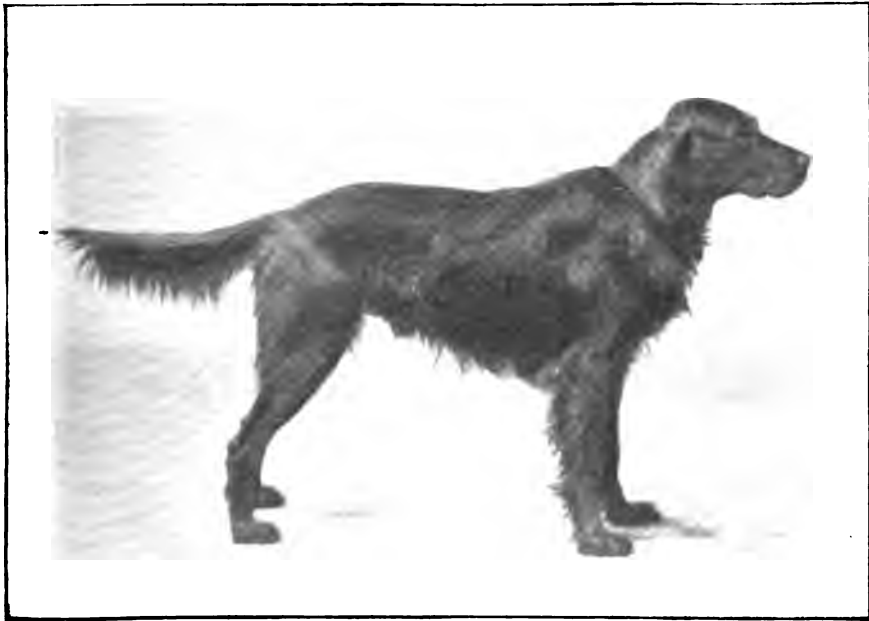


RETIRED CHAMPION—RUBY GLENMORE.

"It was long the fashion to cross and mix them (the setter) with the pointer, by which no benefit was obtained, but the beauty of the dog materially impaired; many Irish sportsmen, however, were exceedingly careful to preserve the breed pure. Nothing of the pointer can be traced in them, and they are useful and beautiful dogs, although different in appearance from either the English or Scotch setter. The Irish sportsmen are perhaps a little too much prejudiced

"guineas constituted no unusual price for a brace of them, and even two hundred guineas have been given."

From the last paragraph it may be more readily understood why the English or Scotch, or Gordon setter, was first to establish itself in America. The Irish setters were very rare, and their ownership confined closely to the nobility and gentry of Ireland and the North of England, who seemed to be jealous of the possession and monopoly of the breed,



KILDARE ROYAL.

"with regard to particular colors. Their dogs are either very red, or red and white, or white patched, with deep chestnut, and it was necessary for them to have a black roof to the mouth. This peculiar dye is supposed to be as necessary to a good and genuine Irish setter, as is the palate of a Blenheim spaniel to the purity of his breed. A true Irish setter will obtain a higher price than either the Scotch or English one. Fifty

and it was a rare occurrence for any one else to be the owner of a dog of this breed. It was with difficulty, and only after repeated attempts, that good specimens were secured for America. Almost immediately upon their introduction, the Irish setter sprang into popular favor. Seldom has one who has been fortunate enough to obtain a good dog of this breed, through a matter of choice, relinquished his allegiance to him.

The Irish setters of Great Britain



CHAMPION WINNIE II.

that first attracted attention as noted prize winners, were much inferior in conformation, style and field performances to the "cracks" of to-day—and the champion bench dogs of America of to-day are without doubt superior to the present champions on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. The main reason to which this condition is attributed, is that for many years the best Irish setters obtainable found ready purchasers in America as soon as they had distinguished themselves at home, and as only the best types of the Irish setter have been imported, and have been used as the foundation stock of American breeders, the natural

consequence is as above stated.

It is not the intention of this paper to go into a scientific discussion of the Irish setter, but as the publication of the standard of excellence as adopted by the Irish Setter Club of America will, no doubt, prove of much interest to many readers, I give it herewith:

DESCRIPTION OF POINTS OF THE
RED IRISH SETTER.

HEAD—Should be long and lean. The skull oval (from ear to ear), having plenty of brain room and with well defined occipital protuberance. Brows raised, showing stop. The muzzle moderately deep and fairly square at end. From the stop to the point of the nose should be long, the nostrils wide and the jaws of nearly equal length, flews not to be pendulous. The color of the nose

dark mahogany or dark chocolate and that of the eyes (which ought not to be too large) rich hazel or brown. The ears to be of moderate size, fine in texture, set on low, well back and hanging in a neat fold close to the head.

NECK—Should be moderately long, very muscular but not too thick, slightly arched, free from all tendency to throatiness.

BODY—Should be proportionately long, shoulders fine at the points, deep and sloping well back. The chest deep, rather narrow in front. The ribs well sprung, leaving plenty of lung room. The loins

all other parts of the body it should be of moderate length, flat, and as free as possible from curl or wave.

FEATHERING.—The feather on the upper portion of the ears should be long and silky; on the back of fore and hind legs long and fine; a fair amount of hair on belly, forming a nice fringe, which may extend on chest and throat. Feet to be well feathered between the toes. Tail to have a nice fringe of moderately long hair, decreasing in length as it approaches the point. All feathering to be as straight and as flat as possible.



CHAMPION MACK N.

muscular and slightly arched. The hind-quarter wide and powerful.

LEGS AND FEET.—The hind legs from hip to hock should be long and muscular; from hock to heel short and strong. The stifles and hock joints well bent, and not inclined either in or out. The fore legs should be strong and sinewy, having plenty of bone, with elbows free, well let down and, like the hock, not inclined either out or in. The feet rather small, very firm, toes strong, close together and arched.

TAIL—Should be of moderate length, set on rather low, strong at root and tapering to a fine point; to be carried in a slight, scimitar-like curve or straight, nearly level with the back.

COAT—On the head, front of legs and tips of ears should be short and fine, but on

COLOR AND MARKINGS.—The color should be a rich mahogany red, with no trace whatever of black; white on chest, throat or toes, or a small star on the forehead, or a narrow streak, or blaze on the nose or face not to disqualify.

It might be well to add that the fewer white hairs found upon the forehead or face of the Irish setter, the more desirable it is. It is very rare now to find a well-bred "Irishman" with any white, except upon the chest and toes, and many have white hairs in the forehead, somewhat scattered, and only to be observed by very close inspection.

A DAY WITH THE WOODCOCK.

BY GEORGE STURGIS.

I HAD been visiting friends in the northern part of New York State for a few days, waiting for the woodcock season to open. It seemed as though August 15 would never arrive, and the evening before, I asked my friend, who, unfortunately for himself, is not a sportsman, for the bob-tailed mare, the old buggy and plenty of lunch, to be ready early in the morning, as Dick and I were going after woodcock.

"Well, George, you are welcome to the outfit, but I'm afraid you can't go to-morrow, as it's raining even now."

"Now look here, Billy," I replied, "I'm going, rain or shine. I've waited for this chance as long as I can, and that settles it."

The next morning was foggy and unpleasant, but Dick came around on time, arrayed in a brand new shooting suit that was a wonder to look upon. He had some misgivings about starting out in such weather, due, I presume, to the immaculate state of his suit, but upon my saying, "Make up your mind quick, Dick, I'm going," he climbed in, and the mare started on the run—her usual method of getting under way. After about five miles of trying to hold her in, I gave it up, and she stopped of her own accord.

A piece of cover near the road attracted my attention, and I proposed an investigation, just by way of stretching our legs, and to get the wire edge off the dog, which, by the way, I had borrowed from the village blacksmith, he informing me that his dog was a "genowine setter, and full-blooded." I had some doubts about him, but he was the only dog to be had—and he went. After tying the mare to the fence, and wasting some time—and brushwood—on the dog for chasing sparrows, we got into the brush. Within ten minutes, Dick

sung out, "Come here, George, the dog has got one."

I went to him on the run, and found that "genowine setter" on as fine a point as one could wish to see. "Go ahead, Dick, it's your shot, but be sure and get him. We want to start in well," upon which advice Dick walked in, flushed the bird, and missed with both barrels, as I did, with the result that we both indulged in a few remarks as to poor shells and poorer guns. The dog, however, went on as if nothing had happened, and soon located the bird, which Dick gathered in by a quick second barrel. After this, we felt somewhat better, and, as Dick remarked, "I guess we've got our hands in now, and no more misses will be allowed."

After spending half an hour working this ground and not finding anything, I decided to give Dick's new suit an initiation into the beauties of the "punch bowl." I wanted to see how it would look afterwards. We accordingly drove about two miles, put the mare in a friend's barn and started across lots for the "punch bowl"—a sink about a half mile across. Here we had always been sure of finding a few woodcock, and perhaps a brood of partridge, but it was a hard place to hunt, owing to the thick brush and the boggy footing. The dog soon located a bird which flushed before we came up, and dropped in a soft spot about fifty yards further on. When Dick saw the place he said, "Now, George, you go in with the dog, and I will get up on that ridge and take him when he rises over the tops of the alders." Dick evidently didn't like the mud and was bent upon giving me the nasty end of the job, but that cock never got to "the tops of the alders." I wasn't in there for my health, neither was I there to contribute to Dick's fun. I went along a few yards

when the "genowine setter" again drew up to a stiff point. I sang out to Dick to come in and take the shot, and soon heard him coming through the brush. There was a bog hole in the way, however, and he didn't see it until he was in it. My first intimation that he had got there was a splash, and mud flew in all directions. The woodcock left for parts unknown, closely followed by the "setter," and I sat on a log and yelled. Such a sight as that suit was! Dick spit out some mud and growled, "You think you're pretty smart, don't you, getting me in this hole? I'll bet there wasn't a bird within half a mile of this place. Look at my clothes!" I did, and laughed some more. I told him he was now in proper shape to hunt, and we would go ahead. "Well," he replied, "I suppose I must make the best of it; but where is the dog?" After calling and tramping around for at least twenty minutes, we found him on a point, and I told Dick to go in and shoot. "All right, George," said he, "and just you keep your eye on me. I'll show you how to do it." When he got up to within about six feet of the dog, and no bird flushed, he called to me, "Come in here and put up the bird. This 'genowine setter' won't move. I'm agoing to buy that dog; he is a dandy." Just then, up got the bird, a sparrow, and our subsequent remarks are not fit for publication. However, the dog had done good work, and might do more of the same kind. Sure enough, after wallowing through the mud for about forty yards I came upon him pointing again, and as Dick said he was in a good place for a shot in case I missed, I put the bird up, missed clean with both barrels, and had my eye wiped by Dick. "That makes up for the bird you didn't get, old man," said I, "and I'm hungry. Let's get some lunch."

We started for the Spring, and had just gotten lunch out, when Charlie, with whom we had left the horse,

came up and caught sight of Dick's clothes. "Hully gee, Dick," said he, "you *must* have been having a good time. Where have you been?" I explained, and Dick got the laugh for the second time. I had no more time for laughing, however, when Charlie said: "Boys, the old woman says cold victuals ain't very satisfying to hungry men, so I've brought you over a hot blackberry pie and a jug of milk from the Spring House." We didn't wait to hear any more, but got to work at once, and the way that pie disappeared was a caution. Charlie, in the meantime, had told us where to find some birds and finally volunteered to go along with us, just to see us kill them. "I can't shoot birds flying," said he, "but it's fun to see you fellows do it."

We crossed the creek and Dick took the top of the ridge while I worked along under the bank with the dog, and soon found game. The first bird got up on my right, and started up the bank. I couldn't shoot, however, as the boys were up there somewhere, until Charlie yelled, "There he goes," and then as the gun cracked, "Whoopée! you got him." Pretty soon I flushed another, and dropped him just as he got to the top of the bank, much to Dick's surprise. He had not heard the bird start, and the first thing he knew about it was when the bird dropped within twenty feet of him. The birds kept getting up all along the bank, and at one time there were three of them in the air at once. Between our shooting and Charlie's yelling, it sounded like an Indian fight. We killed eight in this place, on one side of the creek. On returning, I had all the best of it, as the birds on the lower side were so near the creek that I could stand in the open and have clean shooting. I killed two, and then came my chance for a laugh on Dick. Charlie was playing dog for him and flushed a bird which they had marked down on the trip up. It did not show over the brush, however, until it was



"THE BIRDS WERE GETTING UP ALL ALONG THE BANK."—Page 21.

within twenty yards of me. I promptly gathered it in and proceeded to read Dick a lecture on the evils of trying to get the best of his partner. He informed me that "any fool ought to kill birds when he had a man and dog to hunt 'em up for him."

This bird was the last we could find, and as it was so hot, we prepared to quit for the day. Charlie's sporting blood was up, however.

"There's a brood of partridge up in my wood lot," said he; "won't you give 'em a whirl?"

Would we? We couldn't get there quick enough. We put in two hours' hard work but nary a bird could we find. Charlie insisted that they were there, but Dick wouldn't have it. "Charlie, you are off on the partridge question," said he. "I don't believe there has been a bird here this year. Any way, I am tired out and am going back to the house." After Dick's departure Charlie assured me that if I would go on a little further, I would get some shooting, and I finally agreed, although I was pretty tired. We went back up the ridge, but without any luck, and at the end of an hour I informed Charlie that I was through for the day. On the way home, and while we were tramping thoughtlessly through the woods, up got the finest brood of partridge I had seen in years, and sailed into the woods without my firing a shot. Charlie yelled and swore at me for some time, but I told him that I was so surprised as to forget all about my gun. "Just the same," I added, "I'm going to have some of them now. Let's take a drink and get after them." I passed over my flask, and came within an ace of having a spasm at the size of Charlie's drink. Seeking solace in the same cup, however, I recovered, and put the dog in ahead. Within forty yards he stopped, went on a few steps, and then stopped again. The next instant out got an old bird. What a racket she did make; but I was ready, and at the crack of the gun

she came down. We went on for half a mile further, but it was of no use. The birds were not to be found.

As I was about to give it up, Charlie saw one in a tree, and I handed him my gun, saying, "Here, see if you can kill him." Well, that bird was about twenty yards away, but he made as fine a miss as I ever saw. Then, as the bird started away, he pulled the other barrel, and killed him stone dead. He then calmly remarked, "I didn't mean to kill him the first shot; just wanted to scare him up, and give him a chance." "That's all right, old man," I answered, "but that don't go here, and you know it."

"Just the same," he laughed, "I've got that partridge, and that's all I want. Now let's go home. You can come up some other day and get the rest of 'em—they'll keep—and I've got some cider in the cellar that's just about right."

When we got to the house Dick was sitting in the shade smoking and getting away with a big piece of pie. Charlie brought up a pitcher of cider from the cellar, and what a drink I took! It seemed as though I couldn't get enough; and oh, that pie!

We left a pair of birds with Charlie's better half, hooked up the mare and started for home at a 2:40 gait, after deciding that our experiences of the day were good enough to repeat at some future time.

On reaching home there was a good laugh from the crowd at the sight of Dick's hunting suit. We divided the birds, and after supper I went to see the owner of the "genowine setter." I handed him a pair of birds and asked if the dog was for sale. He looked at me for a moment, and said, "Me bye, that's the first genowine, full-blooded setter I ever owned, and I guess I'll keep him." Seeing the look of disappointment on my face, however, he added, "But you can take him at any time, and remember, I like a brace of birds as well as any one."

OUR GAME IN CEYLON.

BY HARRY PALMER.



THE strangest crowd that I ever saw at a baseball game was that which attended the game played by the Chicago and All-American teams at Columbo, Ceylon.

As correspondent of several leading American papers, it was my good fortune to leave Chicago in October of 1888, with the Spalding Base Ball Tourists in their memorable tour around the world. Lovers of the game will no doubt remember the journey—the enthusiastic reception that was accorded the teams on their way westward to San Francisco, the banquet and fete champetre tendered them on royal grounds by the late King Kalakua in the Sandwich Islands; the visit to New Zealand; the tour of Australia, and the journey homeward across the Indian Ocean via Ceylon, Arabia, Egypt, Continental Europe, England, Scotland and Ireland, and thence to New York. Certainly no body of American athletes abroad ever attracted greater attention, were the recipients of greater courtesies at the hands of distinguished people, or enjoyed more varied and interesting experiences than did these representatives of the American national game.

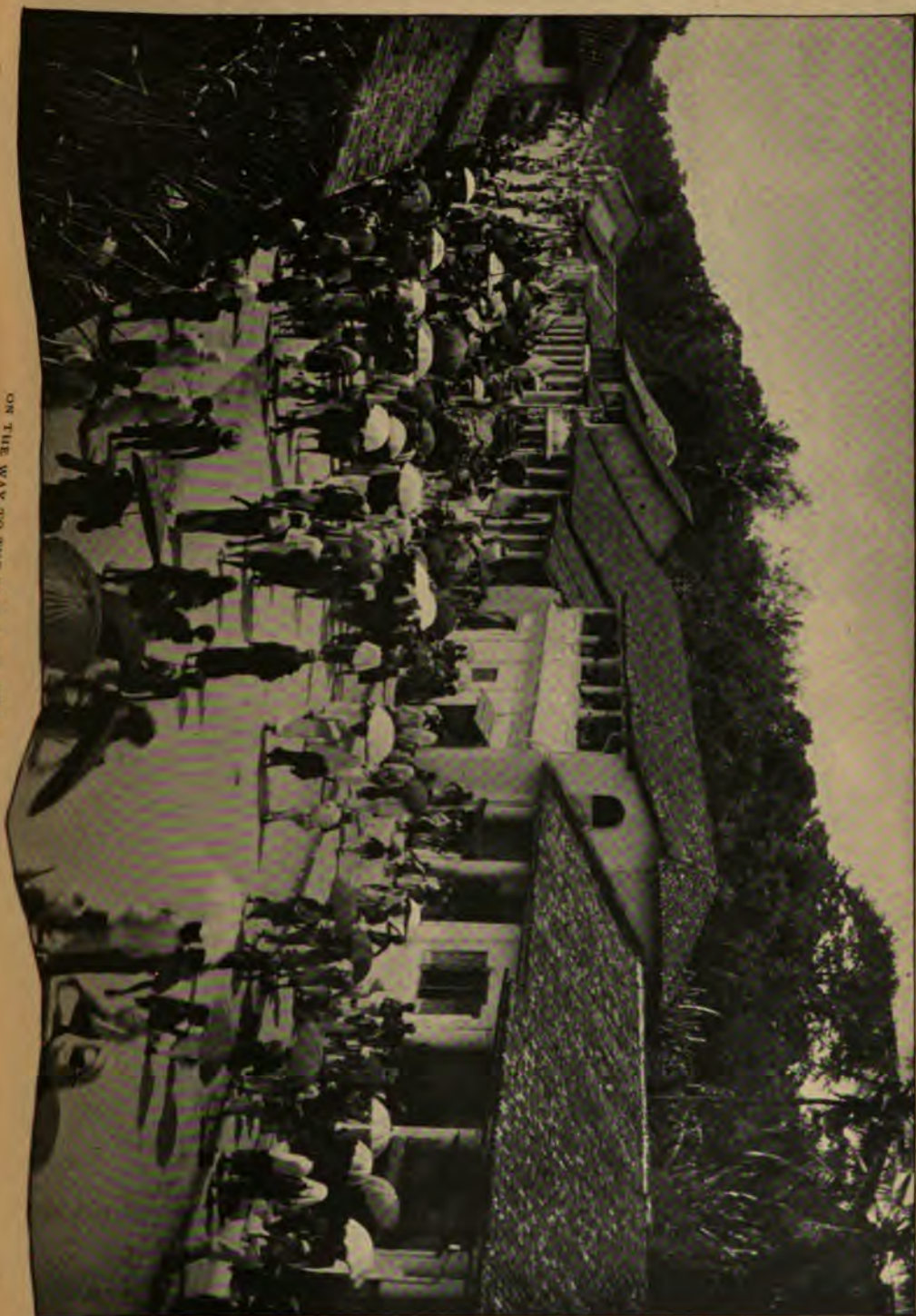
Although some thirty American daily papers were represented by the four correspondents who accompanied the party, and notwithstanding that

the story of the venture was afterward told in a six hundred page illustrated volume, fully half—and perhaps the best half—of all the incidents, scenes and experiences of the teams abroad, have never been touched upon. So rapidly did we move across oceans and continents; so kaleidoscopic in character were our surroundings, as well as the customs, dress and nationalities of the peoples visited; and so utterly exhausted were we by trying to be everywhere at once, that we might miss none of the great opportunities offered us for news gathering, to say nothing of the princely hospitalities extended us from the day of our leaving Chicago until we disbanded there after the big banquet given at the Palmer House just six months after the date of our departure, that, when looking back at the journalistic work done by Ward, McMillan, Goodfriend and myself, I wonder how we found time for all that we succeeded in accomplishing.

Of the players whose good fortune it was to wear the distinguishing uniforms of the Chicago and All American teams on that tour, some have since gone to their eternal home, notably, Ed. Williamson, Jimmy Fogarty and Harry Simpson. John Ward, who captained the All-Americans, has retired to devote his time to the practice of law. John Tenner, the "Apollo" pitcher of the old Chicagos, is a prosperous business man in Pittsburg. Anson, however, is still holding down first bag for, and guiding the fortunes of, the Windy City team. Ryan and Pfeffer are both with him, and playing in better form than ever; Tom Burns has retired to his home in New Britain, Conn., save in season, when he takes an active part in New England League affairs. Sullivan, Brown, Daly, Crane, Hanlon, Carroll, Manning, Healy and Earle are still in

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ON THE WAY TO THE BALL PARK, COLUMBIA, CHYLON.—Page 36.



harness, and wearing major and minor League uniforms, respectively. That all of them who may see these pages will distinctly recall that strange and never-to-be-forgotten crowd at the Columbo ball game, I am certain.

We had left Melbourne two weeks before, on the good ship *Salier*, and after a delightful voyage across the Indian Ocean, had sighted the shores of Ceylon, and dropped anchor in the harbor of Columbo. As the *Salier* was not to sail until the following evening (it was just past noon when we dropped anchor) we had the balance of the day to ourselves, and lost no time in getting ashore to our headquarters, the Grand Oriental Hotel, which stands but a stone's throw from the quay, and which is, without question, the best-appointed hostelry south of Cairo. It is always good to step upon dry land at the end of a long sea voyage, and when that land is beautiful Ceylon with its groves of cocoanut, banana and plaintain trees, fringing the shore almost to the very sands of the beach; its flocks of brilliant plumaged parquets and troops of chattering, agile-limbed monkeys; its white-walled buildings; its scent of nutmeg and cinnamon, and its dusky-skinned, gaily-robed groups of Cingalese, the traveler is not only gratified at reaching *terra firma* again, but is charmed, interested and refreshed by the very strangeness and beauty of his surroundings. Back, far back from the shore, arise the hills whose fertile sides yield an annual revenue of thousands of pounds to the Cingalese coffee planters, the blue atmosphere about them being so clear that one requires no glass to discern the well-kept grounds surrounding the white-walled villas wherein dwell the coffee kings of one of the most wonderfully productive islands of the equatorial regions.

While modern in its appointments, so far as they are calculated to insure the comfort and convenience of its

American and European guests, the Grand Oriental Hotel is, in its arrangement and equipment, essentially Oriental in character. Heavily tapestried punkas extend from end to end of the great dining hall over each table, and these are gently swayed to and fro by gilded cords in the hands of Cingalese servants; the odor of curries and rich flavors reach the nostrils, even before taking one's seat at the table; great palms and giant ferns lift their graceful leaves almost to the tops of the imposing pillars through which one enters the dining room from the rotunda. From the gallery above, one may, while reclining upon a bamboo couch liberally provided with soft plush cushions, sip an after dinner coffee and enjoy a cigarette, while the music of a stringed orchestra soothes the senses and inclines one to almost envy a people who thus enjoy an existence so utterly at variance with anything to which we of the new world are accustomed.

During the afternoon our entire party had visited a Cingalese haberdashery and discarded our American costumes for the decidedly more comfortable outfit of the Indian traveler—trousers and coats of white duck, a silk shirt, a broad red or yellow sash of Japanese silk, and a cork helmet, the green lining of which softened the intense glare of the tropical sun. A ride through the streets and environs of Columbo, a visit to the shops, where numerous articles of Indian handiwork in tapestries and bric-a-brac were purchased; the enjoyment of an exhibition by a group of Indian jugglers and snake charmers; and the distribution of half a dozen pockets full of coppers to the horde of beggars that impede the progress of the visitor in each and every one of the streets of Columbo, consumed the afternoon. After supper the irrepressible Fogarty got up a jinrickshaw race, with the start and finish in front of the hotel. That is, a

dozen of us picked out "jins," with an eye to the muscular development, breadth of chest, and length of limb of the black fellows who pulled them, and taking our seats in the little carts, urged our "steeds" to their utmost. It was good sport, and no one seemed to enjoy it more than did the jinrickshaw men themselves, as urged on by our shouts and promises of additional remuneration, they flew over the smooth roadway until their black skins glistened with perspiration, and the little vehicles rocked from side to side and fairly danced under the unusual strain to which they were being put. After the "jin"

race we turned them to more sober and dignified use for a drive along the beach, and through the extensive cocoanut groves that line the shores for miles.

As the game scheduled for Columbo was to take place next day, we retired before midnight. We had been fortunate in reaching Ceylon as we did, for the following day was the date set for her annual athletic and horse racing events, in honor of which all Columbo was to enjoy a holiday. The games and races are held on the Galle Face, a magnificent stretch of greensward adjoining the barracks and military quarters of the British troops in Ceylon. As these troops are composed principally of Irish, Scotch and English soldiers, there was no lack of athletic talent, and as not a few of the officers were men of means, neither was there any dearth of thoroughbred horse flesh for the races. On the day of our arrival, therefore, the people of Columbo were on the *qui vive* for the events of the morrow, and that interest had been height-

ened by the announcement that two picked teams of American ball players would give an exhibition of their national game, may readily be understood. As to what interest the Cingalese and the British soldiers



"NOW AND THEN WE PASSED A CINGALESE BEAUTY IN HER JINRICKSHAW."

would take in the game, we knew nothing, but we were assured of no end of enthusiasm from the officers and crew of the United States corvette *Essex*, and a Philadelphia merchantman that lay in the harbor. Our entire party had been entertained aboard the *Essex* during the afternoon, and half a score of the ship's officers who knew many of the players personally, and all of them by reputation, had spent the evening with us at the hotel, shared in our jinrickshaw races, and finally bid us good night with a promise to do some good old-fashioned "rooting" for their respective favorites on the following day.

The day of the game dawned beautifully clear and bright, and I rather imagine that I was the first member of our party to see the sun that morning, for a big, leaden hued, black-collared Indian raven had entered my room through the casement, and had awakened me by the clatter of his toe nails as he hopped

across the floor, seized my watch-chain, which hung from my vest on the foot of the bed, and started for the window with my property. I promptly shied a shoe at him, upon which he dropped the waistcoat and shrieked out his opinion of such inhospitable treatment before taking his departure. I saw him a moment later, perched upon the back of a sleepy looking little bullock standing in the courtyard below, and busily pluming his ruffled feathers.

It was, indeed, a beautiful day for

games were not to commence until one, the populace of Columbo had begun to turn its steps toward the Galle Face. By noon the officers and as many of the crew of the *Essex* as could obtain shore leave, likewise those of the Philadelphia merchantmen, gave our boys a rousing cheer as they came out upon the hotel balcony, a fine looking lot of fellows in the gray and black of the Chicagos, and the white and blue of the All-Americans. Luncheon was hastily partaken of, for we were all anxious



THE 'BUS FOR THE BALL GROUNDS, COLUMBO.

a game. So clear was the air that as I looked through the caseiment and out upon the quay, I could see for miles and miles across the blue waters of the Indian Ocean. Already the streets were astir with the visitors who had come into town from the outlying districts, determined not to miss a single moment of the festivities, so I lost no time in donning my clothes and descending to the rotunda, where half an hour later the rest of our party had assembled. By eleven o'clock, although the

to get out to the games, and the teams were eager to loosen up their muscles with a bit of practice batting and base running. By one we were in our carry-alls and jinrickshaws, and under way for the grounds, and such a procession to a ball park I have seen equalled only once since, that being when the same teams rode upon camels and donkeys from Cairo to the Pyramids, for a game upon the desert of Sahara. This Columbo crowd, however, was even more picturesque and amazing in its make



"PLAY BALL"—CHICAGO AND ALL-AMERICA TEAMS, COLUMBO.

up. As far as the eye could see, the main thoroughfare of the city was a moving mass of white-robed, black-skinned Cingalese, and white-suited, white-helmeted Englishmen, Americans and Europeans, the only break in this combination of black and white being the red sashes of the foreigners, and the blue and gold of the *Essex* sailors, with here and there the flash of a parasol or bright colored ribbon, indicating the presence of the wives and sisters of the European residents. There were jinrickshaws without number; there were thatched carts as big as a New York moving van, drawn by two, and in some instances one, little bullocks, not larger than a yearling calf. Alongside of our party rode two old Turks on burrows fitted with hugh saddles and tinkling bells, while before us, behind us, and all about us, were the nodding sun-shades

of hundreds of natives, in their swathed skirts and white shoulder wraps, their long black hair held in a mass at the back of their heads by immense tortoiseshell combs. A short distance from the hotel, we encountered a procession of Hindus engaged in the celebration of one of their religious festivals. Half a dozen great elephants with gilded pagodas and varicolored trappings marched solemnly along, flanked on each side by lines of priests carrying aloft great plumes of colored feathers, and preceded by a dozen symbal players, whose music was as weird as that of a Java village on execution day. Now and then we passed a Cingalese beauty in her jinrickshaw, her equipage drawn up by the roadside until the noisy crowd should have passed; and as we proceeded further on our route, the great leaves of the banana and the bending trunks

of the cocoanut trees formed a tropical canopy over our heads such as no American ball player had ever before passed under upon his way to a ball park. From one of these avenues, we emerged upon the broad roadway that terminated upon the beautiful grounds of the English military post, and beyond them we could see the big crowd that had gathered for the day's sport. The open sea washed the pebbly beach that on one side skirted the broad expanse of greensward, and on the other great groves of cocoanut trees reared their stately heads, making an admirable background for a ball field.

The accompanying illustrations will, however, give a much better idea of the scene that presented itself to us that afternoon, than any pen could possibly give. A more brilliant array of color, as Highlander, Celt and Briton, American,

European and Cingalese mingled together upon that great expanse of green, was bewildering indeed. The grounds had been admirably laid off for the athletic games and the racing events, while the ball field set aside for the Americans was as pretty a stretch of lawn as ever any player batted a ball or stole a base over. From the club house balconies, from carts, carriages and jinrickshaws, men and women of a dozen nationalities, in their national costumes, watched and applauded, or chatted, in their native tongues, with their friends and escorts, as they listened to the music of the post band, the bagpipes of the Highlanders, the cymbals of the Cingalese, or the mandolins and guitars of a band of Italians.

The athletic games were well contested and interesting, the hammer throwing, shot putting, pole vaulting, running, walking and high and broad



THE RACE COURSE, GALLE FACE, COLUMBO.

jumping being well worth seeing. The horses were ridden by their owners, principally army officers, and were so well ridden as to leave no doubt but that the average Englishman who rides at all, can ride as well upon foreign as upon English soil.

The ball game was a revelation to the natives, an event which excited the curiosity of the Englishmen and Scotchmen, highly pleased the Irishmen, and set the crew of the *Essex*

course from the Americans present. We had only time for five innings, as our steamer was impatient to be off, but those five innings loosened up the spirits and the muscles of both teams, and the bats were finally bagged with a tie score of 3-3.

It was with sincere regret that we finally mounted our "jins" and drove away from the brilliant scene back to our hotel and steamer. An hour later the *Salier* steamed out of



THE ATHLETIC GAMES, COLUMBO.

wild, for Uncle Sam's boys had been absent from America for nearly three years, and the only baseball they had enjoyed had been the games that had taken place among themselves. Many days of enforced idleness on ship board had long before set the players on edge for the anticipated game, and such base running, and fielding, both in and out, was certainly worthy of a more appreciative and critical lot of spectators, aside of

the harbor and turned her nose toward Arabia, the guns of the *Essex* booming us a farewell as we stood on the deck of our steamer and saw the shores of Ceylon fade from sight—Ceylon with its spice-scented breezes, its beautiful shores, its Oriental luxury, its strange people, and the record of having turned out, in every way, the most remarkable assemblage of spectators that I have ever seen at a game of baseball.

IN THE GREAT SOUTH BAY MARSHES.

BY J. G. KNOWLTON.



SINCE my boyhood, I had heard of Great South Bay as a duck shooter's paradise, until as I grew older and finally reached an age when I could look back upon a career fairly well filled with shooting experiences in many sections of the country, and covering a more or less intimate acquaintance with pretty nearly every species of game bird that flies, the terms "duck" and "Great South Bay" had become to my mind pretty nearly, if not quite, synonymous. Yet, although I had heard no end of duck shooting adventures in those waters, it had never been my good fortune to arrange a trip there, or to receive an invitation to share the privileges of some one of the many duck shooting clubs that have within late years leased mile after mile of the marshland along that Eden for water fowl shooters. It was with a deep-seated and long-drawn-out thrill of pleasure, therefore, that upon meeting a friend at luncheon one day last Spring I was greeted with, "By the way, George, I'm going down to our club at Great South next week, for a bit of duck shooting. Do you want to go along?"

Did I want to go? As though it had not been the very thing for which I had been longing, lo, these many years. Did I want to go? With all my heart I wanted to go, and I lost no time in letting the fact be known, with due emphasis and enthusiasm.

"All right," said my friend Jack, "we go down Monday morning. Meet me at the ferry at 8 o'clock." Jack was a member of the Bellport

Gun Club, a very close organization of six members only, all business men, and all upon the shady side of forty. They have seven miles of shore and 1,000 acres of upland which they have leased from the town for a long number of years. They keep watchers on the ground the year round, and enjoy what may justly be termed as among the best shooting on the bay.

Monday morning I met Jack at the ferry, and the first thing I heard was, "George, I don't know about going down there to-day; this storm looks bad for us."

"Nonsense," I replied, "this is just the kind of weather to make ducks fly, and to-morrow will be a great day." This both settled the question and relieved my mind.

Jack had always shot black powder in an old 10-gauge gun that he has had for twenty years, and swears by. As I had talked so much about the advantages of nitro powder and what it would do, he decided to try it on this trip.

After a pleasant ride over the Long Island road, during which we discussed guns, powders and sport generally, we arrived at Bellport, and were met by Wilbur and Dick, two of the baymen, who informed us that owing to a very low tide we could not get over to the island until the next day. The sloop was stuck in the mud, and there we were. We accordingly settled ourselves at the village hotel, and after instructing the genial landlord in the art of making Jack's very palatable cocktails, we put in the remainder of the day telling stories around the big old-fashioned country stove. Early in the morning we boarded the sloop, and started for the island. After a sail of about half an hour, we were met at the

landing by "Old Charlie," fat, fair and fifty. He greeted us with "Glad to see you, Captain Jack. How are you?" And after an introduction to me, I was delighted to hear him say: "We've got plenty of ducks for you, and enough to eat, so I guess I better commence cooking right now, as you both look kinder hungry."

The club house, a two story building, which stood only a few yards from the landing, was built for comfort rather than with any pretensions to architectural effect, but it was stocked to the guards with every thing calculated to please and satisfy the inner man. From the veranda I had a good view of the bay and marshes. The duck were flying in all directions, and I could scarcely restrain my impatience to get started. Jack fitted me out in a suit about seven sizes too large for me, and enjoyed a good laugh at my popocratic appearance, which, however, did not interfere with my appetite. Immediately after breakfast I proposed starting for the marsh. Jack laughed at me, however, and remarked, "No hurry, we have a week before us, and the ducks will keep." Now as I had not had a chance to shoot ducks in two years, there was cold comfort in that kind of talk, but all things come in time, and after putting the "pontys" in order, Charlie and I clambered into our craft and started for the marsh. I could see ducks in all directions, and wanted to put in at the first point, but Charlie said, "I know the place where they live, and that's where I'm going."

We paddled about a mile and a half, and finally pulled into a side channel, covered up the boat with rushes, put out the decoys, and sat down. Right here came surprise number one. I asked Charlie to take something for luck, and nearly fell overboard when he replied, "No, thanks, I never drink." Well, I had to go it alone, and had just put about

four fingers of Monogram rye where it would do the most good, when I heard "Here they come! Get down!" from Charlie, and a pair of pintails came in. I couldn't wait for them; they seemed near enough; and raising up I pulled on the leader and was much satisfied to see him come down with a broken wing. Charlie jumped up—no, I forget that he couldn't *jump*, as 260 pounds is somewhat of a handicap for would-be jumpers. He just grunted, and finally *raised* up, looked at the duck, the gun, and then at me, and said, "Gosh! that's the longest shot I *ever* saw. If you can kill ducks that far away there's no use of us fellows going out." I laughed and said, "Why, Charlie, he wasn't very far off," but when I saw where the duck lay, I realized that it had been a scratch shot, and after trying to kill the next pair at about the same range, I found I was not a good judge of distance. I was so eager and interested, however, as a result of having been deprived of the sport of duck shooting for so many long months, that I could scarcely wait for the birds to come in range. But I promised Charlie that I would keep down until he told me to shoot, and I did so, but it took a lot of patience, for he waited until a pair of black ducks were about to drop down among the decoys, scarce twenty yards away. Then came a whispered "Are you all ready?" "Yes," I answered, and springing up pulled on them. Both went down at the first barrel but I had to shoot one on the water as he was making off with a broken wing.

Charlie waded out and brought them in, and getting near the boat said, "Now, see here, Doc, I had my eye on one of them ducks, and it don't seem just exactly right for you to get both of 'em with one barrel. Why don't you give 'em a chance?"

"I won't do it again, Charlie," said I; "but that shot ought to be celebrated in some way. Let's smoke."

Surprise number two: "No, thanks, Doc, I never smoke."

Now, imagine a man fifty years old, a member of the life-saving crew for years, a sailor, market shooter and a bayman all his life, who doesn't smoke or drink, and whose most emphatic expression was "Gosh!" I could only look at him in wonder, and think how different he was from some of the guides I had met in the West.

About this time we heard Jack open up, and, from the report of his

duck came in and circled behind us, and I let go at one, but didn't get him. Charlie pulled on the other, and made one of the finest kills I ever saw. The absence of smoke, as well as the accustomed roar of the old gun, so surprised him that he forgot to shoot at the other duck. He looked around, saw me laughing, and then remarked, "Gosh! Doc, that powder certainly does get there. Give me some more of those shells." I had made a convert, and was glad of it. We kept right along, some-



"NO, THANKS; I NEVER DRINK."

gun, he was sticking to his first love—black powder. The next time, however, we heard the sharp crack of the nitro, and Charlie said: "There! Captain Jack is using some of that new-fangled powder. It may be all right, but I like the old-fashioned kind."

Just here I thought I would have some fun with him. While he was not looking, I slipped into his gun a couple of shells loaded with nitro powder, and awaited developments. In a few moments a pair of black

times killing, sometimes missing, and just before sundown started for the house, as it is a rule of the club not to shoot after the sun goes down.

Jack met us at the landing, and we found, on comparing notes, that we had both had good luck, but I had a little the best of him. Shortly after we changed clothes and settled down to one of Charlie's suppers. Eat? Well, that man could cook, and from the way I put away the provender he must have thought that folks hadn't much to eat on Manhat-

tan Island. When we finally quit, I *did* want one more flapjack, but had already struck my limit and had to pass out. With the cigars came the explanations of "how that one duck was missed," the long shots made, and "how that new powder did kill 'em!"

After a nightcap we turned in, and the next thing I knew, Wilbur was saying, "Come, turn out; it's four o'clock and breakfast is ready." It seemed tough to get out at that time, but it had to be done. It was cold as in midwinter. A light fog hung over the bay, and from the marsh back of the house came the quack of an old drake, while from the kitchen we caught the odor of ham and eggs, flapjacks, coffee and "riz" biscuit, to all of which we did full justice. Then we hustled into our coats, and got the boats ready. This morning Wilbur was to go with me. We pulled out in the lead, closely followed by Jack and Dick, but owing to a very low tide were compelled to haul the boats over the mud for at least half a mile. It seemed about eleven miles to me, but we finally got into deep water and poled down to the bog. On the way I got a shot at a single mallard that jumped from the bushes, and thus scored first blood for the day. We put out the decoys about half a mile from the spot where Charlie and I had shot the evening before, and had just gotten settled, when we heard the boom of heavy guns from the east end of the preserve. Evidently some poachers were at work down there. However, they served us a good turn by starting up the ducks, for we soon saw a bunch coming our way. As on the day before, I could not wait long enough for them, and only succeeded in wing-tipping one, which Wilbur finally got, after a long chase. On returning he gave me a quiet lecture on the evils of shooting too soon. As before, I promised to reform, and as before I immediately broke my promise. I had the mortification of see-

ing a pair of black duck sail up toward Jack after I had saluted them, only to be gathered in by a quick double. I didn't say much, but the next pair were allowed to light in the decoys before I made a move. Of course, *they* were gathered in in good shape.

It was about this time that I found that Wilbur, like "Old Charlie," was a teetotaler, but, unlike the latter, he would smoke. So we put in about half an hour with our cigars before any more ducks came our way. They were flying further out in the bay by this time, and Jack was getting good shooting, judging from the many trips Dick was making to retrieve.

About 12:30 Jack pulled up and came down to our bog to eat lunch. As I only had two sandwiches, I couldn't figure how we were to make much of a meal, but when I saw Charlie's smiling face rounding the point, with the big tin oven in the bow of the boat, and heard his hail of "How's your appetite, boys?" I realized that Jack had made all arrangements to take care of our stomachs. The oven was filled with steak, potatoes, and all the good things we could wish for, steaming hot. We indulged in a war dance and three cheers for Charlie. The manner in which that forage disappeared was a caution. We rested about half an hour and then put into the blinds. There had been a few ducks flying all day, but now they seemed to have decided on the middle of the bay as the only place they cared to go. After watching several flocks drop out there, Wilbur said, "Doc, I can't stand this. Let's go out there and give 'em a whirl."

"Yes," I replied, "that would suit me exactly, but a black duck is no fool, and he isn't coming up to a boat anchored in the middle of that bay."

"Never you mind about that," said Wilbur. "You just help me get some grass and rushes and I'll show you a trick with a hole in it."

We gathered a lot of grass and

rushes, threw it on the boat and pushed out in mid-channel, and after spreading it all over the boat and ourselves, lay down on our backs. Did the ducks come? Well, they did that. As soon as a bunch came near us Wilbur commenced talking to them. No artificial call did he use, but just a quiet note coming from his throat that caused every duck in hearing to put for the decoys as though he were in a hurry. Then, when we raised up, put four barrels into the bunch about thirty yards away, and didn't get a feather, we had no need of a blind for a moment. There was a sulphurous haze floating around that boat that even a black duck couldn't see through. After mutual explanations as to how it all happened, Wilbur took a large drink of water, and settling down refused to talk until we had, to some extent, recovered our reputations.

This we did in about ten minutes, for as we were lying down in the boats, four ducks, coming from behind us, sailed over us about ten feet above the water, and were gone before we had time to shoot. A few calls from Wilbur, however, swung them around, and they settled among the decoys. Meantime my cap had slipped over my eyes, and I could scarcely see, but I did not dare move to fix it, and besides, there wasn't time. I got a glimpse of one duck; fired, and saw him coming down as I swung into the next one. He dropped, but it was too late, and my second barrel hit him fair, just as

Wilbur sang out, "Here! stop that! I've killed that duck once." When I got my cap off my eyes sure enough there lay three on the water, and the fourth was going out of sight. Just the same, our reputations had been saved. From this time on we had good shooting, principally at black duck, a few broadbills and one old coot. When the shooting was at its best Wilbur suddenly remarked, "There goes Captain Jack in. It's sundown, and we must pull up." This was hard, but rules must be lived up to, and with a long face I put down my gun and got ready for the trip in. It was a hard pull against a hard wind, and we arrived pretty well pumped out, but happy, as we were "high boat."

Charlie had roast duck for supper and had allowed one and a half ducks to each man. This we found to be the proper allowance, and every man took care of his share. After supper we cleaned guns, told stories and smoked till bed-time. I turned in to dream of a big bag on the morrow, as it was our intention to put out the battery and try the broadbills. I was disappointed, however, as on going outside in the morning the sloop was seen coming across. She brought a message calling me home, and my fun was over for that Spring. However, I am in receipt of an invitation to finish my shoot this Fall, and if I am alive I am going to eat one more of Charlie's dinners, tell a few more stories with Dick and Wilbur, and may help kill another duck or two.



AT CLOSE RANGE WITH A GRIZZLY.

BY FRANK SANFORD.



At a cosy little hotel on the Massachusetts coast, situated within half a mile of one of the prettiest brant shooting sections that I have ever had the good fortune to run against, half a dozen sportsmen were tipped back in their chairs on the piazza one evening last Spring, recounting the day's adventures, telling of the lucky shots that had fallen to their share, and of the unaccountable misses which they had made. We had all of us had a good day's shooting, and that spirit of self satisfaction, which is so true a barometer of a sportsman's frame of mind, pervaded the crowd. While one of the party was in the midst of an interesting story of personal experiences encountered the year before on these same marshes, one of the sportsmen at the other end of the piazza came toward us, and informed us that one of the oldest big game hunters in the country had arrived that morning, and that as he was not only a hunter of wide experience, but an excellent story-teller, we would no doubt be glad to hear that he had consented to tell us of his last experience in the Teton Mountain range, which lies just south of the great Yellowstone National Park, where he had gone for the express purpose of killing a grizzly. I do not suppose that there was a member of our little group who had not either heard or read bear stories, and I venture to say that the first thought of each and every one of us was, that any bear story which might be told that evening by any bear hunter on earth, would be practically the same as we had heard, and read, time and

time again. However, as our stories of the day's adventures had about all been told, we decided to hear what there was in the bear story, and we accordingly shifted our seats to the other end of the piazza, and awaited the advent of the bear hunter.

He came out in a few moments: a man under medium stature, with small piercing eyes, prominent features, and a full, flowing, gray beard. Although small in stature, it was apparent at a glance that the man's frame had been put up for endurance, and that he was probably capable of standing more hardship and greater exertion than were a good many younger men in the party. He was introduced to us by the sportsman who had called us together, as Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester. The introduction further informed us that Mr. Kinney had been prevailed upon to tell us of a little adventure which had fallen to his lot in the far-distant mountains of Idaho and Wyoming. Mr. Kinney acknowledging the introduction in a modest way, took his seat so as to face our party, and said: "Gentlemen, I don't know that I shall be telling you anything new, but at the request of my personal friend, Mr. H., who has heard this story, and who has assured me that it contains some features which may interest you, as sportsmen, I will, if you desire, do what I can to entertain you." The sportsman's general appearance and manner was perhaps so entirely different from that which we had expected in a bear hunter, that the expression of our desire to hear him was almost unanimous; so, settling himself back in his chair, he said:

"Although a business man, and having been engaged in business in Worcester for a great many years, I have perhaps hunted as many hours

in my life as a great many men who have lived to be much older than I am, and who have considered themselves sportsmen at that. I have shot, so far as I know, every species of game in the United States, both bird and beast. I have hunted on the plains of the far West before the Indian had been driven from what he considered his inherited landed possessions, and I have seen as many head of big game as would be represented by all the horses and all the dogs and all the sheep that exist in the territory between the city of Worcester and the city of Boston. I have seen in one herd in Montana over 50,000 head of buffalo, and I have seen in addition to that, almost as many thousands of elk and antelope. The way we estimate the number of head of game in a herd in that country, or rather the way we used to, for they now exist no more compared with the number in which they were to be found at that time, was to count a herd of antelope, for instance, and if there were seventy-five in that group, we would pick out another group twice as large, and call it one hundred and fifty, and another group half as large we would estimate at 35, and so on, until we had counted everything in sight. When I began counting game, I counted it as a tenderfoot would count it, and when I had counted up over thirty-five hundred, and began to look rather pale and exhausted, a guide found what I was doing, and put me on to the right method.

"Although I had hunted in all of the big game districts of the United States and had, as I say, killed many species of game that inhabited this country, I had not yet killed a grizzly bear, and it was in '92 that I finally made up my mind that I would not any longer be shy on this species of game. With this end in view, I joined a party of friends leaving Worcester in September of that year, and went westward as far as Idaho. Our car came to a halt at a point on

the Ogden City Short Line which ran northward from the Union Pacific at that point to the Northern Pacific. By previous arrangements we had secured our escort, and the day after we had arrived there, our outfit, consisting of nineteen horses and six guides, met us. That same afternoon we packed up and traveled northward, south of the Yellowstone National Park and into the mountains of Idaho. We had some sport en route, killing a moose, an elk, and several antelope, and the day after capturing this game we succeeded in killing a silver tip bear, weighing about six hundred pounds. This bear fell to the credit of a friend in our party, but even had it fallen to my credit, I should not have counted it as anything in my trip, for it was a grizzly, and not a silver tip, that I was after. At the end of the week we had traveled a distance of about 105 miles, and we had reached the mountain range over which we had to pass to get into the great divide between the States of Idaho and Montana. We successfully crossed this range, but met with very little, if any, game, and two days later had reached the divide. Here it began to snow, and our guides advised us that unless we wanted to stay there all Winter we had better cross the range back into Idaho. This was disappointing, but we took the guides' advice, and it was fortunate we did so, for within forty-eight hours afterward there had been a fall of three feet of snow in the divide, and it remained there until Spring. We continued in our search of game, but with only indifferent success, and as the time which we were to be absent from the car had been limited to three weeks, we soon found ourselves compelled to make preparations for our return journey.

"I cannot tell you how disappointed I felt. I had made that long trip to Idaho for the express purpose of killing just one animal, and that animal I had not been able to find. As

we got nearer and nearer the car, I got more and more blue over the matter, until finally when we had gone about half way, I determined that I would not return without accomplishing my purpose. Consequently, that night I went to our head guide, a man whose name was Bishop, and a man of years of experience in hunting in that district, and I told him I wanted him to take the party back to the car and return to me with a sufficient outfit to see us through, as I was going to stay in the mountains all Winter, if necessary, to accomplish my purpose. The guide readily consented, and next morning I advised my friends of my intention. They had no hesitancy in expressing their doubts as to my sanity; they assured me if I went up into those mountains where the snow had been known to pile itself to a height of thirty and forty feet, that I would be lost, and that in all probability my friends would never hear what had become of me. 'Notwithstanding,' said I, 'I am going, and that settles it,' and when they saw that they were unable to dissuade me, they asked if they could do anything for me at the car. 'Yes,' said I, 'I am going to send a note to my wife by the guide,' then, said I, 'I want you to buy what supplies I need, pack them on these horses and send them back here to me.' So I said goodbye to my friends, and they departed. When they left me and pushed on down that mountain, leaving me alone, I will confess I felt just a bit faint-hearted. However, the guides returned at the end of three days. In the note which I had given the guide for my wife, I asked her to send me \$200 to pay my guides for services and what other expenses I might have, into the mountains. When he and my companions reached the point at which we had left our car, they found it had moved on to a town some miles away, and my companions not knowing the contents of my note, the guide brought it back unopened, and

I found myself in the mountains with just four dollars in my pocket. However, I had my supplies, and I felt I would be able to take care of money matters in some way after I had returned from my trip, if I succeeded in returning. The same day that the guides returned, we packed up and headed southeast, skirting Yellowstone Park, and finally entering the Teton range, which is a direct spur of the Rocky Mountains. This district I knew to be a good one for bear of the kind I was after.

"As we entered the mountains, the nights grew very cold, while the days were very warm. We saw but little trace of game for some days, and although finally I ran against the track of a small grizzly, and later on got sight of the bear as he made off down the mountain, he was too small to be meat for me, and I should not have considered that I had accomplished my end, even had I killed him. So we kept on pushing into the mountains, until finally we struck a point where the guide said we should certainly find bear if there were any in that country. Each afternoon, Bishop and myself would mount our ponies and go off into the mountains. Day after day we returned disappointed, until finally one afternoon, while riding along on my pony, I saw something in the snow which caused me to pull the broncho back on his haunches in a manner that must have surprised him. It was a bear track, I saw at a glance, and evidently a big one. I dismounted, and put my hand in the snow alongside the track; I saw that the fresh impression of my hand corresponded almost exactly with that of the bear track, and thus determined to my satisfaction that the track was a fresh one. I called to Bishop, who was a little further down the mountain side, and he joined me. Bishop looked at the track and agreed with me that it was not only a grizzly but a big one.

" 'Now,' said he, 'Mr. Kinney, if

we are going to get down to business, we have got to go about it quick, or else we shall have to stay on this mountain all night.'

"'Well,' said I, 'if you can stay here all night, I can. I am here for my game and I am going to have it.'

ing, for he knew that the bear was not far distant. We accordingly mounted our ponies, and followed the track as rapidly as possible, on up the mountain. We could see where, every few rods, the bear had overturned stones and logs, which indi-



"BISHOP, THERE'S OUR BEAR."

"'All right,' said Bishop, 'you'll do,' and he afterward told me that he had made the remark more for the purpose of trying my courage than with any idea that we would have to stay in the mountain until next morn-

cated that he was proceeding leisurely and feeding as he went. We followed him perhaps for a mile when we came suddenly into a little clearing, known in the mountains as a 'coulee.' Now a 'coulee' is a

slight depression in the side of the mountain, where water collects, and in this oasis, there grows to a height of eight or ten feet, a tall marsh-like grass, the roots of which are very tender, and of which bears are very fond. This 'coulee' was perhaps three or four hundred feet across, and as we stopped on the edge of it, I looked down and saw those tall reeds waving, and I said to Bishop in a loud voice, 'Bishop, there is our bear.' Almost as I spoke a huge form rose up in the middle of the 'coulee' and I saw my game. He was a grizzly, and a bigger grizzly than I had ever hoped to face; I estimated the reeds at about eight feet high, and his head overtopped these reeds fully four feet, making him, as he stood there on his hind legs, about twelve feet high. He looked at us curiously, but not savagely, seeming to wonder what we were doing there, and if we were friends or foes.

" 'Now, Mr. Kinney,' said Bishop, 'when you shoot, be careful not to shoot too high.'

I knew what he meant by that—that my first shot at that bear must come as near as possible to being a mortal one, or I might not live to tell the story of my first grizzly. However, the caution was not a necessary one. I felt that my nerve was as steady as it ever was in my life, and I found myself in a few seconds, deliberately determining upon my plan of action. I felt that I was in a position to aim at the bear's heart, and if I missed his heart the bullet should go through his body and break his spinal column. I knew my rifle—a Winchester 45-90—and I knew what it would do if I held it right. Consequently I knew that almost everything depended upon the holding. Perhaps I felt just a slight tremor when I threw the rifle to my shoulder and looked along the barrel. The bear had not moved, and presented what seemed to me an excellent mark. I fired, but, as many a good marksman might do under similar cir-

cumstances, I fired just a little too high. My bullet entered the bear's breast about six inches above his heart, but as he went down when the bullet struck him, I felt that I had either struck his heart or that I had accepted the second chance and broken his spinal column, as I had intended. Subsequent examination, however, showed me I had done neither, and I understood afterward why I had not. The bear, when he heard our voices, was standing sidewise to us, and as he rose to his hind feet, instead of facing us directly, had swung the upper part of his body around. This action threw his spinal column out of line with his heart, and although I had aimed to hit his backbone in case I had missed his heart, the position which he occupied had made my bullet go wide of its mark. Even then, however, I was not satisfied that my bullet had not gone to either one of the two spots I had intended, and I waited for my next shot; and while I waited the bear roared, such a roar as I never heard before, and as I hope never to hear again, for, while it may seem to you that I am telling you the impression of a frightened man, I tell you that when that bear roared the mountain beneath my feet fairly trembled, and I was not any more excited—perhaps a bit anxious, but no more excited—than I am at this moment.

"I had not long to wait after that roar, to be convinced that I had not killed my game. Almost immediately, the tall grasses began to bend and sway as the bear came through them. Within twenty yards of where he stood there was a small clearing in the grass, and then more grass between us and the bear. Out from the long grass he came, almost as fast as a horse could gallop, and uttering low growls of pain and rage. As he came into the clearing I fired again, and under the difficult conditions, so rapidly was he coming, that I fired too high, and struck the hump over his shoulder. It had no more

effect upon him that if I had scratched him with a pin; it stung him, perhaps, for he uttered another roar that echoed and re-echoed against the rough sides of the mountain, and came on faster than ever. My next shot struck him on the side of the head, but the ball was a glance shot: it went into the bone at the side of the eye, and came out below the ear. It was a hard shot, however, and it rattled the big fellow. He stopped, shook his head and turned around; stopped, glared at us, shook his head again, and turned around a second time. I had three more bullets in my gun, and while he was turning I could have pumped them into him, every one, but I knew that if I had had a dozen bullets in my gun, they would serve me no purpose in his body. I knew I must hit him in the head or he would get to us, and I did not want that, you can depend upon it, for a more ferocious looking beast I never saw in my life. Every hair on his body, instead of being turned backward in its natural position, was standing forward; his eyes seemed to emit flashes of light; his wicked little ears were laid back against his great head; his mouth was open, and the teeth in it were most uncomfortable things to look at. After turning around a second time, he glanced once in our direction, and then sprang forward as though he knew what he had to do and was bent upon doing it quick. I let him come to within twelve yards before firing my fourth shot: this shot struck him in the corner of his eye, passed through his head, and came out at the back of the skull. He gave one plunge forward, shuddered and rolled over dead.

Then I felt a slap on my shoulder, and I heard Bishop say, 'Mr. Kinney, he is dead.' I turned around and looked at Bishop. It is almost impossible for a face, tanned by the winds and suns of many years, such as Bishop's, to show pallor, consequently I don't know what color his face was, at least I do not know how to describe

it, but I do know that the water was running down his face as though he had been standing bare-headed in the rain, and I said to him:

"Bishop, I think you are a little excited."

"Shouldn't wonder if I was, Mr. Kinney' he replied; 'I am always excited with one of those fellows coming at me, until he is where that one is now,' and turning on his heel he added, 'But come on, let's turn him over, and I will skin him while you go down for the ponies.'

"I walked over to Bishop, and stood at the bear's head, and as I looked over that great carcass, and realized what those cruel claws and long white teeth, terrible even in death, might have done had I been unable to put a shot home, I felt just a bit faint and sick. My gun slipped from my hand and I do not believe that if anybody had offered me \$10,000 to stoop and pick it up I could have earned the money. That did not last long, however, and I glanced at Bishop to see if he had noticed my weakness. He had not; he had begun skinning the bear. So drawing a long breath, I turned and walked down the mountain after the ponies. We packed the pelt upon the back of one of them and then started for camp, which we reached after night-fall, and when we bunked in that night, I lay down with the consciousness that I had accomplished what I had traveled many hundred miles to attain. My grizzly skin was stretched to dry and when I looked at it, I felt that I had been particularly favored in securing one of such a size.

"That, gentlemen, ends my bear story, so far as the killing of the bear is concerned. I had thought up to that time, that to round out my career as a sportsman it would be necessary for me to kill a grizzly, but after I had killed him, I felt satisfied that no such achievement was necessary. I tell you as I have told every sportsman whom I have since met, that no



"AS HE CAME INTO THE CLEARING I FIRED AGAIN."—Page 41.



matter how ardent a big game hunter you are, or how great your enthusiasm, do not fool with a grizzly. Let him alone, and stay just as far away from him as you can stay.

"Well, next morning we broke camp and I started for the nearest town on the railway, Pocatello, which was about 120 miles away, figuring as I went upon the possibility of making some arrangements to pay off my guides before I reached there, so as to avoid carrying the entire outfit along, knowing that they would have to go back to their headquarters in another direction.

"For two days we traveled leisurely, and on the second night, I had an adventure with a mountain lion that demonstrated to me most forcibly the tremendous power of these beasts. I had camped for the night, the men themselves having camped a little further down the canon, and before leaving me about dusk, they had suspended upon an improvised meat rack, two quarters of a moose that we had killed that morning. There was really no occasion for carrying so much meat with us, but it was such fresh, nice looking meat that we hated to throw it away, and decided to take it along in the hope that we would strike some people en route who would be glad to be presented with it. In hanging the meat upon the frame, it took all four of us (and all of us were strong men) to lift the meat above the ground and hang it upon the rack; it was so heavy. Ordinarily, upon going to bed, the coyotes were in the habit of making night hideous about our camp. They would sit out beyond the edges and howl and yell like so many fiends incarnate, but after one becomes accustomed to this they pay no attention to it. I accordingly went to sleep with the coyotes yelling, and about midnight, the utter cessation of their howls awakened me for a moment sufficiently to enable me to realize that the coyotes had disappeared. However, I went to sleep

again, and in the morning, on getting up, I found that one of the quarters of moose was on the ground. I could not understand how that big piece of meat could have gotten down, as it had been hung up securely, and so went over to look at it. An examination showed me what had caused the coyotes to stop howling the night before. A thieving lion had stolen down the mountain side, had lifted that huge piece of meat off the rack, and laid it softly down upon the ground. I knew he must have done this, for had he pulled it down, the entire rack must have come with it, and a fall would have awakened me immediately. He had simply laid the meat upon the ground and when he had eaten his fill, about twenty-five pounds, he went back into the mountains. There was nothing in this to make me feel in the least scary, except the fact that my head was within about six feet of that mountain lion and his meal, the only thing which separated me from him being the canvas of my tent.

"Next morning, we broke camp early and proceeded onward to Pocatello, and the second morning struck a Mormon village. I hunted up the head man, told him who I was and explained my presence there. I told him I wanted, if possible, to arrange to get about \$200 to pay off my guides and thus avoid the necessity of taking them into Pocatello, which would take them a long distance out of their way. 'I don't think, Mr. Kinney,' said he, 'there is that much money in town,' and I could readily believe him, for the village was small, consisting of about the most squalid looking huts I had ever seen. This was about the time that the Government was making trouble for the Mormons at Salt Lake City, and, in fact, all through that country, and they were scattering throughout the far western States of Idaho, Wyoming and Montana. 'Well,' said I, 'see what you can do;' and two hours later I met him

by appointment at his cabin. He had just come into his domicile, and I found him seated on a chair, engaged in pulling little wads of money from his pockets. He must have had perhaps a dozen wads in all, each wad representing from \$10 to \$20, and when he had counted it all out, he had \$170. This he handed me with the remark:

"'There, Mr. Kinney, that is all the money there is in this settlement.'

"'And can you let me have it?' I asked.

"'Certainly, with pleasure,' was his reply.

"'Very well,' I said, 'I will give you my cheque. Now, what do you want me to pay you for your trouble?'

"'Nothing, sir,' said he; 'give me your cheque for \$170.'

"'But that is ridiculous; you have

given me, a stranger, this money, and you have gone to the trouble of collecting it for me.'

"'Yes, that is true; but I will not accept more than I have given you.'

"I did my utmost to induce him to accept a fair commission, but in vain. 'I will not extort money from anybody,' he insisted. 'You can give me a cheque, if you wish, for \$175, but that is the most I will accept.' I gave him a cheque for that amount, paid off my men, and journeyed onward to Pocatello. Upon reaching there, I learned that my car had gone over into Nebraska. A few days later, I had rejoined my party, and ten days afterwards, was back in Worcester, with my first grizzly bear skin on the floor of my library, and, gentlemen, I can assure you that it will be the last of my own killing."

ON A WHEEL IN THE METROPOLIS.

BY LILLIAN FRANCIS.



NOTWITH-
STANDING
that condi-
tions have
been greatly
improved
within the
past two
years, and
that laws,
with suf-
ficiently
severe
penalties

attached for their infraction, have been enacted for the better protection of wheelmen and wheelwomen in and about the Metropolis, there is still much to be done before the path of the cyclist, anywhere on Manhattan Island, can be considered either safe, or free from annoyances to which the owners and drivers of all other styles of

vehicles are comparative strangers.

I am sure that the Aldermen and Park Commissioners of New York are thoroughly cognizant of the dangers to which every bicyclist is constantly subjected, both upon the streets of the city and upon the Park driveways. No one not confined in a jail or a sanitarium could remain blind to them. I am sure that the Police Commissioners are alive to these same dangers, for besides being observant men, President Roosevelt and Mr. Andrews are both expert wheelmen, and have perhaps had as many experiences awheel, of the character to which I refer, as have many of the cyclists in whose interests I write. While the Police Department has done much, however, and the Park Commissioners have at least shown a disposition to do something, they are really but at the beginning of the work that must be done, before

wheel riders may feel that they are enjoying equal rights and privileges, and equal protection, with the users of all other classes of vehicles.

Stated briefly, the duty of the New York Board of Aldermen and Park Commissioners should be to select certain thoroughfares, in the use of which all drivers of horse vehicles shall be so restricted as to insure the comfort and safety of cyclists. These thoroughfares, and their connections, should extend from 155th Street (one upon the east side and one upon the west side of the city, with connecting cross streets south of Central Park) to the Battery. They should be paved with asphalt, kept in thorough repair at all times, and be exempt from use by heavy teams and watering carts, except in cases where drivers hold special permits for the delivery of building materials, and furniture. Butchers' carts, grocery wagons, hucksters and all other vehicles of a like character, should be compelled to use parallel thoroughfares, until they had reached the block upon the restricted thoroughfare in which their destination is located.

The duty of police magistrates and patrolmen should be to arrest all violators of the rules governing these highways, whether they are cyclists

or drivers, and to see that the proper penalty is inflicted. As to Central Park, cyclists should unquestionably be provided with a cycle path for their exclusive use, just as horsemen have been provided with a bridal path; they should be kept off of the driveways and restricted to the use of the cycle path only.

With such provisions, restrictions and regulations, I believe that a ride upon the streets and in the parks of

New York city would be both safe and enjoyable, and that the deplorable accidents in which cyclists have been the victims, would be stopped in New York city at least.

It was solely because of my dread of collisions with horse vehicles that only after long consideration did I finally determine upon becoming a cyclist. I did not know at that time that cyclists are heirs to other ills, which although less dangerous,

make up in their exasperating and irritating qualities, what they lack in menace to life and limb. I had not yet learned of the devilish ingenuity of the cab driver and the grocer's boy; I had had no experience upon the trail of the fiendish watering cart man; I had not considered the wabbling possibilities of the beginner whom one meets with so frequently nowadays, not only in the riding school, where they belong, but upon



"THE MORNING AIR WAS DELIGHTFUL."

the highway as well, and unescorted at that. I was not, however, long left in ignorance of these things. Indeed, I think I was initiated into all of them upon a single day's ride, the ride which, with the editor's permission, I will introduce into this contribution, as an object lesson to wheelmen and wheelwomen, and to all others likely in any way to exercise the necessary influence for a radical change in the existing condition of affairs.

After half a dozen lessons at the Spalding school in Madison Square Garden, I felt that I could sit and guide my wheel in a fairly creditable manner. My instructor, a big stalwart fellow, whose advice and guiding hand I sadly missed in my first few rides upon the road, said I had been an exceedingly apt pupil, and that I was sufficiently advanced to take the road whenever I chose. Would I like him to accompany me? I decided that I would, and the following morning at 9 o'clock he dismounted at my door on 104th Street, West. The ride was a huge success. We took the Boulevard and Riverside Drive to Grant's Tomb, and thence, via 106th Street, we reached Central Park and took the west roadway to the "circle" at 59th Street, returning to my domicile by way of the Boulevard. With his practiced hand at my belt, the long hill on Riverside Drive and the slight up-grades in the Park, seemed to be taken with little if any increased effort upon my part, while the timely application of my brake, as suggested by my escort, and the restraining force of his arm when the grade was just a little too steep to be controlled by my brake, under the weak pressure of my unpracticed fingers, imbued me with thorough confidence. Why, it was too easy. So easy indeed, that when he informed me upon leaving me at my door, that I could ride alone with perfect safety, I believed him. He *did* caution me, however, about one

or two possible contingencies, a caution that I forgot within a moment afterwards, but which came to me with full force later on.

I took the same route several times afterwards, and as I was particularly fortunate in meeting with but few teams, and as I was careful to dismount whenever there was any probability of the block ahead of me being crowded, I met with no unpleasant experiences. Result, my self confidence was away up in the nineties. I felt that I could ride anywhere, under any conditions, and so dropped a note to a former schoolmate on Staten Island, who was also an enthusiastic wheelwoman, that on the following Saturday I would ride over to St. George, and, together with herself, take in the rural and marine beauties of the East Shore. I started soon after an early breakfast—about eight o'clock—figuring that it would require about one and a half hours, provided I made prompt ferry connections, to reach St. George. As I turned into the Boulevard there was not a team in sight, save a brick wagon which was unloading before a half completed building. My wheel moved along on the asphalt with scarcely an effort upon my part; the morning air was simply delightful, and I felt that invigorating, pleasant sense of anticipation that all cyclists experience upon starting off upon their first *real* ride. Down the long grade to 96th Street I glided, feeling only a sense of contempt for the grocer's wagon that entered the Boulevard at 100th Street, just after I had gotten by. It is true that the boy who drove it annoyed me a trifle by whipping up his horse and calling to me to "Turn out there, please," but my only notice of this suggestion was to bear a little harder on my pedals, with the result that the hoof-beats of the horse had grown very indistinct within the space of a few seconds. Meantime, my wheel had attained a greater speed than I had intended.

I pressed the brake lever firmly, as I thought, but with no noticeable effect. The spoon had purposely been set well up from the tire so as to prevent (my instructor had said) its picking up the mud from the shoe. On the level, and at a moderate speed, it would have checked my machine, but the grade between 104th and 96th Streets is quite marked, and the momentum my wheel had gained was considerable.

I heard the creak of heavily loaded wagons somewhere, but the Boulevard ahead was clear, and I presumed they must be behind me. Suddenly the heads of two horses, straining at a heavy load, appeared from behind the fence that extends along 96th Street, westward from the Boulevard; the heads quickly materialized into full grown draught horses, and then came a huge lumbering wagon loaded with red tiles. In desperation I pressed upon the brake; my body swayed with the violent effort I was making, and the wheel began to wobble from side to side. Had I continued in those tactics there must certainly have been a collision, but like an inspiration the thought came to me to cross 96th Street ahead of the team, and, loosening my hold upon the lever, I bore down upon the pedals with all the strength my almost fainting condition would allow. Whether I closed my eyes or not, I cannot say. I know that everything was in a blur, for one instant, and that, in the next, I was flying past the noses of two big horses, their heads high in the air, and their haunches close to the ground, as an irate, red-headed Irish driver pulled hard upon the reins, and swore like the expert he undoubtedly was.

It had all happened so quickly that my wheel was passing 95th Street on the up-grade before I began to realize that I had escaped. I pedaled slowly up the hill, with shaken nerves, my temples throbbing and my breath coming in short gasps

that warned me to exercise the fullest possible control over myself if I would avoid disgracing myself by boo-hooing like a baby. At the top of the hill I dismounted. It was no use. I could go no further just then, and, with my hands and forehead wet with cold perspiration, I drew into the curb and found a seat within the corner drug store. It was my first close shave, and it had completely unnerved me. I had never before realized the dangers likely to confront a novice awheel, and the realization had been very suddenly attained. I was glad, however, that it had come so early in the day, and with a mental resolve to be more careful during the rest of the trip, I remounted. At 90th Street I stopped at a repair shop and had my brake spoon adjusted. I wanted a quicker response when I called upon it in future.

At 66th Street, the clanging of the cable car bells and the passing of an elevated train disconcerted me a trifle, but I got across the tracks safely and finally reached the "Circle," at the intersection of 59th Street, Seventh and Eighth Avenues and the Boulevard. As street cars, cabs, carts and pedestrians were crossing the open space around the monument in every direction, I dismounted and walked my wheel to the entrance of Eighth Avenue. "Take Eighth after leaving the 'Circle,'" my friend had written, "as it is paved with asphalt to Eighth Street." She was right. It *was* paved with asphalt, but *such* asphalt! Granite blocks would have been infinitely superior as a riding surface, for the heavy trucks and carts that seem to seek this thoroughfare from parallel streets for three blocks on each side of it, had worn ruts and ridges that varied in depth from one to three inches, and that existed in such number as to make a ten-foot stretch of smooth paving a very rare find. I was sore and ill-tempered before I had ridden ten blocks, and



"I WAS FLYING PAST THE NOSES OF TWO BIG HORSES."—Page 48.

the necessity for dismounting twice within that distance, to avoid being pocketed by the big wagons beside, in front of, and behind me, did not tend to steady my nerves or improve my state of mind. I had passed 34th Street and was riding along slowly, near the curb. For the first time, the road ahead was clear for a distance of half a block. It is true that the delivery wagon of a big dry goods house was driving along the car-tracks and rapidly approaching me from the rear, but, as in the case of the grocer's boy on the Boulevard, and mindful of my instructor's advice to pay no attention to vehicles behind me, so long as I kept to my rightful side of the road, I ignored it. Along it came, the horse breaking into a gallop as it drew up beside me, and then, without a word of warning, the driver gave a pull upon the right rein and turned squarely across my path into 33d Street. I swung my wheel into the curb, took a flying leap out of the saddle, and my nickel plated wheel rolled into the mud of the gutter. A big policeman standing on the corner promptly caught the horse by the bridle, and stopped it within a rod or two; a bystander picked up my wheel and with his handkerchief rubbed the mud from the saddle, thus putting me under obligations that I fain would have escaped. The policeman led the driver back

to the scene of the accident, and asked me if I would appear in court against him on Monday morning. A crowd had gathered, and I was at my wits' end, but recovered sufficiently to protest that I was not hurt and was on my way out of the city. The officer looked disgusted, the driver drew a deep breath of relief and remounted his wagon, while the crowd parted and allowed me to pass through on my way to my next adventure.

I walked my wheel along the sidewalk for a block or two, as the street was really too crowded with trucks and wagons of all descriptions to admit of my attempting to mount, and besides, I had begun to seriously consider the advisability of abandoning my trip and returning home. Just then, unfortunately, a clear stretch of asphalt showed itself ahead of me, and decided me to continue. Twenty-third Street was reached and safely passed, and I had begun to think that my



"ITS BLACK MUZZLE WAS WITHIN A FOOT OF MY SHOULDER."

unpleasant experiences of the day were over, when I heard close behind me, the quick "plunk, plunk" of a cab horse. I knew it was a cab horse, because I could not hear the rattle of the wheels. "A rubber-tired hansom," I reflected, for I did not dare to risk losing my balance by looking over my shoulder, "but there is plenty of room for him to pass." Alas, I had not yet learned the ways of cab drivers. He did not

want to pass. He simply urged his horse forward until its black muzzle and dripping bit were within a foot of my shoulder, and there he kept him. The street was too crowded to admit of my running away from my tormentor, and the rapid closing up of the teams ahead of me—where they came from will always remain a mystery to me, for a moment before the street had been comparatively clear—showed me that within a few seconds I would be most beautifully pocketed, and at the mercy of the fiend behind me. There was but one thing to do. I must dismount, even at the risk of being stepped upon by the cab horse, so dismount I did, but not in the manner I had intended. Just as I was preparing to step from my pedal, my forward wheel entered one of those deep, narrow ruts in the asphalt—a rut perhaps three inches wide, two or three feet long, and as deep as the weight of thousands of passing wagons' wheels would naturally make it. Keeping my balance was out of the question. The wheel and myself went down together, the wheel much in the same manner as a horse in the act of rolling, and myself prone upon my hands and knees. I heard a great clatter of hoofs behind me, a startled snort, and a string of oaths from the cab driver. The next instant a man sprang from the cab and assisted me to my feet.

"It is dangerous riding for wheel-women along here," was his comment, and my reply came quick and to the point: "Yes it is, and it is made so by just such



"I CREATED HIM TEMPORARY GUARDIAN OF MY WHEEL."

creatures as that upon your cab box."

It was not what I should have said, I know, but my indignation and resentment had passed the point of discretion. The cab fare raised his hat and looked uncomfortable; the driver grinned his satisfaction at my discomfort, and added insult to injury by backing his horse and making a way out of the pocket for me.

I withdrew with my wheel to the sidewalk, and considered as calmly as possible the best course to pursue. And now, for the first time, I am going to make a confession of which I am heartily ashamed. I know it was womanly and unsports-womanly, but I needed no further experiences—on that day, at least—to tell me that my nerve was gone,

and that I had ridden just as far upon Eighth Avenue as I wanted to. Across the street at the corner curb stood an express wagon. I called the driver over, created him temporary guardian of my wheel, and instructed him to take it, without delay, to the Staten Island ferry house. Then, catching a passing car, which transferred me to the cable at Barclay Street, I rejoined my wheel at the Battery, and ten minutes later was calmly thinking it all over as I watched the shores of Staten Island grow more and more distinct with each turn of the ferry wheel.

Of one thing I was certain, that if I were a man I would make it my settled and unswerving purpose in life to become, first, an alderman, then a park commissioner, and finally president of the police board, and in each official capacity, if I did not make life pleasant for hansom cab

drivers, delivery wagon pilots, and the particular city officials whose duty it was to keep in repair the city streets, and regulate traffic thereupon, it would be no fault of mine.

The fresh air from the harbor, and the sense of security from rutty paving and satanically-inclined drivers, which the ferry deck afforded, had restored my temper to its normally amiable state by the time we reached the landing at St. George. There was my friend at the dock, in a fetching costume that I doubt not she had designed for the occasion. From my own skirts I had carefully removed every speck of the tell-tale Eighth Avenue muck, so that there was no evidence to the contrary, when I declared that I had enjoyed a charming ride over the route she had so thoughtfully planned for me—and I should not have been a woman had I told her anything else.



FISHING IN WISCONSIN LAKES.

BY WILLIAM BRUCE LEFFINGWELL.



PEAKING of fishing, reminds me that the Rev. Myron W. Reed, a noted divine and enthusiastic angler, once said:

"The Apostle Paul was the only man that ever told a true fishing story, for he said: 'We fished

all night and caught nothing.' I have often wondered what there was about fishing that induces nearly every man to overestimate the weight of fishes he has caught. A generous rivalry has always existed, and always will exist, between anglers, and no matter how truthful a man may be in the daily avocations of life, when he goes fishing, he feels that he has *carte blanche* to tell the results of his trip, and without fear of

contradiction. This is a privilege accorded the fisherman, and has been from time immemorial, at least from a time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

A friend recently told me one of his experiences with one who said he could invariably tell the weight of fishes. They were fishing from the same boat, when suddenly his friend had a strike; the reel whizzed, the line swished through the water, the bass—for it was a bass—fought like a demon, the angler worked cautiously, the bass tugged and darted this way and that, its black back flashed along the surface of the water, its eyes gleamed snappishly, and the fish was all but landed, when, quick as thought, it gave a plunge and a rush, the line snapped and the captive was free, taking with him the spoon and a portion of the line, "Great heavens," said the angler, "what a bass! Weighed six pounds if it weighed an ounce." "No," replied his friend, "it didn't weigh no six pounds; I saw the fish distinctly, and it didn't weigh more than three pounds." "Three pounds!" yelled the other; "Great Scott, man, didn't I *see* him, feel him on the line—and fight! I never saw a bass more gamy and fight harder,—I tell you he weighed fully six pounds!" Their arguments finally ended. In perhaps fifteen minutes afterwards the other gentleman had a strike, and after frequent rushes and dives on the part of the fish, and plenty of admonishing on the part of the one who had lost his fish, the fish was landed in the net, and then into the boat. As it flapped in the boat, the successful angler said to the other. "How does this one compare in size with the one you lost?" "About half the size," explained his companion. The captor produced a pair of small scales and weighed the bass—it weighed three and one-half pounds. Suddenly something rattled in the bottom of the boat, and investigating, they found the spoon and leader of

the one who had lost his fish. In other words, it was the same fish. An experienced angler, he who has fished in many waters, and fought mosquitos in many forests, is always equal to an emergency. It proved true in this case, for when the proof became apparent that it was the same fish, and weighed but three and one-half pounds, he clapped his hands in gladness because his favorite spoon was returned, and then expressed his astonishment that the fright he gave the bass could have reduced its weight so wonderfully.

When it comes to enjoying first-class fishing, the North is the place to find it. Many who have not fished in the Northern lakes and streams will hardly believe this, but it is true. Only recently I went on business to a town in one of the middle Southern States. While there I was called into the basement of the hotel to inspect a wonderful catch of fish. I found a couple of croppies and several large buffalo. The natives were extravagant in their praises of the fish, and invited me to go fishing the next day. I could not refrain from telling them of the wonderful lakes in Wisconsin and Michigan, and of the magnificent trout, bass, pike and mascalonge I had caught there. They listened in rapt attention to what I said, although it was hard to believe such wondrous tales, but I assured them that if they wanted to see the largest, handsomest and gamest bass that ever came out of fresh water, they ought to visit Gogebic Lake, in Michigan. And what a beautiful spot it is! The lake is broad and deep, fed by springs from the adjacent hills. It is fifteen miles long, and one and one-half miles wide, about twelve miles from Lake Superior, and is one of the most picturesque spots I ever visited. One can form an idea of the magnificent fishing which is had there by catches made this last season. On one day Mr. J. E. Strong, of Chicago, caught five black bass which weighed

twenty-four and one half pounds; on another day visitors brought in twenty-three black bass which weighed one hundred and one-half pounds. Mr. A. M. Fuller, of Chicago, had the distinction of catching the largest bass during the season: a bass which weighed six and one-quarter pounds. Without doubt the handsomest bass found in northern waters are caught in Gogebic Lake.

I enjoyed several days visit there, and found the hotel accommodations so good, and the surroundings so beautiful that I was loath to take my departure. There are several little streams that empty into Gogebic Lake, viz., Slate River, Pelton Creek and Trout Brook. These little streams are famous for their brook trout. Among the noted catches I recall those of A. M. Fuller, who in one day caught 165 brook trout in Pelton Creek; Mr. B. S. Bingham caught seventy-five in one day; H. Nelson 135 and Mr. M. F. Chase ninety-two in one day in Slate River. While the fishing is so excellent at Gogebic, at the same time I found it equally good at other points in northern Wisconsin, and when one considers the depth, the extent and the number of lakes and the natural food with which the fishes are supplied, is it not surprising that fishes are increasing rather than diminishing in numbers, for as a fact one can find as good fishing in the Wisconsin lakes today, as he found five or ten years ago.

Commencing about the middle of August and continuing until the lakes are frozen over, fishing is all that can be desired. Mascalonge lie sullenly in the deep waters along the edge of the mud beds, and do not bite well in extremely hot weather; at the same time in the cool mornings, or in the late afternoon, they will awaken from their lethargy, and



AFTER TROUT ON THE SLATE RIVER.

their wolfish eyes are watching for the passing minnow, or the smaller fish, which they rush for with lightning speed, and when they feel the prick of the hidden hook, they throw themselves clear out of the water, shaking their heads until the spoon rattles, which produces sweet music for the angler's ears. Abe La Fave and Joe Odgers, two of the best known guides in the Northern Woods, told me they had seen mascalonge lunge for food and make a spring from their lair of fully eight feet, in catching small fish. How fast a mascalonge can swim after it has attained headway is hard to say. One who has had them on his hook and fought them for half an hour will be willing to vouch that they rush at the rate of two miles a minute.

Among the best places for mascalonge fishing in Wisconsin, and where one is reasonably sure of having good fishing, is Marenisco (near Gogebic Lake) State Line, Eagle River (a mascalonge was caught in the Eagle waters which weighed fifty-five pounds).

The Eagle waters comprise a number of large lakes, all reached by thoroughfares, making a continuous journey without portages from Eagle River, which is a station on the Chicago & Northwestern Railway. Mercer, the Turtle waters, including as they do the Manitowish waters, are regarded as among the best fishing grounds in the United States. Here a great variety of fishes is caught: mascalonge, pike, bass and pickerel, and the immense pine forests abound with grouse, deer and bear. An examination of the map of this portion of Wisconsin will show that the country is about equally divided in land and water. The land consists of pine forests, and the waters are inland lakes fed by springs. Here are the homes of countless thousands of fishes, and, in season, the angler is in clover. One of the largest mascalonge caught in Northern waters during the past season, was caught by Mrs. H. D. Stevens, of Chicago; this fish weighed forty-four pounds. Woodruff, Wis., is a noted place for fishing. Trout Lake is about eleven miles from Woodruff, and in this lake and its immediate vicinity wonderful catches of fish are made. During the Summer of 1895, Mr. George T. Jennings, of Chicago, in one week's fishing caught twenty-two mascalonge, sixty-five black bass and twenty-five pike. On July 25, Mr. L. Guttman, of Cincinnati, caught thirty-five lake trout, the largest weighing eighteen and one-half pounds. On August 18, Mr. W. C. Higley and son, of Chicago, caught ten mascalonge, the largest weighing eighteen pounds. On September 25, Mr. L. L. Leach, of Chicago,

caught three mascalonge, weighing twenty-four, eighteen and sixteen pounds. On September 15, a mascalonge weighing thirty-five pounds was caught by E. Rulley, of New Albany, Ind., and on September 22, one weighing thirty-one pounds was taken by Mr. M. C. Henly, of Richmond, Ind.

State Line, the dividing line between Wisconsin and Michigan, is also an excellent place to visit. I received an invitation a short time ago from Bent Bros., who are located there, and they tried to coax me away from business by telling me that a man had just come in with twenty-two black bass, the day before another with twenty-seven; that mascalonge and pickerel, pike and lake trout were biting well. My heart went immediately to the Wisconsin lakes, but business necessitated my remaining at home. Truly the fishing in Wisconsin is wonderful, and he who loves to fish can scarcely go amiss if he makes intelligent inquiry as to where to go. The fisherman who visits these waters for the first time will find a valuable companion in the illustrated hand book recently issued by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway. This gives a perfect map and accurate information as to fishing places in both Wisconsin and Michigan.

The man who loves to fish or hunt is void of selfishness, indeed his soul is filled with generous sentiments. Therefore, when you visit the beautiful lakes of Wisconsin and Michigan, and rejoice in your success there, and when you drink of the pure springs which are so abundant, let one toast be, "Here's to the man that loves to fish, but can seldom get away."



THE PROVINCE OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY FREDERICK J. HARRISON.

THOUGH less than sixty years of age, photography plays a part in our social and business life that entitles it to a position to be shared only by electricity and steam. The closing years of the nineteenth century have seen the still young giant grasping and solving for us problems that had ever defied us; the

stances hitherto considered opaque, visually and photographically, were traversed by certain rays, which could be rendered visible to the eye, and which produced on the photographic plate an effect similar to ordinary daylight. Having stated his case accurately, and, as subsequent events have demonstrated,



EXAMPLE OF INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHY.

penetration of the opaque, the depicting of colors, and the reproduction of objects, showing them in actual motion. These are three achievements wonderful beyond expression, and for them photography must have credit.

In December last a German professor, unknown save in scientific circles, quietly announced that sub-

completely, Professor Röntgen retired to the obscurity of his laboratory, giving his discovery to the world. The great newspapers, alert for novelties, took up the matter, and photography was advertised as it had never been before. Apart from the wonderful results obtainable, Dr. Röntgen's discovery of radiography or X-ray photography, is responsible for

the attraction to the ranks of photographers of a large number of highly-educated men, versed in electricity, chemistry and allied sciences, and in time further important announcements may be looked for. At present, it has been clearly demonstrated that an electrically excited Crookes tube gives off certain rays which are capable of penetrating all substances, but in varying degree, depending on the density of the substances. Advantage has been taken of this variation, and the bony structure of the living human body may now be photographed with comparative ease. Pictures of the heart and of other soft portions of the body have been successfully made, and the surgeon is now in possession of valuable aid to diagnosis.

The reproduction of color is a problem that has occupied the attention of photographic workers since the day that Arago announced Daguerre's discovery. Until within recent years, little, if any, progress has been made. At the present time no practical method has been shown, though Lippmann, of Paris, has produced pictures which, when viewed at a certain angle, give the colors of the originals. A photographic plate with a film as nearly structureless as possible, and in contact with a film of mercury, is exposed to the colored object, and developed as usual. Duplication is not possible, except by another exposure of a similar plate, and the results are uncertain. A more practical method has recently been enunciated, and with so many scientific investigators at work it seems reasonable to conclude that an indirect method of obtaining photographs in colors, approximating those of the originals, will before very long be perfected.

Of considerable interest at the present moment, is the third achievement of photography, the reproduction of moving objects in such a manner that they may be shown, performing the same evolutions, to a

large audience. With the kinetoscope, all are familiar. It is to moving objects what the phonograph is to the voice, an absolute recorder of every expression and inflection. The kinetoscope and kinematograph enlarge these objects to their original size, and those who have seen the wonderful exhibitions at our theatres, will concede that photography has in this direction proved itself an exact recorder of events.

Photography enables the meteorologist to obtain absolutely accurate records of the variations in the instruments employed by him, and one of his latest acquisitions is a sunshine recorder, by the aid of which the exact periods at which old Sol was gladdening the earth, are set down on a humble sheet of blue-print paper. The agriculturist records the growth of plants, the condition of crops, the general character of the land; the surveyor finds photography invaluable, the real estate agent deems it essential to the proper conducting of his business. In every art, in every science, in every business, photography to-day plays an important part, giving an accurate record. And in its application in our social life, the camera, though deemed by many a hobby, is by virtue of its accuracy as a recorder, both useful and delightful. The picturing of our friends, our families, our residences, our cities, the bringing home of pictures that shall serve for all time to bring back memories of happy and profitable days; all testify to the value of the camera, and to the pleasure and profit derived from its employment.

To the sportsman, in particular, photography should appeal, and the camera should be considered as vital a part of his equipment as either the gun or the fishing rod. The products of the latter are soon disposed of, are evanescent in character; but the camera gives a means of procuring a permanent record that will be accepted everywhere without cavil.



THE CAMERA AMONG SPORTSMEN.

Scene in Camp, Moose River, Hamilton Co., N. Y., by F. B. Wilcox.

In one of our illustrations is shown the result of a day's sport on the Moose River, Hamilton County, N. Y.

What more pleasurable memento of a hunting tour than a series of such pictures? What surer record of an outing, what better answer to the question: "Did you hit anything?" What easier way into the good graces of the guides? What better record than an album of such photographs?

Not only to the hunter and tourist should the camera strongly appeal. The horseman, the lover of fine cattle, the owner of rare hounds, in fact the sportsman of every type, will find in photography a means of gratifying his desire for permanent records of the performances, the quality, the points of the objects of his particular attention.

The actual taking of a photograph has been so far simplified, that to-day

the various methods involve but little trouble, and, with a moderate amount of experience, extremely pleasing results are possible. The necessary kit, while on tour, is reduced to a compact leather-covered case of but very little weight. The heavy dry plates are no longer essential; roll films on the thinnest of celluloid are absolutely efficient, and the necessity of a dark room for anything but development has been dispensed with. In fact, the manufacturer of photographic apparatus has kept pace with the popular demand, and to-day cameras of every degree of portability and compactness may be obtained, from the tiny pocket camera to the 8x10 folding box to be carried on the back. No hunting trip is complete without one of these infallible recorders; no sportsman is equipped unless he numbers a camera as an important part of his outfit.



HUNTING.

THE "brown October days" are here again—days that the sportsman loves perhaps better than any others of the year, for with them comes the time when guns are taken from their cases and carefully cleaned and inspected for the work that is ahead of them; when the opening of the season for field and water fowl shooting is but a few days away, and when, if a vacation is to be taken, and powder burned, plans must be decided upon and preparations made for its enjoyment.

The months of May and June are not without their attractions to be sure, and no less without their memories of shaded pools and tumbling cascades, in which the gamest of all game fishes have tried the strength of many a rod, and the skill of many a fisherman. But though the Spring season, with its attendant beauties, offers much that will arouse the enthusiasm and quicken the pulse of the sportsman, the days of October, to the mind of the writer, are more subtle in their influence upon the lover of nature—the man who loves the dog and gun, and who longs to leave behind him, if only for a brief respite, the memories of sun-baked office buildings, madras shirts and wilted collars, books, papers, figures, stocks and bonds, and to enjoy to his fullest capacity the clear air of the fields and mountains, with only his dog, his gun and his fellow sportsmen for companions.

For such, there are truly no days like those of October—days when the woodlands are rich with the red, the purple and the orange of Autumn leaves; when the dusk of eventide begins to fall as early as 5.30 and 6 o'clock; when the roadways give out, clear and strong, the hoof beats of the horse half a mile away; when the buckwheat field

is in the stubble, and the corn stands in sheafs among the acres of big yellow pumpkins that lie like so many big golden balls upon the hillsides; when the air is crisp and clear and cool, and all nature is in a state of transition from Summer heat to Winter snows.

These are the days when the red coat of the deer is splotched and unkempt in appearance; when the buck rubs his horns against the saplings, just to satisfy himself that they are all there; when the chatter of the squirrel is heard in the beach grove as he works from early dawn till nightfall upon his Winter store; when the Easter toggerly of the robin and the blue jay have been replaced by the more substantial plumage of the Winter, and the moving forms of migrating birds are seen upon the landscape; when the clear call of the quail and the drum of the partridge greet the sportsman at early dawn, and the impatient whines of his setter and pointer tells him that others than he are eager to get into the stubble and the alders. From across the hills and high up above the tallest tree top comes the "honk, honk" of a string of geese as they seek waters that they well know will be more to their liking a month hence, and the old familiar path through the woodland is now hidden by a velvety carpet of Autumn leaves that stretches like a crazy quilt over hillside and valley. Say what you like, there is no season of the year so full of pleasant anticipations and welcome suggestions for the sportsman as October.

* *

And where are you going for your Fall shooting? Quail and partridge, according to well authenticated reports, were never so plentiful as is the case this year, all through the more likely shooting districts of the New England States. Some of the

best bird shooting I ever enjoyed I found up in the northern part of Vermont State, in Caledonia, Essex and Orleans counties, above the headwaters of the Connecticut River, and but a stone's throw from the Canadian border. It is a bit of a journey to take for sport, but it will well repay you when you reach there. Likewise a trip to the Carolinas, and even further, to the region along the Gulf Shore, where last year quail were so thick that "the saloons served quail on toast as free lunch." If sport nearer home is desired, you can get all you want of it up in New York State or in the southern counties of Connecticut. The only requisite, aside from a good dog and a good gun, is the good-will and permission of the farmers over whose ground you shoot.

As for duck shooting, little need be said to the Eastern sportsman. He knows where to find them in plenty. From the Massachusetts coast, southward along the shores of the Sound to Great South Bay, Barnegat, Chesapeake Bay, Albemarle and Pimlico sounds, the duck shooter will find his paradise. If newer fields are desired, the great marshes along the line of the New Orleans and Mobile Railroad, west of Mobile, will furnish such duck shooting as will delight the heart of any sportsman who may have found the birds shy in home waters. Further along the coast are the comparatively undisturbed shooting districts of Texas, reached by the Aransas Pass road and northward from New Orleans, in the Teche County, one will find game in such abundance as our Northern States knows not of.

* *

From the west come reports that indicate a great season for game birds. The past Spring and Summer has been an exceptionally favorable one, and the young birds have come through the early weeks of their existence in prime shape in most of the States west, as well as east, of the Alleghenies.

* *

As for big game, moose and deer are said to be much more plentiful in the Maine woods this year than last, and many New York sportsmen who leave the metropolis annually with Bangor as their first stopping place, were laying plans early in September

which would land them in camp on the first day of the open season, October 1. Altogether, the indications are that no sportsman, whether he may prefer stalking big game in the northern woods, field shooting over a good dog upon woodland or meadow, or dropping the black duck, mallard or broad bill from the shore battery, the blind, or the punte, will want for an opportunity this Fall to burn powder to his heart's content.

* *

Speaking of big game shooting reminds me of the recent death of a Maine guide, at the hands of young Russell, a nephew of the late Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, which took place in the Maine woods last month. The tragedy has doubtless recalled to not a few sportsmen experiences of their own in which they have escaped, by a hair's breadth, from pulling the trigger with equally sad results. While discussing the event with a well-known New York sportsman a day or two after its occurrence, I found that even so well seasoned a shooter as himself had experienced those emotions which overpower a hunter when he has realized that, by the merest chance, he has escaped the really awful occurrence of killing his friend in the woods.

"We were hunting deer," said he, "up in the Adirondacks. Jack had left me at a good stand, and had gone back up the hill upon the side of which he left me. In front of me was a sharp descent, and five hundred yards away was a little clearing in the bush on the thickly-wooded hill opposite. It must have been fully an hour after my friend left me that I heard the distant bay of a hound on the ridge across the gully. It was no dog of ours, and I presumed that some other hunters were working toward us. Suddenly I saw the brush move slightly to one side of the little clearing on the opposite hillside. 'A deer,' I thought. 'The hound has chased him up, and he is skulking along through that undergrowth.' I covered the moving brush with my rifle, determined to fire in case the deer should pass to one side of the clearing. The tremulous waiving of the sapling branches showed me that the deer was moving to the right, and probably would not enter the clearing. I took a careful sight and

steadied my aim for what I hoped would be a lucky chance shot. Just then the waving of the branches stopped, and I waited developments. In a few seconds they began to move again, and I saw that the animal was making direct for the clearing. 'Now, old boy,' was my calculation, 'you are my meat, sure.' In another instant, out from the brush stepped my friend, and pausing at the edge of the clearing, lifted his hat, and mopped his forehead with his red bandana. I felt as though an icy wind had suddenly come down the mountain and enveloped me; the sweat of a deathly fear broke out upon me and shook my limbs as though with ague; my rifle dropped from my hands, and I never came nearer in my life to fainting. I tried to yell to Jack, but my voice stuck in my throat, and it was not until after he had crossed the clearing and was on his way down to the brook that separated us, that I could stand up and swing my handkerchief around my head. He saw it, waved his hand in response, and a few moments later, joined me. I did not tell him how near he had come to crossing the dark river, but I will never forget it so long as I live."

Next to the man who "didn't know it was loaded," writes an old Maine hunter, the sportsman who shoots at every moving object he sees and picks up what he hits is the most dreaded person that goes into the woods. He may have money, information, good temper, and every quality that makes camp life enjoyable, but his fellows shun him and sulk away from his hunting grounds at every chance they get. His every movement is watched, and his companions make life so disagreeable for him that he soon learns he is not wanted and goes home, where, if he is sensible, he preserves a discreet silence regarding his failure to get game. Let a hunter once make a mistake and shoot a man, or even wound him or tear his clothing, and he is ever after put down as a Jonah. No hotel wants him, no guide will live with him, and the local constables dog his steps with such persistency that he feels more like a ticket-of-leave man than a free American sportsman, endowed with power to shoot and kill all kinds of animals not protected by law. Statistics of fatal accidents for the last dozen years show that

in nine cases out of ten the man who did the shooting was a novice in wood lore and wholly unacquainted with the habits and appearance of large animals. The figures also show that in more than half the cases the victim was the warm, personal friend and chosen hunting companion of his slayer. In cases where the men who blundered were more or less familiar with large game they seemed to have been acting on some sudden impulse that defied reason and practically compelled them to shoot regardless of consequences. The buck fever which old hunters often have when in the presence of a stately deer, is a slight derangement compared with the overmastering desire to shoot something which occasionally enslaves the involuntary homicide. The symptoms of buck fever are shaking hands and lack of ability to handle the gun until the game is beyond range. The shooting mania is born from the rustle of a leaf or the cracking of a twig, and before the hunter realizes what he is doing he has taken aim and fired. The most remarkable feature of this mania is that men who in ordinary cases could not hit the side of a barn at twenty rods have been known to kill guides and bring down deer at twice that distance. There also seems to be a strange hallucination in most cases. Hunters of good sense have shot dogs and crippled cattle out at pasture in the belief they were shooting deer.

Many remedies for the growing danger have been suggested, but by observing two rules, most hunters can go to the woods with no fear of committing homicide or of getting shot. The rules are: first, dress naturally, look like a man, and don't try to imitate anything; second, never shoot until you know what you have in front of your gun.

* *

When one considers the condition which generally attend the shooting of woodcock, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the woodcock hunter is an enthusiast. The growth of scrub and saplings in which the woodcock feeds, makes the shooting exceedingly difficult, no matter how good a dog one may have to assist him; and this, coupled with the varied nature of the bird itself, calls upon the skill and experience of the hunter as perhaps does no other style of shooting. Moreover, the birds flying singly,

as they do, cannot be brought down to the number of two or three with a single barrel, as in quail shooting. Consequently, when a bag of woodcock is brought in, every one of them may be depended upon as having been earned, fairly and honestly. There are many excellent woodcock grounds about New York. Perhaps some of the biggest bags have been made, and some of the best shooting enjoyed, along the line of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad. Shohola Glen and the districts thereabout is said to have afforded some fine sport for woodcock shooters for several seasons past, there being not only woodcock, but quail and grouse in plenty.

This reminds me that although a man may be an excellent woodcock shooter, in seven cases out of ten, he knows almighty little about preparing them for the table. In this connection I want to offer to sportsmen what I consider the best recipe that I have ever run against for cooking this delightfully palatable game bird. I know, for I have tried it. Dress your bird properly above all things.

The proper way is to clean and draw them, placing the livers and hearts on a separate plate; take out the eyes, remove the skin from the head, truss up the feet, skewer them with the bill, and tie a *barde* of fat pork around the breast; now chop up the livers and hearts very fine, add a pinch of pepper, the suspicion of a chive grass, a third of a pinch of cayenne, and a teaspoonful of butter. Cut canapés three inches by two out of a stale loaf of American bread, and let them be over an inch thick, one to each bird; trim off the crust, and make a cavity in each to hold the bird upright; butter them, place on a plate, and put in a hot oven until they are a rich golden brown. Now place the woodcock in a roasting pan with a little butter spread over them and roast briskly for ten minutes. Directly after putting them in the oven take the canapés, fry them two minutes in very hot fat, drain, and cover with the liver and heart mixture. By this time the woodcock are cooked. Place them on the hot canapés and serve, decorating sparsely with watercress.

The hunter's method, or that for the chafing dish, is to draw and clean the birds, and split them down the back without separating the parts. Season with a pinch of salt, half a pinch of cayenne, and a tablespoonful of olive oil. Take a thin slice of the finest smokehouse-cured bacon (not chemically cured for your life), lay it over the breast, and transfix it with bill, and then in a very, very hot pan, broil for four

minutes on each side, butter liberally, and serve. The drink is Burgundy, with never a suspicion of ice within at least three miles of it for ten hours before it is drunk.

GOLF.

Whatever else the average golf player may be, however closely he may watch his opponent upon the links, and however quick he may be to take every fair advantage that offers itself for his own advancement in a match, certain it is that he is thoroughly unselfish in his love for the game itself. The more enthusiastic and the more skillful he becomes as a player, the more desirous he is that every man he ever knew or is likely to become acquainted with in the future, shall be initiated into the beauties and attractions of golf, and by becoming a good strong player, become also a convert forever more to the "game of all games." It is largely due to this spirit among golfers that the popularity of the game has spread as rapidly as it has in America, and the efforts of eastern golfers to establish public links wherever practicable, upon which any and all players may for a small fee enjoy an afternoon's play, is likely, by familiarizing the public with the game, to give it an impetus which shall put it upon an equal plane with base ball, foot ball, or even cycling itself. Within the past month a movement was set on foot to organize a club of amateur golfers, which should make their headquarters at the Van Cortlandt Park links, and by their presence and play, induce all who were desirous of learning the game to take it up. The movement which, from the time of its inception, has received the warm support of those golfers who frequent the Van Cortlandt links, has probably ere now been advanced well upon its way to realization, and the result will be watched with concern by all interested in the spread of the game itself in the United States. A prominent local golfer in a recent interview upon the subject said:

"It is a capital idea. The public links near Edinburgh, at Braid's Hill, Musselburgh, and many more places, are used by thousands every week, each player paying a fee of sixpence each time he makes a round. None of the public links there is

much better than this Van Cortlandt Park course. Golf has no equal as an exercise for city workers, and with such a fine chance to play on public ground the new club should be a great success. It is the only game where professional men and their juniors, teachers and scholars, merchants and clerks, can mingle with equal gain in health and strength. New Yorkers know a good thing when they see it, so I expect to see the new club crowd the Van Cortlandt links within a short time."

When asked how the Van Cortlandt Park links compared with those of the old country, the same player said: "Very favorably, although the turf is not so good. In Scotland or England a man will use his putter fifty yards from the hole, and run the ball. Here, even ten feet from the hole, the ball has to be pitched for the hole, to get over rough intervening grass. It is the same way through the green; here the grass is stubby and stops the roll after the carry, while over there the ball, as it drops, skims onward like an arrow from the bow. On this account, and also because there is a difference in the atmosphere, which I think is more dense, golfers cannot drive as far here as abroad.

"The location of the hole on the putting green is changed daily at St. Andrew's, Musselburgh, and other popular links abroad. The spot where the cup was is nicely sodded, and then strewn with sea sand, so that in a few days the grass is strong and green again. Immense crowds come down from Edinburgh to Musselburgh every Saturday, and I have seen thick turf about a new hole absolutely bare after four hours play on a half holiday. The heat and friction of the heavy shoes burn out the grass. Here the holes are not changed so often—the play does not warrant it.

"Here also we tee off on clay, but there the teeing ground is the natural turf and the spot is changed a few yards every day, so as not to get worn out. The sand for the tees made by the fingers is kept in tin pans, so as to be moved easily, not in wooden and heavy boxes, as in this country. Over there the iron pins in the holes are short and only ornamented on top with a big bunch of red worsted, without tin numerals. They are very sharp, and it is a common

sight to see one of the half-holiday players, in the excitement of the game, after taking the pin out of the cup, jam it through his foot instead of into the turf.

"Amateurs there, like the players here, often spoil their game by taking lessons from too many teachers. The best plan is to stick closely to one instructor. Too many cooks spoil the golfer."

YACHTING.

The August cruise of the New York Yacht Club in the year of grace 1896 will not make a brilliant page in the annals of nautical sports in these United States. It was a mild and gentlemanlike cruise, and it had its interesting features, of which I shall have somewhat to say, but it was more conspicuous for its atmosphere of luxurious ease than for its sporting spirit. About eighty yachts were anchored in Hempstead Harbor on the morning of the rendezvous. Of these a fair number were steam yachts, whose business it is in these days to convey from port to port those who are merely lookers on in Venice. But there were also many sailing vessels which went out merely to carry spectators. The racing fleet of the club dwindled down to just seventeen yachts, and most of these offered no new considerations.

There is not much to be learned in these days from contests between the *Uvira* and *Cochtaw*, for instance. It is a threshing out of old straw, and although it is fine exercise for the participants, the results cannot be regarded as fruitful. Of course, there is fun in such racing for those concerned in it and personally I was delighted at the successful manner in which *Uvira's* owner, Ernest Lockwood, a gallant young amateur of the sea indeed, handled his able little craft. But at the same time it is beyond denial that racing of old boats whose measure has been taken has no public interest for yachtsmen at large.

The sloop classes were generally deficient in novelty. *Wasp*, *Queen Mab*, *Carmita*, and *Cymbra* cannot be said to afford a fine field for conjecture. They are clever boats in their way, but their way is well known. It was left for the schooners

to give zest to the daily runs of the squadron, and to them was due whatever of public interest the cruise offered. To be sure, the comparative merits of *Colonia* and *Emerald* had been fairly well established by the Spring regattas, but it was generally understood that in those initial contests of the season *Colonia* had been a long way below concert pitch. It was confidently expected, therefore, that as soon as she was fairly well tuned up she would sing a very different song of the sea, and one that her classmates would find very difficult to accompany.

The race for the Commodore's Cup on the first day of the cruise was not a satisfactory test of the vessels which competed. This is shown by the fact that while *Emerald* beat *Colonia* 1 minute and 37 seconds, *Wasp* beat *Queen Mab* 7 minutes and 55 seconds. The Messrs. Lippitt have a good sloop under them, but she is not 8 minutes better than Mr. Francis' cutter, which is a larger boat and a good one in her class. Bad management or bad wind—and in a good breeze mismanagement is not so frequent—must always be the cause of defeats which are not justified by the comparative merits of the competing boats.

The *Colonia* is a capital stealer in light airs and she is a tremendous traveller in brisk winds; but I doubt if she is much more than a match for *Emerald* in a soft-bodied, 6-knot wind. In the Commodore's Cup race, the yachts took close to 5 hours to cover a 21-knot course. The *Colonia* ran into some pretty soft spots under the shores, and the *Emerald* managed to get a sufficient lead to pull off a victory. It was fortunate for the general interest of the cruise that such was the outcome. Mr. Maxwell afterward lost heart so easily that if he had been beaten on that first day I doubt that he would have started for the Goelet Cup.

The New London run from Huntington Harbor was no test at all. *Colonia* beat *Emerald* some 48 minutes. She cannot do that on her merits in such light and baffling winds as we had that day. She would do it, perhaps, in a thresh, but the victory that day was due, in a measure, to excellent judgment on Capt. Charles Barr's

part and also to pure luck. *Colonia* had the fortune to be where the puffs of wind did the most good, and, as I said before, she is a thief of space in light airs.

In the run from New London to Newport *Emerald* won handily, though by no wide margin, and her victory was due wholly to Mr. Maxwell's weather wisdom. Most yachtsmen would have done precisely as Capt. Barr did, when he stood far to the southward of Race Rock Light to be well to windward when the first of the southwesterly wind came in. No one could have guessed that the weak little westerly breeze which started the yachts would continue to blow along the Fisher's Island shore, long after it was dead calm two miles to the southward. The *Emerald* was under the shore and she was so well ahead when the southwester reached her that she was able to draw across the wind and take a leading position in the ensuing reach, where *Colonia* could not catch her. Both yachts went at a 12-knot pace from Watch Hill till they squared away at Point Jude.

In the Goelet Cup race the two schooners met for the last time on the cruise and Mr. Maxwell's yacht was soundly beaten without flukes or accidents. She was fairly outsailed, on the wind, on the run and on the reach. I am forced to say that I think Mr. Maxwell sailed *Emerald* badly on the beat to the first mark. Her jib topsail was frequently taken aback and the yacht was pinched so that she was heavy-footed, while *Colonia* was always rap full and going well. *Emerald* miscalculated the tide, too, down near the outer mark, and had to make an extra hitch, which got her under *Amorita's* lee. She slipped out handsomely enough, but she lost much time by the whole operation.

Once around the first mark *Colonia* bade the other schooners good-bye and ran to the second mark as fast as the wind would let her. In the final close reach of $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles she went like a race horse, doing the distance inside of 25 minutes. She weathered the flagship with room to spare, too, while *Emerald* had to make a pilot's luff to get past.

* *

The run to Cottage City signified nothing, for it was a drift. *Colonia's* grounding on

the middle ground near West Chop was no discredit to Captain Barr. It was one of those accidents that happen to the smartest skippers when they run a boat not under command in a strong tideway. Of course, he was criticised for it by the skippers who did not go aground. But he had his revenge in the run back to Newport. The yachts were started in the dying puff of the morning air, and after a struggle of two hours against the easterly tide, had to anchor off West Chop light. *Colonia* had made the most desperate struggle of all to beat the tide, and when she finally anchored she was far astern of the starting line and on the other side of the Vineyard Sound. The wind came in just before noon in little whiffs from the south. When *Colonia* got it she was three miles astern of *Atlantic*, which was two miles astern of the body of the fleet. The ex-cup hunter gathered herself together and spread her wings for a giant flight. With every reaching sail swollen like the cheeks of Eurys himself and a torrent of steaming foam under her beam lean lee bow, she swept down through the whole fleet like a goddess of yachts, and crossed the line the second boat. It was a triumphal performance and crowned *Colonia* the queen of the season.

* *

Here's a health to *Colonia's* owner, Vice-Commodore Clarence A. Postley, of the Larchmont Yacht Club. In fair weather or foul, heavy wind or light, he is always at the starting line with his gallant craft keyed up to her vibrating point and ready to sail for a man's life. He was just the same when he owned the *Ramona*. He couldn't win races then, but he sailed them just the same. One of the dearest wishes of his life was to win the Goelet Cup, and when I boarded *Colonia* on a breezy Sunday afternoon in Vineyard Haven and saw the cup on her deck, I saw a mighty happy yacht owner. No man better deserves victory, and long may he live to enjoy it!

* *

It would be interesting, perhaps, to say a good deal about the new schooner *Quissetta*; but the time is not ripe for it. She went into the New York Yacht Club cruise a practically unknown quantity. She had not yet met an antagonist and she did not

have her sails stretched. But I am not at all bold when I say she is the smartest schooner of her inches ever built. Her plunging before the start in the Goelet Cup race with the consequent parting of the strap on her lower main throat halyard block may have been due to her extreme fineness forward; but Eddie Fish, who had a heap to do with her handling, told me afterward that she was not rap full at the time I saw her wild dance, and so perhaps my first impressions were wrong.

Her performance in the light weather run from Newport to Cottage City was little short of wonderful, and it was an evidence of splendid seamanship on the part of Captains "Dicky" Sherlock and "Hank" Haff that they forced *Amorita* to keep such close company with her. But she is a distinct advance over W. Gould Brokaw's schooner, and I suspect she will force that ambitious yachtsman to carry out next season his long cherished design of building a 90-foot schooner. If he does so, there may be trouble in store for *Colonia*.

* *

The racing of the 30-footers at Newport in August was full of sport, and the manner in which Mr. Herman Duryea kept Captain Nate Watson hustling was a great delight to all believers in amateur yachtsmen. The English yacht *Rosemarie* was completely outclassed by the American boats in such weather as they had. She is a high-sided, big-bodied, heavily-sparred craft, not suited to average American yachting weather; but I have no doubt that in a weighty breeze and a sharp, choppy sea she would make a much better showing. The current month will see the conclusion of yachting sport for the present season and will bring the year's racing to a close with some good regattas. This has really been an off year in yachting; but it is not at all unlikely that we shall have a challenge for the America's cup for next year and then there will be a very lively time.

* *

Mr. H. M. Harris, the owner of the schooner yacht *Quissetta*, showed himself a true sportsman when he refused to take advantage of the accident to the *Amorita* in the race between the two boats last month. Such incidents, however, are by no means rare among the fine fellows to be found among the ranks of Eastern yachtsmen.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

The photographic enthusiast will find in this column a review of the happenings of the month. New apparatus, supplies and additions to the literature of photography will be described as lucidly and tersely as possible, and such information as will prove most valuable to the tourist and sporting camerist will be imparted. In order to properly accomplish this, and in order that this department shall fulfill its object in the highest degree, it is necessary that we have the co-operation of our readers. To this end we solicit an account of experiences with the camera, with photographs of general interest bearing on the application of photography to some branch of sport, and, indeed, invite queries on all questions relating to the art that may arise.

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The camera clubs and photographic societies have opened for the Winter session. Such societies have two objects: The advancement of photography by increasing the knowledge of each individual member, and the lessening of expense to each worker by supplying comfortable dark rooms, large apparatus and various other accessories beyond the purse of the amateur. Such societies exist in every city in the Union. Any of our readers desirous of associating with a club of this sort, should write to this department for full particulars regarding the organization in their town.

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It is estimated that there are 150,000 amateur photographers and 12,000 professionals in the United States. This is probably too low an estimate.

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The camera is an inanimate object, a mere tool. The photograph is made by the person handling the camera, and the quality of the photograph depends on the intelligent handling the tool has received. Photographing dark foliage, with a small diaphragm in the lens and shutter set at high speed, will result in an undertimed negative that no amount of development and subsequent intensification will remedy. The limitations of the camera must be distinctly understood.

What a change in the cameras of to-day and those of earlier days! First, the daguerreotype box, seldom used out of the studio; then the wagon, with developing tent and complete outfit, for wet collodion work. The discovery of the dry plate led to the introduction of the tripod camera of modern shape, and the fact that, by "ripening" these, dry plates were capable of receiving impressions in fractions of a second, brought in the hand or detective camera, of which the bicycle and pocket forms are the latest. With the hand camera has come the rollable sensitive film, which, now nearly perfect, bids fair to become entirely so, when the improvements, rendered necessary by its use in the vitascope and cinématographe, are completed.

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In choosing a camera for work in the woods, the home, the paddock, in fact, for use by the sportsman generally, the tendency is, of course, to select the lightest and most compact instrument on the market. This is satisfactory, provided always that, in obtaining such portability, the manufacturer has not adopted cunning but delicate devices, amenable, when out of order, only to the skill of an expert mechanic. The sportsman's camera does not receive the care bestowed upon a chronometer, and must be of a character to withstand rough usage, and exposure to inclement weather. As regards size, this is a matter that the individual only can decide upon. The easiest cameras to manipulate are those smaller than 4 x 5, fitted with a lens of universal focus. Here the operation of focussing, necessary with larger boxes, is dispensed with. The size, however, that is the most satisfactory is 5 x 7 inches, and hand cameras giving this size of picture are now made far more compact than were the 4 x 5 cameras of a few years ago. The difficulty of carrying such a camera is entirely overestimated, for it is light, thin and strong, and entirely enclosed in a leather-covered wooden case formed by its own sides.

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The tripod camera is a thing of the past. The hand camera, being always available, is of particular value for the sportsman, as it can be set up and dropped in a few seconds. The lens is, of course, the vital part

of the outfit, and some thought should be given to this instrument when the camera is purchased. A few years ago the camera and lens were purchased separately, and each received a fair share of the buyer's attention. To-day the two are sold as "a camera," and it would be within the mark to say that fifty per cent. of the photographers in the country know nothing of their lenses, except that "they came with the cameras." A single lens is all right for small work, and will indeed answer for every purpose, but has to be used with so small a diaphragm that it is not available for general instantaneous work. The new anastigmat lenses are unequalled for use in the hand camera.

* *

A recent form of hand camera is that in which the roll holder and detachable plate holders are dispensed with entirely. The $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ plates are held in four carriers, hinged on the four sides of the camera. By means of a key each carrier in turn is brought into position at the back of the box. The carriers may be reloaded by the aid of a changing bag. With such a camera the very acme of compactness is obtained, and the risk of fogging is reduced to nothing, for there is no possibility of light reaching the plates except after passage through the lens.

* *

Having purchased a hand camera, look it over, and arrive at a thorough understanding of its various parts before attempting to use it. The whole box should be carefully dusted and the lens should be removed and thoroughly cleaned with Japanese tissue paper, dipped in alcohol, or with a very soft clean piece of wash leather. The camera has been in a dusty place, or, probably, was not dusted and cleaned when sent from the maker. These are small points, but they save annoyance from pin-holes, streaks and similar defects in the negatives.

* *

Trouble is often experienced when developing films cut from a long roll, from the fact that it is impossible to find the points where each exposure begins and ends. In the majority of roll holders, the film passes over a large roller which carries two sharp points. At every revolution of the roller,

that is, at the end of each exposure, the film is punctured by these sharpened pins. The film, however, is tightly wound off on to the receiving roll, and, if not developed quickly, the punctures will not readily be visible, the punched film having been forced back again into the plane of the film. Any prolonged examination of the film, even by red light, will result in fogged negatives. If, however, the film be turned over and the back of it examined by reflected light, the punctures will be readily visible. The back of the sensitive film is a smooth surface of celluloid, and the break in the even reflection of the red light caused by the punctures is apparent. When cutting these films it is customary to use a knife or a pair of scissors. Neither will give a satisfactory cut; the best method is to lay a rule on the film and tear it, as in removing a check from a check book.

* *

The Society of Amateur Photographers and the New York Camera Club have combined to form The Camera Club, with headquarters at 113 West 38th Street, New York. Ample accommodation is provided for hundreds of members, and the dark rooms and photographic apparatus are the best of their kind. Facilities for copying, enlarging and lantern slide making are provided, and a good library, with current periodicals, is by no means the smallest of the advantages offered. Full particulars regarding membership may be obtained on application to the secretary, Mr. C. W. Canfield.

* *

The amateur encounters many mishaps and cannot always arrive at the cause of the trouble. The following are some of the defects more commonly met with in negatives. The most common is a veiling over of the whole plate, causing loss of vigor and brilliancy. This foggy effect is usually due to light reaching the plate at some other time than during exposure to the subject, or during such exposure from some source, such as leaky camera or plate holder. Prolonged exposure to the red light of the dark room will fog a plate. Finally, fog will be produced by over-exposure and by the presence of too much accelerator in the developer. Thin negatives, with plenty

of detail in the shadows, are due to over-exposure, dense negatives with clear shadows to under-exposure, and thin negatives with clear shadows to under-development. Clear spots and pinholes are due to dust on the plate. Each plate should be dusted with a camel's hair brush before being placed in the holder. It is unnecessary to say here that it is useless to dust the plate unless both camera and holder are free from dust. The brush must be a soft one, or fine transparent lines will result.

* *

When photographing interiors it will be noticed that a blurred effect is always obtained when windows are included in the picture. The light is, of course, very much more intense at these points, and, passing through the film, is reflected from the second glass surface on to the underside of the film, and this at a different angle to that at which it entered. The result is that all outline at these points is lost. This trouble, known as halation, is not confined to interiors, but, to some extent, is always present, and is principally seen, in trees outlined against the sky. The best method for preventing such halation is by backing each plate with Anti-halo, a substance which readily adheres to the glass, prevents the reflection of actinic light, and is easily removed by water.

* *

The finders on hand cameras are seldom sufficiently correct to be of real value. The primary object of the finder is to assist in locating the principal subject being photographed, but its capability may, without much trouble, be extended to showing exactly the position this subject occupies, and how much of the foreground and background is included. The image on the ground glass at the back of the camera should be compared with that given by the finder, and this latter marked with a rectangle corresponding to the image on the ground glass.

* *

Selle's process of color photography, recently announced, is nothing but an adaptation of the methods pursued by Ives, Gray and other American workers. Three impressions are made simultaneously

through three color screens, and then are dyed with aniline colors and superimposed. Color photography that may be practiced by the ordinary individual is still among the things wanted, but the prospects of its realization before the close of the present century, grow brighter daily.

* *

The pocket cameras, and indeed many of the larger instruments, are supplied with rolls of film which may be inserted in daylight. The film is completely wrapped in black paper, sufficient being left at each end to thoroughly cover up the sensitive film. This is of course a great boon to the traveling photographer, lightening considerably his outfit, and rendering him independent of dark rooms, either regular or improvised.

* *

To make photographs on silk float this latter on a solution of common salt, 2 parts; ammonium chloride, 2 parts; ammonia, 3 parts; and water 100 parts, for two minutes, and allow to dry. When desired for use, sensitize on a solution of silver nitrate made by dissolving thirty parts of the nitrate in 100 parts of water, and dry. Print behind the negative somewhat darker than for paper prints, and tone and fix as usual.

* *

Metacarboll is the name of an entirely new developer which possesses wonderful powers, and is of particular advantage because of the small quantity of it required to produce the image. It is used after the following formula:

Metacarboll.....	25 grains.
Sodium Sulphite.....	"
Caustic Soda.....	"
Water.....	10 ounces.

* *

A patent has recently been granted in England for a method of enlarging negatives that is easy and inexpensive. The negative is placed in a solution of sodium fluoride, 1 part; citric acid, 9 parts; water, 56 parts. The film soon leaves the glass and is then placed in water, in which it expands, being then transferred to another piece of glass. With such a solution as above indicated, the film will expand to double its original area. Increase of citric acid gives greater enlargement.

It has been said that the difference between a professional and an amateur photographer is that the former varnishes his negatives and the latter does not. A varnished negative is safe from stray drops of water, and is really essential for carbon or platinum printing. In fact a varnished plate is durable and risk is at a minimum. Varnish all negatives.

* *

In these days of magazine and roll-holder cameras, there is a tendency to recklessly expose on subjects that cannot possibly yield good or even passable pictures. The photographer should find as much pleasure in waiting for and making a picture, as does the enthusiastic angler in playing a fish for an indefinite period. A knowledge of the conditions necessary for perfect pictures, and a capacity for rapidly adapting oneself to existing circumstances, are necessary for success.

* *

Matt surface prints have an artistic softness that is extremely pleasing. A matt surface may be imparted to glossy prints by flowing ground glass varnish over them. This varnish had better be purchased ready made; for those who prefer to make their own, we append formula:

Gum Sandarac.....	90 grains.
Mastic.....	20 "
Ether.....	2 ounces.
Benzole.....	3/4 "

To give a glossy finish to matt surface prints, they are immersed for one minute in a solution of gelatine and then drained and dried. To obtain a high finish, they must be squeegeed down on a piece of polished plate glass, or a ferrotype plate.

* *

For the washing of prints, a device has recently been placed upon the market that may be used in any large tray. Two perforated metal tubes are fastened together at right angles, the junction point being connected with the faucet. This device is equally serviceable for plates and films.

* *

Indoor portraiture is often attempted and rarely successful. Yet some of the best professionals make a business of home portraiture. The professional photographer has recently learned that a single slant sky-

light is better for all-round work than his old top and side light, and going a step further, a straight light is better than a single slant. Except for the limitations due to size, a window is a good skylight, and by judicious use may be made to answer every purpose. On the side remote from the window, a light-gray reflector of large size should be placed, and a similar arrangement should extend from the top of the window to a point some six feet above the floor. A light tissue screen to cut down the light from the window, when such cutting down is deemed necessary, completes the equipment.

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The latest novelty in X-ray photography is a picture by John Carbutt of the hand of a mummy, that must have laid hidden away in an Egyptian tomb for 3,500 years. The bones are splendidly preserved. The public excitement over X-ray photography, or radiography, as it is now almost universally designated, has died out, but the medical profession, to whom it offers a means of positive diagnosis, are giving it most earnest attention.

* *

The instantaneous shutters supplied with the ordinary hand cameras, while absolutely efficient for the purpose for which they were intended, are by no means sufficiently rapid for photographing running horses and other similar subjects, unless the exposures are made to show a three-quarter or end-on view. Broadside attempts will usually result in failure. The same is, of course, the case with bicycle pictures. Any attempt to greatly increase the speed of the shutter may prove disastrous. Apparatus for such work as this will be described in a subsequent issue.

* *

Photographs sent to us for inspection or criticism will be examined and returned. Defective negatives, concerning which an opinion is desired, should be packed carefully and the sender should state whether he desires us to send them back. Pictures of general interest will be carefully reproduced, with full credit to their authors. Address "Photographic Department," SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, Potter Building, Park Row, New York.

BICYCLING.

The month of October, unquestionably the most delightful month of the year for cycling, will have gone all too quickly for thousands of riders when the chill of November shall have begun to indicate the approach of real Winter. Thus, the time is not far distant when many riders will begin to look over the wheels they have ridden during 1896, with a view to determining how they have stood the wear and tear of the thousand miles, more or less, they have traveled, and to decide in advance as to whether or not the old wheel will do for another season, or whether it will be advisable for them to indulge in a new mount.

In arriving at this decision, a great many things are to be taken into consideration. There is no good reason why a high grade wheel, with careful treatment, should not last one, two, or even three, seasons, unless the amount of mileage it is called upon to cover is beyond the ordinary. The life of a bicycle is, of course, not so great as that of other vehicles, for the reason that it is so much lighter in proportion to the weight carried, and the various parts so much more delicate in construction, that the effect of wear, and particularly of neglect, makes itself apparent, to some extent, even at the close of a single season of riding. So an examination to which a wheel is subjected at the end of the season, should be a most careful one, for one wants to be sure, for many reasons, chiefly because the disagreeable results that might follow the continued use of a machine that had been weakened by wear or strain, that the wheel is sufficiently sound, and in a sufficiently good condition, to carry its rider through another season without danger to either his life or his limb.

I doubt, however, if this consideration has as much weight with the average rider as does the question of possible changes in construction and lines, which may distinguish the wheel of the coming year from that of the past. In model, the wheels of '96 show fewer marked changes over those of '95 than any that have been inaugurated by manufacturers for many seasons past. Aside from changes in minor details and parts, necessitated by improvements in

those parts, there has really been no change, with the exception of the use of larger tubing. The possible changes in the models of '97 over that of '96 will unquestionably determine many riders as to whether they continue their old mount for another year, purchase a new mount on '96 lines, or wait until the models of '97 have been announced. The latter course will undoubtedly be that taken, in the majority of instances, by those who can afford the luxury, if there is going to be any decided change, either in lines, construction, or devices for propulsion.

* *

Perhaps the most important announcement that has been made, bearing upon changes for the season of '97, is that to the effect that no less important and leading a concern than the Pope Manufacturing Company has, during the past season, purchased valuable patents under which they will construct a \$100 Columbia wheel of the bevel gear pattern, thus doing away entirely with the chain. The Pope Company has as yet neither affirmed nor denied the truth of this announcement, but the information comes from such sources as to leave little room for doubt that there is much foundation for the report. It is true that the bevel gear is not a new device in wheel construction. It is equally true, however, that none of the devices used in the past have been satisfactory to riders, and for that reason have not enjoyed the confidence of either manufacturer or dealer. Many practical men among bicycle manufacturers have from time to time expressed the opinion that the bevel gear would eventually prove a natural evolution of the present safety chain bicycle; as to whether or not that evolution is about to take place, time alone will tell. There is but little question but that the bevel gear, if it can be perfected so as to do away with the wearing process, and other objectionable features embodied in devices of this kind that have already been placed on the market, will prove immensely popular with riders of all classes.

The popularity of the bevel gear will be due to the following facts: In the first place, even the best of mechanics have been compelled to admit what every rider knows, that the sprocket and chain gear of the

modern safety does not permit of a full and satisfactory transmission of power. Chains will stretch, and chains will rust; chains will accumulate dust and oil, and chains will break, not only to the discomfort, but in many instances, to the danger of the rider. In the perfected bevel gear, if such has been realized, none of these objections will be encountered. Whatever increase in weight might be necessitated by the construction of this gearing would doubtless be more than counteracted by the absence of the sprocket, the chain and the chain guard—on ladies' wheels. The cleanliness of the bevel gear will unquestionably be one of its strongest points of attraction. The dusty, grimy chain, with which women's skirts invariably come into contact to a greater or less extent, despite the most effective chain guard, will be supplanted by the single tube which will cover the gear connections, while perfect and continuous lubrication can be secured for the gearings themselves, both front and rear. No adjustment of the chain will at any time be necessary, for the very good reason that there will be no chain, consequently there will be no increased friction as the result of improper adjustment and change of pitch.

Says a writer who has evidently given the question of gearings much thought, and who is evidently a practical mechanic:

"There is no back lash as in the chain, owing to the fact that the gear fits, whereas in the chain gear there is never a true fit between the chain and sprocket wheels. Further, the twisting strain on the rear part of the frame is entirely removed, thus admitting of light frame construction.

"Being inclosed in dust-proof cases, the gears are protected from dirt, which insures long life to the wearing parts. The cases are also waterproof, so that even after exposure to a rainstorm the gears and bearing will run as freely as before. The chain, on the contrary, will leave the lubricant washed off and the rivets coated with rust, it will stick and grind, and the chain will jerk and climb the sprockets, straining the frame severely, sometimes even to the point of breaking."

Thus, if all the advantages claimed for the bevel over the chain and sprocket gear

are really to exist when such bevel gear is perfected, there would seem to be but little if any room for doubt as to its future popularity. We question, however, if this popularity could be attained in a single season, to a degree that would inaugurate a revolution in wheel construction. Moreover, if it has been possible for one manufacturer to secure well protected patents covering superior inventions in connection with this new gear, it is not likely that for a year or two to come, he would permit its manufacture upon a royalty or any other basis, but that he would confine its production to the capacity of his own factory. However far above criticism, therefore, the new device may prove itself, we venture the opinion that any rider possessing a '97 model chain wheel will be distinctly in it, from all important standpoints, next year. I would even go further than this, and express the belief that any rider possessing a well built high grade '96 model wheel need not be ashamed of his mount for '97, for I do not believe that the changes inaugurated will be numerous enough, or sufficiently marked in character, to stamp the '96 model as an old wheel, unless more than a cursory examination is made, provided, of course, that the tendency is not toward beveled gears, as the result of the attainment of perfection in this character of gear.

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With each year, for some years past, there has been a general tendency upon the part of riders to adopt higher gears, and from what I can learn, manufacturers propose to provide higher gears for '97 than they have provided to any considerable extent heretofore.

It is not difficult to remember when 56 and 59½ was an ordinarily popular gear; then we advanced to 63, to 70, and to 73½. It is believed now that 77 will be an exceedingly popular gear for next season, and that in a great many instances the demand will be for a gear still higher than this. The demand for increased gear is unquestionably due to the continued improvement, so far as the decrease in weight and the easy-running qualities of the modern bicycle are concerned. High gears are unquestionably desirable, from not a few important stand-

points. Indeed, it is only when climbing a stiff hill that the rider of a high gear machine wishes, for the moment, that his sprocket might be fitted with a few less teeth, and his chain shortened accordingly. Over smooth and level roads, however, a high gear machine is so much more satisfactory a mount, that one who has been accustomed to ride a wheel geared up among the eighties, would in all probability refuse to mount anything below this gear, except in a case of absolute necessity. Although the strain of propulsion is much more severe on a high gear, the rider soon becomes accustomed to it, and the decreased number of revolutions necessary, enables him to reserve his power and endurance, and is certainly a far more slightly movement than is possible with the feet following the quickly revolving pedals of a low geared machine. The awkwardness of the movement necessitated by the low-gearred machine is noticeable to a greater extent among women cyclists than among men. Time and again I have passed women who would have been in every way attractive, had it not been for the gear of the machines which they were riding. The slow, dignified and powerful sweep of the crank under a high gear is so much more desirable in every way, that there is little to wonder at in the highly-increased demand for higher gears; see to it, therefore, in selecting your wheel for '97, that your gear is not too low. For lady riders, I would suggest a gear of from 63 to 68, and for men a gear just as high as they can stand it. It will be sure to be a little hard at first, particularly if one has been accustomed to riding a low gear wheel, but in time you will, as I have said before, become so accustomed to the new gear that it will irritate you to ride the old one.

* *

During the past season a prominent manufacturer of wood rims has been showing some exceedingly attractive designs, and some beautifully finished samples of wood handle bars, and has persistently urged their adoption by several leading manufacturers, as in every way superior to the metal handle bars now in use. It is rumored that at least two leading makers are to fit their '97 product with these wood handle bars, and it is predicted by not a few riders, that

by the close of another season a metal handle bar will be as rare a sight as is now a metal rim. Certain it is that I have yet to meet a rider who has, during the past season or two, used the wood handle bar, who is not more than pleased with it, and who has not declared that he would never use any other style of bar in future. The advantage of a wood bar, as claimed, is in its non-rusting qualities; the fact that there is no nickel to wear off; and that the spring of the bar is much more resting and easy for the rider, than is accorded by any metal bar yet introduced.

* *

Much improvement is promised in saddles for the season of '97. No one need be surprised, however, if these promises should result in disappointment, for the reason that during every past season, the same promises have been made, and the same old saddles have reappeared with the coming of each and every riding season. The saddle is yet to come which will give entire satisfaction to women cyclists. I have never yet met a rider of the other sex who was willing to admit that her saddle was in every way comfortable, and just what she needed. That saddle which has come nearest filling the bill is the Mesinger, so far as my observations have informed me. I say this, not with a view to advancing the merits of this particular make of saddle, but simply because it is the saddle which, when used, at least among my personal acquaintances, and they are many, gives the greatest degree of comfort and satisfaction. There is no question but that for every Mesinger saddle ridden, there are perhaps a hundred of other makes in use. The demand for this particular saddle, however, during the past season, would seem to bear me out in my assertions that it meets the requirements of riders of both sexes, and I have only to say to riders who have failed to find what they want in a saddle, that it would be well for them to give the Mesinger among other good saddles, a trial. Thousands of Christy saddles have been sold during the past season, and in many instances that have come to my notice they have given great satisfaction. It is an established fact, however, doubtless owing to its marked peculiarity in construction, that the average rider

is compelled, by its continued use, to accustom himself to it, before its good qualities are appreciated. For women, the Overman Victoria saddle has proven popular.

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What the next two or three months may develop in tire improvements remains to be seen. So far as we can learn, however, tire manufacturers now seem inclined to stick to those styles and brands of tires which have come through the past season successfully and satisfactorily. We do not believe that there will be any marked changes or improvements in tire construction.

* *

There is some talk of an increased demand, during the past season, for brakes, and predictions are consequently being indulged in to the effect that brakes will be much more largely used next year, than has been the case for several seasons past. I cannot, however, see any ground for such prediction. No rider of any experience will deny that a woman who mounts a wheel without a brake, can justly be accused of extreme recklessness. No drop frame should be allowed to leave any factory without being fitted with some effective device for braking, and I may say furthermore, that no man should ride a wheel without a brake, until he has become a thoroughly experienced and practiced wheelman. When he has become such, however, a brake is a nuisance to him and a useless incumbrance. The man who has had a season's training as a rider, and who requires a brake to stop or control his wheel, should give up riding entirely, or else have his machine fitted with air brakes.

* *

Report has it that New York shall have two cycle shows during the coming Winter, one to be held at the Grand Central Palace, Forty-third Street and Lexington Avenue, and the other at the old stand, Madison Square Garden.

The cause of the conflict between the National Board of Trade of Cycle Manufacturers and the management of the Madison Square Garden Company, is scarcely within the province of these pages. Still the public is to a certain extent interested in everything and anything that pertains to bicycles or those who ride or make them. In

any event, thousands of lovers of the wheel in this city will be interested in learning the plans on foot for their entertainment and the arrangement of the cycle festivals to take place when the riding season of '96 has passed into history, and the season of '97 is still some months away.

The Cycle Show at Grand Central Palace will unquestionably be representative in every sense of the word, so far as the number of exhibits and the power and influence of the trade are concerned. The Cycle Board of Trade having made a departure from old rules, in deciding to hold its next show in a new and comparatively untried building, so far as its attractions for the public are concerned, will, with little doubt, endeavor in the arrangement of its exhibits and the attractions offered, to do everything within its power and the power of exhibitors individually, to make the grand Central Palace Show one that will compare favorably, in every respect, to any cycle show that has yet been held in America. Indeed, it is understood that the decorations in flowers, flags, and drapings, will be thoroughly original and most elaborate, while the special features to be provided for the entertainment of those who may visit the Palace will, in addition to the magnificent array of wheels shown, be greater than anything they have ever seen at a similar exhibition in this city, or in fact, anywhere else. There are two things that may be looked upon in the light of uncertainties by the public, as concerns the Grand Central Palace. Even the projectors of the National Trade Show admit that the location of the Palace is not so favorable as is that of Madison Square Garden. On the other hand, however, they claim that the building is capable of a much more extensive exhibit, owing to the largely increased floor space with which exhibitors will be provided, and that while the great and imposing effect afforded by the splendid interior of Madison Square Garden will, to some extent, be lost, the interest of the visitor will be held by features in every way unique and novel at cycle shows heretofore given. Certain it is, that the projectors of the Palace show will leave untried no effort to make the exhibit as dazzling, and as brilliant, and as attractive as the surround-

ings, and ingenuity and pockets of the different exhibitors can make it. This show opens February 6, and continues till February 13.

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It is reported that Manager Sanger will shortly announce a cycle show at Madison Square Garden during January and that diagrams showing the arrangement of spaces will be issued at an early day. Much speculation has been indulged in as to how a representative list of exhibitors can be gotten together at Madison Square Garden, in the face of the iron clad contracts under which the National Board of Cycle Manufacturers has bound its members, to exhibit at no show not sanctioned by the Board, and of course the Madison Square Garden show has been outlawed with all the rigor and power that the Board could bring to bear against it. Whatever Mr. Sanger's plans may be, however, for having the various makes of wheels represented, he is keeping them to himself. Certain it is that he is too shrewd and experienced a general to go ahead in a movement of this kind unless he knew his ground thoroughly. The mere fact of his announcing a cycle show at the Garden would indicate that he will give one. How, nobody but himself and those intimately associated with him in the work knows. That it will be an attractive show, there is no room for question. Mr. Sanger is a showman of long experience. Much of the detail, in fact the greater part of it, connected with the splendidly successful cycle shows held in this city during the past two or three years, has been directly in his hands and it is safe to say should he determine to give a cycle show during the coming Winter, that the Garden will present its old scene of brilliant coloring and drapings and electric light effects; moreover, there is good reason to believe that the public will be there. Unquestionably, the Garden has one great point in its favor, that being its location. There are thousands of people in this city who are not interested in the differences that may exist between cycle manufacturers and the Madison Square Garden Company. The fact that a bicycle show is to be given during the Winter will come to their minds only when they see it announced through

the daily press. They will recall the brilliant gathering of a year ago, and make up their minds to see all that is to be seen at this year's show. As to whether the show is being held by the Cycle Board of Trade, or by Mr. Sanger, or by the L. A. W., or by some amusement corporation, organized for the purpose, they will have no care, or ask no questions. There is little doubt but that at past shows held at Madison Square Garden, hundreds, or perhaps thousands of people have gone there for want of something better to do, to see the lights, and the crowds, and the brilliant effect of the exhibits, and to hear the music. That fully as great a number will be attracted by next year's show at Madison Square Garden is altogether likely.

And so there seems to be no good reason why both cycle shows should not have their full share of patronage, and be successful to the fulfillment of the hopes of their projectors.

And where is the harm of two shows? If the public wants them, it will patronize them. If it does not want them the public will stay away. If, on the contrary, both are generously patronized; if the week for each registers an attendance of thousands of enthusiastic, happy, interested wheelmen and wheelwomen, is not cycling as a sport, and cycle building as an industry, benefited just that much? Cycle manufacturers who may support the Madison Square Garden show will do so of their own volition. No one will force them to go to the expense of making exhibits contrary to their own wishes in the matter; so that, whatever expense they may be put to, will no doubt be cheerfully met, and they will figure up the venture as business men upon either the profit or loss side of their ledgers.

* *

Nothing has been more surprising to me during the past season than the large number of fancy enamel wheels in use by riders, for I do not believe that any rider who has ever had experience with a fancy enamel would uphold it as superior, or equal to, the good old jet black or blue black that outnumbers the fancy enamels a hundred to one.

When fancy enamel wheels were first put upon the market, there was a good reason

for it, from the manufacturer's standpoint. For instance, one of the first fancy enamel wheels to make its appearance was the "Stearns," of Syracuse, and within the short period of half a season, the rich orange tint of this make distinguished it from other makes of wheels throughout every State in the Union. There was no difficulty in telling the "Stearns" just as far as you could see the glint of the sun upon the polished sides of its yellow tubing. Then came the "Syracuse" with its hue of crimson. It was followed by the white enamel of the "Barnes," the green of the "Hunter," the purple of the "Royal," and so on down the list, until to-day, bicycles of American manufacture represent almost every tint known to the brush of the artist. When the colors in wheels were few, they were distinctive; but now there are so many hues in use, that any one color no longer distinguishes the make of a wheel as it did three seasons ago. Consequently, the value of color to the manufacturer has had its day.

The *disadvantages* of a colored enamel to the rider are many. In the first place, colored enamels will fade as the result of usage and exposure; should the rider at any time meet with a mishap which would necessitate the brazing of a joint, or the straightening of a fork, the color on the injured part would necessarily be destroyed by the application of heat and the tools of the repairer. In such cases I have never seen an instance in which the repairer was able to gloss over the repaired parts and use precisely the same tint as the original enamel, the result being a "patch work" effect that certainly did not add to the appearance of the machine. In wheels of black, or blue black enamel, this objection is never met with; the injured parts can be re-enamelled, and the fact that it has been so treated will not be noticeable. Moreover, black does not fade. It may grow a trifle gray with long usage and exposure to the sun, but when that time arrives, the wheel is ready for re-enamelling over every part of its frame. Furthermore, there is nothing richer, to my mind, than a blue black as the proper color for a wheel. In blue, conspicuousness is avoided, lasting qualities secured, and the generally accepted color for vehicles of all kinds, the world over, adhered to.

Perhaps the most practical solution of the long mooted question as to the best means of providing cyclists with thoroughfares, which shall enable them to avoid the dangers of collision with horse vehicles, is that recently suggested and seriously discussed among the Park Commissioners of New York City. This was nothing more nor less than the construction of separate cycle paths to one side of the roadway for the exclusive use of wheelmen and wheelwomen. It is suggested, for instance, to take a stretch along the side of Seventh Avenue, from Central Park to 155th Street, and so construct it that drivers of vehicles could not possibly encroach upon it, even though they might be tempted to do so. The better plan, of course, would be the paving of certain thoroughfares with asphalt, and setting them aside for the exclusive use of wheelmen. This, however, is out of the question for obvious reasons. Any law which would prohibit the owner of a carriage from driving his rig up to his front door would be clearly unconstitutional. The best method left, then, for cyclists, would be the securing of such privileges as would give them the exclusive right of a part of all roadways upon which there was no demand for a heavy traffic, and this seems to be the consensus of opinion, at least among the wheelmen of New York, and among the Park Commissioners of the Metropolis. The project of a cycle path upon Seventh Avenue, New York, has been highly commended by all of the leading metropolitan daily journals, and the effort to secure exclusive rights for wheelmen, not only on this great thoroughfare, but on all others greatly frequented by cyclists in the Metropolis and leading out of the city into Jersey, Long Island and Westchester County, seems to be more unanimously supported by all of those powers which will ultimately bring about the concession, than has ever been the case before. Says the *New York Journal* upon this same topic:

It has long been obvious that the wheel was destined more and more to dispute with horse vehicles dominion of highways. There are streets and roads in many towns where wheels far outnumber those older vehicles. With their steady and firm momentum, due to superiority of numbers, wheels each season claim for themselves

and secure for themselves new privileges, and frequently at the expense of horse conveyances. It is obvious that the time will soon have come when distinctions must be more carefully drawn and observed, respective rights more clearly defined and more readily granted, and when in general stricter rules of the road will be kept in force. Out of this seem likely to come cycle paths—places in the highway set apart exclusively for wheelmen and either of the type contemplated in Seventh Avenue or others constructed alongside the footpaths.

It has become inevitable since wheeling has spread so tremendously, both as a pastime and as a task, that roads will in future be constructed with more and more regard for wheelmen's needs. Already in the larger cities this has been demonstrated by the actual construction of road surfaces to suit wheelmen, and there is every reason why this should be the case. Roads always have been built for the convenience of those who use them; they have been carefully adapted to the special needs of such persons from the time of the building of the Pyramids to the time when Roman legions were sent from Italy to remote provinces of the empire; from the early turnpikes down to Telford and Macadam. In the nature of things this course always must be followed by the road builders, and hence the wheelman is destined to come into full possession of what is his own.

The wheel must ere long pass into general use as an article of utility. In serving purposes of pleasure alone it seems to find its narrowest field. The clerk, the mechanic, the farmer, each must adopt it as a means of transit to the office, the shop, the "job," and the village stores. This means an increasing demand for better surfaces to ride on, so that we shall yet see the farmer joining not only the clerk and mechanic, but the tradesman, the professional man, and the capitalist who ride, in behalf of cycle paths alongside the old highways.

* *

One of the best suggestions I have seen, and one which every wheelman would do well to paste in his cap for a reminder at the time when he most may need it, is the following communication from an English rider of evident fertility of resource, to an English cycling paper. He says:

Riders sometimes find themselves without rubber when they require to repair a puncture. Here, however, is an entirely new method, but one that can be guaranteed to answer successfully, as it has been tried only a few days back by the writer. After locating the puncture and cleaning the surface round, clip a small piece of paper from an envelope, or, preferably, if you have

such a thing about you at the time, take a piece of brown paper, cut it to the required size, and then solution a piece of rag (cut from a handkerchief will do) upon it. Finally, solution the whole over the puncture in exactly the same way, letting the edges of the rag touch the tube. The paper prevents the air from escaping, while the linen prevents its breaking. The method is only a makeshift, however, but one that will last out a twenty mile ride home over country roads.

* *

When social leaders in the upper sets of New York city began to take to the wheel some two or three years ago, they showed a marked aversion to riding during the afternoon or evening hours. Following their ideas as to exclusiveness, they evidently preferred to ride when their less fortunate fellows of both sexes were engaged at work in their offices and warerooms, in the great down town districts of the city. They accordingly instituted the practice, by all who enjoyed the means and the leisure, of riding during the early morning hours. That they have had many imitators can be readily understood by the steady increase in the number of riders that may be seen through Central Park and Riverside Drive in New York, and on the Coney Island path and through Prospect Park in Brooklyn. The social position and wealth of the enthusiasts who prefer these hours for their exercise awheel, can readily be guessed by the uniformly high grade quality of the wheels which they ride, the taste with which their costumes are gotten up and the materials of which they are made, as well as the general bearing and appearance of the riders themselves. Of course it was only a question of time as to how soon society, for the want of something more interesting, would tire of the mere exercise of riding. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that the latest fad to be introduced by this class of riders, is the "bicycle breakfast," which has become exceedingly popular of late. These have been indulged in to the greatest extent at the numerous watering places and Summer resorts along the Long Island and New Jersey shores. The meet is usually arranged to take place early on Saturday morning, thus allowing the gentlemen of the party who have run down from New York business offices to spend Saturday and Sun-

day, to participate. The time for the meeting is usually from seven to eight o'clock. Before starting, the riders partake of coffee or chocolate, and perhaps a sandwich, after which they start off for a two hours' spin, and return to find a dainty but substantial breakfast awaiting them. Whether it is the ride itself, the pleasure of companionship, the breakfast, or all three combined, certain it is that bicycle breakfasts have, during the past Summer, become an exceeding popular institution at nearly all of the eastern Summer resorts.

* *

"A man who encourages his wife to ride the cycle is a wise one," says a writer in an English exchange. "There never was a better remedy for bad nerves and a ruffled temper."

I am glad my English friend has had that experience. Mine has been somewhat different. When I first began to ride, I was so enthusiastic over the pleasures enjoyed by myself a wheel, that I unselfishly determined upon having my better half share them with me. When I suggested it, her nose tiptilted at an angle of forty-five degrees, and in a very few words she expressed her opinion of "any woman who would so far forget her dignity and self-respect, to say nothing of what the neighbors would say of her, as to mount a bicycle." I persisted in my efforts for some weeks, but all in vain, and finally made up my mind to the effect that "birds who would not sing must be made to sing," with its fullest application to the case in question. Instead, therefore, of taking my better half to the theatre occasionally, as I had been accustomed to do, or suggesting to her a game of euchre at the house of a neighbor, I made it convenient to leave my office a little earlier than usual, mount my wheel, and ride away with a friend for supper at a far distant club house. Eventually I made a practice of making dates for Sunday morning with fellow wheelmen, and we would go off for a day on Staten Island or out through the Oranges, or perhaps up to Yonkers, or Tarrytown and back. My wife protested, but my only reply was the suggestion that if she would ride with me, she might enjoy as much of my company as she wanted to. But no, she would not have it. On the contrary she expressed her opinion

of women cyclists more forcibly than ever, until finally, she announced to me one morning that a cousin of hers was coming to New York, and she had asked her to visit us.

Whether fate was playing into my hands or not, I do not know, but not long after the arrival of the cousin, she announced herself as an enthusiastic wheelwoman, and that nothing ever delighted her more than a good long spin before breakfast, and one after supper. I will never forget my wife's expression when I brought a wheel down one evening for her cousin, and we started off after supper. She had retired when I got back, and she did not have very much to say to me next morning at the breakfast table. "Eureka!" I thought, "I have struck the missing link of attraction between my wife and her bicycle." So, that evening, the cousin and I repeated our ride of the evening before. This we continued, when the weather was favorable, for the next two weeks.

At the end of two weeks, my wife surprised me at the breakfast table by stating that I could send her a wheel that day, as she proposed to ride with me that evening. She had quietly been taking lessons for a whole fortnight at Madison Square Garden, and had started her lessons the day following my first ride with the cousin. She rode with us that night and won my admiration by the manner in which she handled her wheel. The next morning, the cousin and myself started out Riverside Drive and over into Jersey, via Fort Lee; my better half, needless to say, was close beside us. On our return, as we approached Fort Lee Hill, I warned both girls to dismount before they had gone far over the pitch of the hill. The cousin obeyed. My better half did not. Her wheel ran away with her, and I was compelled to throw mine into the ditch, pull my cap over my eyes, and start after her. It was no time to let her down gently. I simply grabbed her wheel, which stopped, and she went on.

I am glad my English friend thinks that cycle riding is a good remedy for "bad nerves and a ruffled temper," but I wish he could have been present when my wife recovered her equilibrium, and her feet. I paid for a new hat and a riding costume the next morning. I am very certain that my

wife, although now a cyclist and a very good one, has never felt quite the same, and never will feel the same, toward her cousin.

There are other instances upon record in which I am quite sure that tempers have not been improved, nor domestic felicity augmented by teaching one's wife to ride a wheel. For instance, a New York friend of mine who had experienced equal difficulty with myself in converting his spouse, and finally gave it up as a bad job, was surprised one day to find her an accomplished wheelwoman. The discovery was one, of course, at which he should have been highly gratified judging from the ardor he had shown in his endeavors to make a wheelwoman of her, and he doubtless *would* have been delighted, but for the fact that having despaired of ever having his wife for a companion, he had done the next best thing that had suggested itself to him, and had taken "the other fellow's wife." His own wife now invariably accompanies him when he goes out awheel, and no explanation he has ever been able to make has straightened out the conditions under which he first met his wife awheel.

I might go on, stating many more instances; if I should do so, however, it would only be by way of raising the question, for while I may not agree with my friend that wheeling is by any means an infallible remedy for bad nerves and ruffled temper, still I think with him, that the man who teaches his wife to ride and takes her as a companion, is a wise one. The mountains of trouble that he will, in time, be able to set down as having been avoided, will certainly tower higher than Pike's Peak itself.

* *

During no past season has tandem riding developed to so great an extent as during the season of '96. So great, indeed, has been the demand for tandems that several manufacturers of popular makes have never once been within sight of their orders, since the outset of the season. One manufacturer figured upon an output of 1,500 tandems for this year and had received orders for double that number before July 10. A subject that is greatly concerning tandem riders just at present is the proper position for the lady to occupy on the tandem. With few exceptions, the average tandem intended

for use by both sexes, is made with a drop frame in front; it has been contended of late, however, that the proper position for the lady rider is the rear seat, the contention being based upon the claim that when so seated, she is much less liable to danger through collision or accident than she would be if seated in front of her escort. There is no gainsaying the force of this argument, yet we very seriously doubt if the supporters of the rear-seat-for-the-lady idea will succeed in carrying their point. Without going into detail as to the why and wherefore, the reverse of this order of things is much more satisfactory to both riders. No woman likes to talk to a man's back, while for the man, particularly in the case of married men, the practice has come to be a matter of course; in fact (in some instances) they rather prefer it. To ride with one's charge behind one on a tandem, would be, to say the least, irritating to the average Cicerone, particularly if the charge were a very pretty girl, and one was unable to defend her from the many temptations she would certainly be called upon to face, for a little flirtation behind one's back. No, this rear seat idea will not do. The danger of collision compared with the dangers of a rear seat on the tandem for the lady are not to be considered for a moment.

* *

There is at least one trade that has not been injured, but on the contrary has been materially stimulated, by the growth of cycling, viz., the manufacture of small arms. After having been, for a period of two or three years past held up by tramps on lonely country roads, and attacked by vicious brutes that are as a rule identified with the average farmhouse, the cyclist has determined to suffer no longer, and it is safe to say that in nine cases out of ten, any dog or tramp who makes the mistake of tackling an up-to-date wheelman, can be assured of receiving a fairly warm reception. The arm carried by the average wheelman is of the hammerless type, this to avoid the danger of its accidental explosion through the catching of the trigger in the clothing, or the dropping of the arm; the calibres range from 22 to 32; and the execution of which it is capable depends largely upon its proximity to the object at which it is fired.

THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER

Will contain, among other good things, the following contributions:

HORSE SHOWS; PAST AND FUTURE. (*Illustrated.*) By FRANCIS TREVELYAN. Leading Illustrations by GEAN SMITH. An interesting review of the great horse shows held at Madison Square Garden, and the results achieved thereby. Incidentally, Mr. Trevelyan takes up as subjects for treatment: **The Hackney:** His use and abuse, and the reasons for the poor results achieved with expensive imported blood. **The Thoroughbred:** Possibility of encouraging the exhibition of blooded stock as calculated to improve other breeds. **The Trotter:** As the rival of the hackney and in his natural sphere of action. **The American Hunter:** Still in process of development but steadily improving year by year. **The Saddle Horse:** Apparently affected by the enthusiasm over cycling, but likely to return into vogue. **The Pony:** Classes should be given with great liberality as being calculated to foster a general interest and appreciation of the horse. **The Industrial Horse:** Worthy of greater encouragement as giving such exhibitions a genuine *raison d'être*.

DUCK SHOOTING IN SOUTHERN WATERS. (*Illustrated.*) By MARK DUNPHY. Touching upon the habitat of the canvas back, broad-bill, black and mallard duck in their haunts along the Atlantic coast from Chesapeake Bay southward to the waters of Albemarle and Pimlico Sound.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE SPHINX. (*Illustrated.*) By "REMLAP." Truly no game of baseball was ever given under such strange conditions and amidst such unusual surroundings as that played upon the Desert of Sahara between the Chicago and All America teams. The writer amusingly portrays the incidents of the contest and of the journey to and from the "ball park."

THE BIG TURKEY OF NINE MILE RUN. (*Illustrated.*) By "DICK SWIVELLER." A pretty story of the old turkey shooting days in South Carolina—not yet entirely gone—of "the doin's at Christmas time," of Southern life, Southern character and Southern hospitality.

SALMON FISHING IN CANADIAN WATERS. (*Illustrated.*) By OWEN GUNTHER. A story of sport with the rod and reel over the famous salmon pools of the Kennebec, which cannot fail to arouse the liveliest memories among all salmon fishermen.

WITH THE QUAIL IN MISSOURI. (*Illustrated.*) By J. G. KNOWLTON. The story of a week's good sport in "Old Missouri," the country of fat birds and big bags for the field shooter.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF '96. (*Illustrated.*) By JNO. B. FOSTER. All lovers of the national game will be interested in the clean cut and fearless manner in which the writer has reviewed the baseball championship season just closed; in which he tells of the errors that have been made in team make-up and management, and in which he makes some suggestions for the future which magnate and player alike will do well to heed.

CURRENT TOPICS of cycling, golf, yachting, baseball, football, athletics, hunting, fishing and other recognized sports and pastimes, will be cleverly handled by competent writers in these different fields.

These and other attractively presented and beautifully illustrated stories will be found between the covers of **THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE** for November.

For sale at all news stands.

THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE CO., Publishers,

POTTER BUILDING, PARK ROW,

NEW YORK.



EDITORIAL MENTION

INFORMATION FOR SPORTSMEN.

WHATEVER else THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE will endeavor to become, it proposes to be, primarily, a magazine of practical information for sportsmen—those who hunt game birds and game animals of all kinds, who fish, who travel, who enjoy and indulge in athletics, in tennis, in golf, canoeing, yachting, football and field sports of every character; who own and love the dog and horse; and who are sportsmen for the love of sport itself.

There are few countries upon the globe possessing greater attractions for the sportsman, than do the United States and Canada. Even in the most thickly settled States of the Union, game birds, game fishes, and many of the smaller game animals, are found in abundance, while the great mountains and plains of the far West are still the home of almost every species of big game indigenous to this northern half of our continent.

The chief obstacle to a full enjoyment of sport with the rod and gun, for those who have the means and leisure to enjoy them, is unquestionably in the lack of information as to where to go for good shooting and fishing, and as to the accommodations that are offered sportsmen in different localities. We know instance after instance in which sportsmen have either deferred until too late, or have abandoned altogether, plans that they would gladly have carried out for a vacation in camp, simply because they were at a loss as to where to go for just what they wanted. On the other hand we know of many instances in which sportsmen who, for a season or longer, had not taken a rod or gun from the case for actual use, have as the result of an invitation to join a party of sportsmen who *did* know of "a place to go," looked forward to subsequent vacations with more ardor and enthusiasm than they

had ever believed themselves capable of. Knowing, as it does, that there is not a State in the Union in which good shooting or good fishing, or both, can not be enjoyed, THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, through its resident and staff correspondents, proposes, by recording the personal experiences of hunters and fishermen in all sections of the United States and Canada, to acquaint its readers with the characteristics of these sections, the best routes by which to reach them, the game that may be found there, and the accommodations and facilities that are afforded visiting sportsmen by the hotels and guides provided.

Even the sportsman who is poorly posted knows, in a general way, that right here in our great State of New York, within a few hours railway ride of the City, are located as fine woodcock, quail and partridge grounds as will be found anywhere; that one does not have to go half a day's journey beyond the Hudson to find squirrel shooting such as one would hardly believe existed in this year 1896; that in a large area of New England fox hunting is as good, if not better, than it was ten years ago; that all along the Atlantic Coast, from Bangor to the Florida Peninsula, water fowl are undiminished in numbers; that certain sections of Pennsylvania are as secure a haunt for bear and deer as though untrodden or unexplored by man; that the Carolinas and Georgia afford some rare upland shooting over thousands and thousands of acres; that Florida is still a sportsman's paradise; that the great region along the Gulf Coast and about the bayous and the waters of the lower Mississippi is to-day practically as good ground for the sportsman as though never shot over; and that scores of other sections beyond the Mississippi, and nearer home, offer rich harvests to the fisherman and the hunter who will visit them. The great drawback, however, is the loss of

time that he must encounter in "learning the ropes" in any of these sections, upon a first visit, and it is precisely this loss of time, to a great extent, that *THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE* has undertaken to save its readers, by giving them reliable information as to the best points to visit and the most direct routes by which to reach them, and by recording so many and such varied experiences of sportsmen that have gone before, as to render a bound volume of our pages a veritable guide book for all sportsmen who would follow.

This is one of the many missions of *THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE*, and we can only ask our readers to follow our pages through the coming year, and then judge if we have fulfilled it.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

The Trustees of the Sportsmen's Association announce that, from present indications, the next Annual Sportsmen's Exposition which opens Saturday night, March 13, next, and continues through the ensuing week, will be richer in special features and will result in a display of sportsmen's appliances and equipments far larger and more interesting than was presented at either of the expositions that have gone before.

Before the doors of the Second Annual Exposition closed last March, the exhibitors, with but few exceptions, filed applications with the Secretary for the same spaces at the third display in '97, and in many instances requests for increased space were received.

The Loan and Trophy exhibit, which at the last exposition attracted so much attention, will next year contain more than double the number of exhibits and a display of unprecedented interest and great value may safely be counted upon.

In deciding to open the Third Exposition on Saturday instead of Monday night as heretofore, the Trustees have acted in response to many requests from busy men who are unable to avail themselves of Monday night as opening night. The change will necessitate greater activity upon the part of those exhibitors who have heretofore waited until Sunday to put the finishing touches upon their exhibits, but will undoubtedly be more satisfac-


tory to the public, and will certainly increase the grand total of attendance at the Third Sportsmen's Exposition.

Lovers of horse flesh, particularly those possessed of a fondness for highly bred driving and riding stock, will find the November number of *THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE* of special interest, in that the leading article will treat of "**Horse Shows—Past and Future**"—from the pen of Mr. Francis Trevelyan, than whom perhaps no writer upon turf subjects is better and more favorably known. Among the illustrations to appear in connection with the article, will be three reproductions from paintings by Gean Smith; others will show examples of the different types familiar to the average horse show habitue, in a manner that can scarcely fail to interest all lovers of the pony, the hunter and the road horse.

After considering a number of designs for the front cover of *THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE*, we selected that of Mr. E. D. Gibbs, of the designing firm of Gibbs & Wagstaff, of this city, believing that in artistic work, force, and those qualities likely to convey to sportsmen, in the strongest manner, a thorough idea of the scope and character of the magazine, it is in every way adequate. We trust the design will be one which will not only please our readers, but that will enable them to distinguish the magazine "across the street," when it is displayed upon a metropolitan news stand.

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Number 2.

NOVEMBER, 1896.

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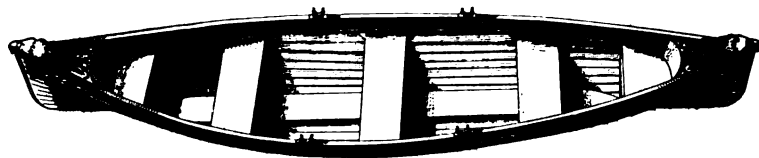


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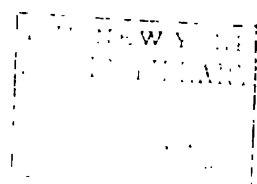
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THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1896.

No. 2.



HORSE SHOWS, PAST AND FUTURE.

By Francis Trevelyan.

THE National Horse Show Association, having now completed its twelfth year, is old enough to be judged by its works. It has, or at any rate should have, reached years of discretion. It has, beyond a peradventure, made a huge sensation throughout the length and breadth of this vast country, and an enormous amount of money for those who were lucky or wise enough to get in when matters began to improve after several years of struggle. The ground was fallow when the undertaking was begun. The Association shared the luck that has come to but few other showmen in these last blasé days of the nineteenth century—it found an absolute novelty. The best proof of its success is found in the many imitators that it has brought into existence. The horse show, a thing comparatively unknown here till a dozen years ago, is a feature of the year in almost every big city.

Whether the Association has altogether fulfilled its mission remains

open to question. And this raises the query: What is the mission of the National Horse Show Association and the other bodies that have been formed in imitation of it? Is it to make money for a nice select coterie of well-clad gentlemen? Is it to provide the public at large with a yearly view of the "Four Hundred" at so much per head? Or is it, genuinely and really, to further the cause of the horse?

Maybe there is a little of all these reasons in the matter. The Association is like a racing stable in the hands of a millionaire—if it were not a financial success it could not be counted any kind of a success. To make money is the surest token of success whether on the turf or in a venture like the horse show. The second consideration mentioned was an afterthought. Madison Square Garden's exhibition of the horse for the first time absolutely revealed the fact that the great, well-to-do, commonplace middle class of this city and country will pay their money to

look at the people whose names they see in the daily papers day after day and month after month. I fear that it cannot be truthfully said that the show was originally started to benefit the horse.

But this is not to say that the horse has not been a great gainer. Lines of trade have been opened up that otherwise would probably yet remain untouched. Singularly enough this development, which, of course, was all in the direction of forcing the highest types of the various breeds used for pleasure purposes on the notice of the moneyed public, came at the time when the demand for the ordinary work-horse was decreasing. The trolley and cable car, and the myriad inventions of the last decade to supplant the horse as a locomotive power, have affected only the poorer grades. The bicycle has certainly been the means of temporarily lessening the usefulness of the saddle and harness horse. But there is every reason to believe that the wheeling mania has already passed its zenith. Anyhow, no one who has ever had his leg across a good park hack or well-schooled hunter, or has driven a high-bred trotter or a perfect-actioned high stepper, can doubt that the horse, in his best developments, will always survive as a means of pleasure, no matter what human inventiveness may bring forth in the way of cycling contrivances, horseless carriages and what not.

From the financial standpoint, New York's Horse Show Association was never in a more thriving condition than to-day. The prize list for the exhibition, which will be held at Madison Square Garden from the 9th to the 14th day of this month, shows an increase of \$3,000, bringing the total of premiums offered to \$33,000. This in itself is most significant, at a period when on all sides is heard the clamor of hard times, and more especially on the very eve of a presidential election. In every other line of amusement enterprises salaries

and expenses are being cut till the Rialto echoes with the wail of the unfortunate Thespians. Yet the increase is well judged. Every one knows that in previous years the revenue has been enormous, the net profit averaging close to \$100,000.

Enterprise has, moreover, been shown in the institution of new classes. The French coach horse has come in for a degree of consideration which had been denied to him in former years, when he was thrown into a single class together with "Cleveland bays, or some other recognized coaching breed." Now five classes are given with premiums amounting to \$1,655, as against \$350. This encouragement was due to a variety of causes, which include recent heavy importations, the formation of a French Coach Horse Stud Book in this country, and the marvelous success that Cogent, a son of a French coaching mare, scored last year. However, of this horse and the possibilities for the breed which he in a measure represents, more anon.

A class is now offered for half-bred hackney stallions, to be shown with four of their get bred in America, the get only to be considered in making the award. This is beyond doubt a well-balanced novelty. Other new features are found in the shape of four champion prizes, two for saddle horses and two for carriage horses; two prizes for polo ponies and a special premium for competition by the Second Battery, First Brigade of the State of New York. The high jump has been reintroduced, but not in its original objectionable form, for the limit of height is set at six feet six inches, and in case of a tie at this height, provision is made that the form of the horses in clearing the obstacle will govern the awards. These features are only those included in the regular prize list, and the special prizes which are offered every year are sure to bring to light other novel classes.

Enough has been said in preface to indicate that now, if ever, the Association has its field clear before it. Progress has been made which demonstrates the possibilities in the way of advancing the cause of the horse, and money enough has been made and is in sight to justify any reasonable outlay to further this end. In other words, what has been done has shown what may be done, and, in some cases, what should be done.

and owners of high-priced thoroughbred stock have not cared to take chances of subjecting their horses to the trials of long trips by rail. Here in New York the thoroughbred classes have shrunk until that for stallions is alone left, and it cannot be said that this is any great attraction, since the horses exhibited are not as a rule stars of the first magnitude. The line that suggests itself in this direction is to encourage the



HARRY HAMLIN AND HIS FAMOUS HARNESS HORSE COGENT.

One fact that the horse breeders of the old country have borne in mind for many generations, and which has not been lost sight of in many sections of Canada, is by force of circumstances now making itself felt by American breeders. This is the desirability, or rather the necessity, of a considerable percentage of thoroughbred blood if the stoutness and virility of any family is to be maintained. In actual fact the thoroughbred has been quite a stumbling-block to our horse show associations. This is a country of magnificent distances,

and owners of high-priced thoroughbred stock have not cared to take chances of subjecting their horses to the trials of long trips by rail. Here in New York the thoroughbred classes have shrunk until that for stallions is alone left, and it cannot be said that this is any great attraction, since the horses exhibited are not as a rule stars of the first magnitude. The line that suggests itself in this direction is to encourage the

exhibition of thoroughbreds as the parent stock from which may be drawn virtues for the harness horse, the hunter, the saddle horse, the polo pony, etc. Herd classes have always been successful from a spectacular point of view. Such a class for thoroughbred stallions, to be shown with four of their get out of mares unregistered in the thoroughbred stud book, the award to be made solely on the get as being suitable for hunters, should be popular. A few years of this kind of thing would create not only a

vast improvement in the hunters, but create a market for the sturdy type of thoroughbred stallion, possessed of sound constitution, good muscular development, clean limbs and good bone, that, while scarcely calculated on racing form to get the speed necessary for the turf, should reproduce, when mated with colder-blooded mares, its own good qualities. Such classes would be an ever-increasing inducement to the constantly-growing body of men who own hunters, to make experiments in breeding and enter heavily in shows. So far, comparatively little support has come from the hunting set, only a select few patronizing the horse show to any extent.

Generally speaking, the hunter classes that have been seen in New York have, with the exception of a

few horses, mostly imported, been of extremely mediocre quality. Few of the horses have had the requisite size, and still fewer the lengthy galloping look that all well-bred high-priced hunters should possess. This is not to be wondered at, for the hunter, as a distinct type, has received little attention. The trotter, the thoroughbred and, of late years, the hackney, have been fostered in this country, but little attention has been paid to the proper mating of parents to produce first-class hunters. It might almost be said that the general idea was that any horse, even with but a distant relation to the stud book, was, if he had sufficient size, good enough to sire hunters. Nobody requires to be told how false this idea is. There is no reason why American breeders should not benefit



A HIGH TYPE OF THE FRENCH COACH HORSE.

by the generations of experience that have taught their fellows of England and Ireland that blue blood is needed on both sides of the house, if they are to produce a tip-top article. There is plenty of material at hand here, especially in these days when thoroughbred stock has sunk enormously in value, from the time when racing affairs were booming. The best results could not of course be expected at once, for time and care, and no little expense, would surely be needed to produce what is known in England as a Leicestershire horse, one up to carrying 224 pounds over a flying country.

A well-known breeder and seller of hunters recently expressed himself as indifferent to the radical improvement of this class of stock, on the ground that he can find a ready market for horses that are now, merely from lack of competition, called good hunters. But this is all wrong, since the lack of progress means sure retrogression in this direction. With all the facilities for horse breeding that we have in this country, and the tremendous amount of thoroughbred stock to draw on, horses fit for the foreign market that can gallop, jump, carry weight and stay should be readily produced.

In saying this I do not mean to needlessly disparage the American hunter, but I am quite sure that any man who has seen the grandest of all sports, hunting, on both sides of the Atlantic will agree with me. One horse that has been shown in New York for several years, always makes the vast majority of those that appear against him in the ring look the merest commoners. This is Merry Boy, a clean-bred, little, black gelding that looks like galloping and jumping all day. He might almost have stepped out of one of the old sporting prints that were a product of the days of our fox-hunting grandfathers. Take one of those old prints and compare the horses depicted with the lot that you will

see in the average hunting class in Madison Square Garden, and you will have to confess that either the "limmers" of those days carried the ideal hunter in their heads, or else a most desirable breed has become very scarce. Each horse in the old pictures bears a family resemblance to his fellows, but every one looks the real sort, gallopers with plenty of size that promise to stay as long as a lady can stay in a bonnet shop.

But to get to the breed which is going to create a great deal of talk this year—the French coach horse. The picture of Mr. Harry Hamlin's Cogent, which was taken last month especially for *THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE*, shows that remarkable prize winner to be in such form that there is little doubt that he will repeat his success of last year.

Before going further, and referring at any length to the family to which Cogent belongs on his dam's side, it is interesting to quote from a long letter on the subject of harness horses, written by Mr. Harry Hamlin, who, as everybody that is at all interested in the horse knows, is partner with his father in the famous Village Farm Stud. Mr. Hamlin writes: "I think that we can claim the distinction of breeding, developing and exhibiting the most perfect horse of this class (the American harness horse) ever shown. Cogent is sired by Mambrino King, rightly called the handsomest horse in the world. His dam, Coquette, was a chestnut mare, standing 16.2 hands, bred in France, and of excellent pedigree. We never put harness on her, but she could trot a three-minute gait in the paddocks and step all around. We sincerely believe that the thoroughbred blood in Mambrino King, whose pedigree, in tabulated form, shows five-eighths, and the same blood carried by Cogent's dam, accounts for the grand style, poise and carriage of our horse. His easy, powerful, machine-like action comes from blending the blood of the American

trotter with the higher-actioned French coach horse.

"From observation and long experience in breeding, we are satisfied that the best way to breed a harness horse is to cross the high-bred American trotter with mares of the same breed, provided they have sufficient size, substance and quality. As this kind of mare is scarce, we recommend the French coach mare as the best substitute, and the hackney type next.

"What is needed is an animal possessing conformation, style, size, substance and suitable all-around action—no pavement pounders nor 'in-and-out-of-the-same-basket' steppers. Ability to pull weight at a good round pace is the most essential feature, insisted upon by our horse show judges and all intelligent buyers. I need scarcely add that the best of feet and legs are needed.

"It seems to us that all the requirements, which are to-day fixed facts in the breeding and development of our harness race horses, and without which they are failures, can be and most assuredly must be applied when breeders attempt the production of the heavy harness horse, with the solitary exception of an extremely high rate of speed. In no family of horses has so much attention been paid to secure all the essentials as in the trotting-bred speed horse. And it is equally true that many of our breeders in the past have sacrificed other essentials to the one idea of speed. The many sales that we see to-day closing out heavy investments in trotting stock, show where such fallacies have ended.

"If the American breeder to-day would select his mares and mate them with the proper stallion, and develop the progeny in the suitable line, there is no doubt but that in a few years the American harness horse would lead the world as a type, just as we do to-day in almost all other families.

"At Village Farm we are breeding to found a family. We are mating the highest type of French coach mares that we could find to Mambrino King and his sons, and also hackney mares and trotting-bred mares of size, substance and quality. In addition, we are breeding selected mares of trotting blood to selected French coach stallions. We believe that by blending the blood as outlined we shall succeed in the production of a new family, which we shall call the American harness horse. It is our intention to cross the fillies with the colts, bred either way, and to discard each foal for breeding purposes that does not possess, in the highest degree, the qualifications necessary, in our opinion, for breeding up and up all the time."

To thoroughly understand what is being attempted at Village Farm, it is necessary to correct, in some degree, the general impression that has been conceived of the French coach horse. Largely owing to the fact that in former years he was consigned to oblivion in a nondescript class, this has been an unjustly abused animal.

What his particular points of excellence were, and how he achieved them, has not been recognized even by men who have been called upon to pass judgment on his merits. In actual fact the Carrosier, which is the technical name for the breed, is the product of centuries, let alone generations. The best known stallion of the family in this country is Indre, the property of Mr. M. W. Dunham, the proprietor of the Oaklawn Stud in Illinois. This famous stallion made his bow to the American public at the World's Columbian Exposition, in 1893, where he carried all before him. This horse is full of thoroughbred blood and traces back to such famous individuals as Muley Moloch, Priam, Jereed, Idle Boy, etc. It is well known that the French government has subsidized horse breeding for

more than two centuries, and the French coach horse represents the grafting of the choicest types of the Arab and his derivative, the thoroughbred, upon what was originally a famous race of saddle horses that was intimately mixed with the history of the nation as supplying the mounts for her cavalry. The history of the breed is interesting, but there is no necessity to enlarge upon it at length.

action, and it is to this family that the French coach horse belongs. He is no chance-bred horse, as has been too commonly supposed, but comes from a family that, together with the high, round knee action, which is necessary for the fashionable carriage horse, can maintain a gait inside of three minutes to the mile, with weights varying from 140 to 170 pounds in the saddle, over such a distance as two miles and a



A. J. CASSATT'S IMP. CADET, A COMING HACKNEY CHAMPION.

The point involved is that the excellence of the stock can be directly traced back to the thoroughbred, and that the maintenance of its superiority, especially in new developments, can only be accomplished by intermixing it with stock which itself possesses a large share of blue blood. France has developed a breed of trotters under saddle, which, though they do not approach the excessive speed of the American trotter and pacer, outdo them in

half. Small wonder, then, that clever men like the Hamlins have turned to the breed as likely to aid them in the formation of a new family.

It will be noted that Mr. Hamlin—while, with the traditions that have surrounded him all his life, he naturally has a preference for the trotting blood—puts in a good word for the hackney. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the hackney, so far as this country is concerned, has been almost killed by



HACKNEY STALLION IN HAND AT THE BIG HORSE SHOW.
(From the original painting by GEAS SMITH.)

kindness. There is such a thing as being too popular. The hackney makes a splendid show horse. Ever since old Fashion won the hearts of New York audiences with his dandy ways, the hackney has monopolized more than a fair share of attention at the horse shows. It was all right for a year or two while we were relying on imported blood alone, but there has been a decided tendency to reaction since it was seen that the native-bred products of the imported blood fell far below the quality of their parents. The huge amount of money that the imported hackney represents in this country has, it is true, so far produced notably poor results. But it may be justly doubted whether the horse himself can be blamed for this.

In the first place, it must be remembered that the buyers of English hackneys were in comparatively few instances experienced in the mating of individuals of this blood, even if they had scored success as breeders of thoroughbreds or trotters. They relied very largely on the practical advice of their stud grooms, and it is more than doubtful whether these men, as a rule, were entitled to the consideration that they received. There are good men among the stud grooms that have charge of large collections of hackneys in this country, but the English breeder who, on visiting this country, expressed his surprise that men who would pay enormous sums for horses, cared to employ grooms who could not get first-class positions in the old country, was thoroughly justified.

In the racing world we are seeing, at the present time, the bad results of wholesale and promiscuous breeding of thoroughbreds without due consideration of blood lines and individual conformation. The same may be said of the hackney. In this country he has been bred largely at random, with little consideration of type or family, but it need not be supposed that the money spent on

him will be ultimately wasted. Mr. Hamlin's letter gives the right clue in this direction. While good results have been achieved, and will be again and again in the future, in the practical use of the pure-blooded hackney, it is in its out-crosses that this old-fashioned breed will be principally of benefit to the horse lovers of America.

One of the most absurd things that was ever attempted was the pitting of the hackney against the American trotter. It is very probable that, now that they have had time to digest the subject, writers on trotting matters feel shamefaced when they recollect that they tried to heap scorn on the hackney as an utterly incompetent rival of the trotter. This the hackney never pretended to be. It is true that he was known as the old English trotting horse, and in his own limited sphere has achieved fine results, but a rival in speed of the trotter he never pretended to be. The hackney is a general utility horse, especially adapted to harness purposes from his natural all-around, showy action, while the trotter, as he has been bred for the most part of recent years, is a harness race-horse pure and simple.

As a harness race-horse, the trotter is unbeatable, and there is no more possibility of rivalry between him and the hackney, than there is between him and the French coach horse. As in the case of the thoroughbred, the trotter has a dual purpose to fill. As a race-horse he must be maintained up to his present standard of excellence, or, if possible, raised above it. The race-course furnishes the only possible test of quality to provide for the survival of the fittest, whether the contestants be runners, trotters or pacers. Yet, as Mr. Hamlin suggests in his letter, the necessity of size and substance must never be lost sight of in the desire to attain speed. Without the muscular formation that comes with plenty of size and bone, speed will surely diminish in the



ENGLISH TROTTER COB JACKEY.

(Jackey, a son of the celebrated Norfolk hackney, Marshland Shales, stood under fourteen hands. He won many races, among them a match against a mare named Bess, September 23, 1852, whom he beat on the Aintree race-course, trotting ten miles over grass in 29 minutes and 35 seconds.)

long run in the trotter, as it has in the case of thoroughbred families where weediness has supplanted proper conformation. The second use of the trotter is, of course, closely allied to the first, it lying in his value for out-crossing with other breeds. The possibilities in this direction are simply unlimited, for in himself the trotting-bred horse is a creature of infinite variety. It probably does not strike the man who makes a business of trotting that one never sees a field of horses on the trotting track without being able to distinguish four or five distinct types. The virtues that the average trotter with his backbone of thoroughbred blood can be reasonably expected to impart to the offspring, whether from the male or the female line, are evident, and the generations of special training that has developed the various branches of this family are simply incalculable in

value, in branching out in various lines of new harness families.

Before leaving the subject of the harness horse, it must be said that in no branch have our horses improved so markedly. Of course, the ideal has changed within the last ten years. The big, old-fashioned, long-legged, long-tailed horse that looked out of place in front of anything but a landau which might have come out of Noah's Ark, gave way during the early days of the hackney boom to up-and-down goers whose ability to travel far and stay was never brought in question. Such horses as Cogent are as different to these as cheese to chalk. The typical high-class harness horse of the present day stands sixteen hands, or possibly a bit over, with a short back and a forehand like a thoroughbred. His shoulders must be of the best and his loin and thighs must be such as are oftener

read about than seen, if he is going to get "inside the money." But perhaps the most important point of all is his hocks, which must be large, strong and at a glance explain the secret of his fine hind action, and his ability to draw weight and go on with it.

A curious development has been the unearthing of the high-stepping trotter. In actual fact the majority of the horses that have got ribbons within the last two or three years

so-called "converted" trotters exhibited are of the right sort, in that they can do their sixteen miles an hour and keep on doing it. These horses are in no sense freaks, but are found in all horse-breeding countries, and the secret of their ability lies, not so much in the blood as in their possessing the right make and shape, together with an inherent quality of speed.

With the change in the style of horses in vogue have naturally come altered fashions in vehicles. Money



CHARLEY BATES AND A WINNING PARK TEAM.

have been either purely trotting bred, or have had trotting blood in their veins. Of course, there has been a good deal to comment on in some of the methods adopted to gain prize-ring honors with old "stags"—that while they could be furbished up for show purposes, would not stand the practical test of use on the road. This development of the trotter has its own use, but will not result so much in the trotter being regarded as the legitimate high stepper, as in his being utilized for out-crossing, as already indicated. Still, many of the

has been spent like water in perfecting the various styles, and, if a criticism is to be made at all, it is that the variety is rather too great. No particular branch of driving has shown such steady improvement as the four-in-hand coaching, which largely accounts for the intense interest invariably displayed in these classes. In classes for park teams little is left to be desired, but when it comes to the road coaches, the element of all-around usefulness is frequently not considered to a sufficient degree.

The ideal is not an easy one to attain, for the point involved is that not only shall the appointments be absolutely correct, but that the horses shall bear picking to pieces as individuals. Few, if any, of the horses seen in these road teams look as if they would stand a galloping stage, which is, after all, the *sine qua non* of a road four. We naturally cannot expect to get perfection, but if some sportsman was to throw the leather on to four of his best hunters, he would, if he had space enough, surely impress the judges and spectators that he had come pretty near to the ideal road coach team. Fresh paint and new harness look pretty, but the preference is to be given to the "pullaway" team who look as if they had just paused for a breather in the ring right off the road, instead of the sleek, fair-weather-looking lot with shininess and button holes galore.

The same criticism may be passed to some extent on the tandem classes, in that they are almost invariably too parky. More blood and less action is about what is wanted. Even such good show-ring horses as Golden Rod and Blazeaway cannot fill anybody's eye as likely to last any time and go any pace on a country road. It must not be forgotten that the original idea of the tandem is that it should be a strictly sporting affair, with a leader, a hunter that could be stripped when the meet was reached and used to follow the hounds. Of course, this original notion must not be taken too literally, and yet it should not be entirely lost sight of. A class for bona fide polo ponies, driven in tandem, would be a sporting novelty, as nothing has such a dashing look as well-bred ponies in harness, and the rattle and clash of the show ring make the little fellows go into their bridles with a will and show at all points what a really sporting tandem is and should be.

The saddle horse classes have been for several years disappointing, which

has been in a general and vague way attributed solely to the wheeling craze. In actual fact the saddle horses had fallen off before the bicycle assumed its present prominence. Since Lauderdale retired from the show ring we have not seen any horse that could hold a candle to Mr. Higgins's, for general all-around excellence for saddle purposes. Without a doubt the bicycle has been instrumental in diverting attention from the lack of good material in this line. But this question hinges largely on that already discussed in connection with the hunter. Of the saddle horse it may almost be said that, like the poet, he is born, not made. In other words, you may find a good saddle horse coming from almost any family, but, whatever his origin, nine times out of ten, he has a very large infusion of thoroughbred blood. Superlative action, of course, is not needed, and for park purposes the qualities that Mr. Hamlin attributes to the thoroughbred blood in Cogent, viz.: "grand style, poise and carriage," may be reckoned the first essentials. If systematic efforts were made to breed hunters, the result would not only be hunters, but also good saddle horses. The qualities are the same up to a certain point, but the horse that lacks the galloping and staying power needed for a hunter, may be so superior in his slower paces, that he far out-classes the higher-priced hunter for ordinary saddle work. Anybody who has ridden much will agree in saying that a good walk is the first essential for a saddle horse.

The Kentucky saddle horse, trained till he assumes a strong likeness to the high school horse, does not make much headway in New York. At that, for the last few years he has been developed far beyond the so-called English-gaited horses. It is a very pleasant thing to have a horse "that knows as much as a man," but it is quite possible, for general



MISS J. H. ASHLEY'S PRIZE-WINNING

(From the original published by the

MISS J. H. ASHLEY'S PRIZE-WINNING

purposes, to have a horse over-trained, and it is not at all likely that the next generation of American horsemen will care about purchasing "highly-educated horses" for any purpose.

The pony is worthy of more attention from the horse show associations of the country than he has yet received. There was a tendency at one time to go to the hackney type for ponies, as in the case of that rare little prize-winner, Princess, whose portrait from the brush of Mr. Gean Smith is here given. But the little beauty and others of her kind are a long way removed from the ideal, all-round pony that a small boy can drive, hack or hunt. It is on the score of the little folks that the pony is particularly worthy of consideration, for if the taste for the horse is not cultivated in the young, it is rarely developed in the mature. This is not a country of ponies, at least high-class ponies. Out West the broncho has flourished for years, but they have been miserably in-bred for generations, and a really good one is extremely hard to find. Recently more attention has been paid to them by the introduction of thoroughbred stallions, and in process of time good results should be achieved, for let nobody suppose that the broncho is not full of good qualities as well as bad.

But the pony, pure and simple, such as is found in the Welsh mountains and on Exmoor, in the West of England, is extremely rare. Take the Welsh ponies, for example. As a rule, they are out-and-out trappers, with lots of knee action and capital shoulders and quarters. At that, the Exmoor comes nearer the ideal than any other breed. Most of the studs have been carefully maintained, and so strongly infused with Arab blood that the ponies are not only good trappers, but also have good galloping shoulders. It is a wonder that more of these all-round little horses have not been brought to this country.

The Shetland is of course the child's pony. But, regarded in the same light as the Exmoors, they bear no comparison. As a rule, they are pottering little brutes, good enough for the use of babies and nurse maids, but they play no more part in the horse world than the patient donkey.

There is one point without which no article on horse shows can be reckoned complete, and that is the very real necessity for encouraging horses of the general utility class. This has been done only in a dilettante kind of way at Madison Square Garden, the swellest tradesmen of the city always running off with one class, and a few crack hansom cabs competing for the other. The horse show, of course, does not in any sense appeal to the poorer classes of the community, but the time may come when there will be a real usefulness for the managers to be able to point to the fact that they have not catered entirely to the rich.

There is no sense in giving classes which will be inevitably monopolized by wealthy tradesmen or livery stable keepers. Classes should be evolved which will give the poor man who owns or tends a horse a chance to make a little money, and earn some glory by taking good care of that horse. The thing has been done successfully in England, and if the matter was properly handled, some interesting and amusing novelties could be devised.

So much for the horse, as the horse show affects him. There is one point that has been widely discussed of late years which will bear a few words of comment, especially inasmuch as it is almost invariably misunderstood. The cry of "too much horse dealer" has been raised all over the country, but a greater fallacy never existed than the contention that dealers should not be allowed to compete against private owners. If it were not for the high-class dealers in and around New York, the number

of entries and the excellence of the horses shown at Madison Square Garden would fall off in the most surprising way.

Of course there are dealers and dealers, but the member of the craft who makes it his business to exhibit at horse shows, is of necessity a most immaculate individual, both as to manners and general make-up. Although it may sound like heresy to say so, it is nevertheless true that, were it not for the energy and industry of this much-maligned class, the high standard of equipages would steadily fall off. A comparatively small percentage of private coachmen have any idea of how to keep a prize winner up to the pitch of perfection. The dealer makes it his business, and his standard of intelligence is

necessarily superior to that of the ordinary groom.

It is only too common to hear private owners grumble that some dealer has beaten them in the ring with horses that they rejected in making a purchase from him, within some recent period. The private owner, in other words, is paying a comparatively incompetent man to do for him what the dealer does for himself, and since he made his purchase his horses have gone back, while those he saw in the dealer's yard, and did not fancy, have improved.

Another advantage that the dealer has, is that he is almost invariably the superior of the coachman or the amateur when it comes down to showing horses in the ring.



A GOOD SPECIMEN OF THE "CONVERTED" TROTTER.

THE BIG TURKEY OF "NINE MILE RUN."

By Dick Swiveller.

NOW that the invigorating days of November have come, with the shooting season well under way, and the votaries of dog and gun revelling in sport among the quail, the woodcock, the snipe or the ruffed grouse, the writer, in retrospect, goes back a good many years, when he had greater opportunities than are afforded now to participate in those pleasures which are known only to the man who is a lover of the woods, the field, the mountains and the deep forest.

In retrospect he sees a comfortable plantation house way down in South Carolina, where he was always a welcome guest; where many a night he has come home with tired feet from quail and turkey shooting, or still hunting the deer. Once more he hears the hospitable voice of Uncle Yerkes, sees the welcoming smile of Miss Jennie and hears the prattling of the children, or listens to the crooning voice of Aunt Dilsey in negro medley, as out in the kitchen she prepares one of her incomparable Southern dinners. Was there ever any one just like Aunt Dilsey? I see her now, with the big white handkerchief about her head, which made her face look blacker and her eyes brighter; and the snow-white apron, the round, muscular arms; apparently never so happy as when in the kitchen, in the midst of frying pans, stewing pans, kettles and waffle irons—those waffle irons that baked one big square waffle at a time, done to a tender brown, and served on a hot plate with a big lump of yellow butter that melts and runs into each little square. And then a cup of her excellent coffee; and the fried chicken—and *such* fried chicken as only Aunt Dilsey could serve. Well, well, it is a good many years ago, and with the memory there comes a

recollection of the turkey shooting on Uncle Yerkes's plantation, and in the country adjacent, and of the bringing to bag the famous turkey of "Nine Mile Run."

It was in December—never mind what year; it is so long ago that I do not want to calculate, for I want to bring it and keep it as near to my heart as ever—that I arrived at Uncle Yerkes's house for a sojourn of at least a week, fully prepared with two guns and a rifle for quail and turkey shooting, and some still hunting for deer. "Squire"—that was Uncle Yerkes's nephew—had met me at the station, twenty-five miles away, and when we arrived at the house, supper was awaiting us. As I got out of the wagon, such a welcoming as I received!—a warm, Southern hospitality was in the air here. There was Uncle Yerkes with both hands extended, and Miss Jennie standing a little back of him and looking very much pleased; and there was Rufus, Uncle Yerkes's brother, an ex-Confederate with one arm; and there was Rufus's three little ones; and behind them all, standing in the doorway, and framed as in a picture, was Aunt Dilsey, grinning from ear to ear. There was the barking of the dogs, and such running around and running in and running out; the whinnying of the horses in the stable, answered by the pair that had brought us to the door; the cheerful lights, the blazing logs in the great big fire-place. Indeed, it was coming among dear and old friends, and receiving such a welcome as stays in the heart always; not simply as a memory, but something better, something that words fail to describe.

"Mars Dick, we's jist bin specting yo' for de las hour; done got ebryting fixed fo' to put on de table but de chicken; and yo' knows yousef dat

dey has to be done jist such a time, and put on de hot plate an' de table right off. I tells yo', we's all powahful glad to see yo', and I knows yo' haint forgot dat kaliker dress what yo' was goin' to brung me, and some other tings, too, fer Miss Ginnie. She say es how I was gwine to have a powahful nice present fer Crismis."

All the family seated at the table, Uncle Yerkes at the head, Miss Jennie at the other end, and the guest in the seat of honor at her right. Now, could anything be more comfortable than this?

"By the way, Uncle Yerkes, how are the turkeys this year? Have you seen very many? I suppose the Squire has had a crack at them either from a blind, or moon-lighted them down at Nine Mile Run. I want to bag the *big* turk this trip."

"Yaas, Mr. Dick, the big turk hes bin seen jist twice this season; he wuz on t'other side of the Run, an' too fur away for Rufe er the Squire to fetch him. Reckon Squire had buck ager, fur he wuz a-goin' to fire anyway, when Rufe he stopped him, a-sayin' es how he allowed thar hadn't bin eny firin' around since last Spring, an' if they kept mighty quiet fur a while, an' hunted careful on good huntin' days, thar'd be more of a likelihood of gittin' a shot at that turk. So when we knowd yo' wuz a-comin', Rufe he says es how thar'd be no firin' a-goin' on down whar the big turk hes bin usin' fur the past six year er so."

"Uncle Yerkes, do you really think there is a chance of getting a shot at that turk?" said I, filled with the liveliest anticipations and scarcely believing such a thing possible.

"Waal, thar's er sort of a *livin'* chance; yer see thar's the Gullage boys and we folks, haint bin doin' no huntin' to speak of this Winter, an' thar ain't bin no fuss made down on the Nine Mile Run; but the boys hes bin out a-watchin' and keepin' mighty quiet jist the same, an' hev seen the

big turk twice, but allers fur away. We ain't a-goin' to run no resks, I reckon, and yo'll never git a shot at that varmint by any ordinary callin' an' batin'. He's a wise ole cuss, an' thar'll hev to be a powerful spirit to work to bring him for'ard, es the Baptist preacher said when he wuz a-holdin' forth an' tryin' ter bring a hardened sinner to the mourner's bench."

"How far off were you, Squire, when you saw him?"



AUNT DILSEY.

"I reckon about two hundred yards; I had my rifle an' I was goin' in to try him anyway. But Uncle Rufus said no, fur I'd surely miss him and scare him off the grounds that we know he is usin' on now."

"You see," said Rufus, "Squire would bin almost sure to have missed with that single ball; what that turk needs is No. 1 or 2 or 4 shot, and plenty of them, right in the neck, at thirty yards."

"Yaas, an' then he'll most likely git away an' laff at yer. Tom Gullage he says es how he allows that turk weighs nigh onto forty pounds; he seed him at close range about last Spring, and didn't have no gun, and Tom wuz the maddist feller for mor'n a month."

"How close did Tom get to him, Uncle Yerkes?" said I.

"Oh, about thirty yards. Tom, he'd bin spendin' Sunday evenin' at Major Pearson's, an' he had ter git home early; the sun was jist a-disappearin', and Tom wuz a-comin' along the old road that crosses the ford three miles below yere. Tom wuz a-walkin' slow like, over the soft ground, an' a-thinkin' of Nell Pearson's blue eyes, I reckon, an' no more idee of turkeys than nothin', an' jist at the bend, whar the road takes down to the Run, that Mister Turk of Nine Mile Run walks out in the road, straightens up, winks his eyes at Tom and says, 'Put,' an' leaves Tom standin' ther full of amazement an' cussin'."

"Mars Dick, does yo' want enny mo chicken?"

"No, thank you, Aunt Dilsey."

"Well, den, honey, yo' is reddy fur de waffles. Miss Ginnie she done made de batta fur de waffles—Ha, ha, ha, ho! jist look at m' little honey's cheeks! I say all right, chile, but Dilsey is a-gwine ter bake 'em."

"It was very thoughtful of Miss Jennie, and I know the waffles will be simply perfect."

"Yaas, Ginnie she kin cook most everything, an' I allow es how when Ginnie *does* cook, the vittals allers kinder tastes better," said Uncle Yerkes, with a look and voice that softened at once, for the old man's heart's pride was Jennie.

Jennie's shapely head bent over and her cheeks were suffused. Aunt Dilsey came in with a plate full of great square waffles, hot, brown and tender. "Now, Mr. Dick," said Jennie, "here are the 'heart breaking' waffles you talk of. Permit

me to fill your cup with hot coffee." Aunt Dilsey was standing behind Jennie's chair, her eyes beaming with affection as she looked at her.

"Mars Dick, Missey Ginnie done made dat coffee; she say es how yo' doan like de Rio; so m' honey say to de Squair, yo' gits some Javy coffee out to de sto' fur Mars Dick wen he done come, case he hain't got no sort er use fur de Rio."

"Well, Aunt Dilsey, the coffee is splendid, and as for the waffles, they can't be improved upon."

"Yaas, Mr. Dick, Ginnie allers keeps up ter ther modiran improvements," said Uncle Yerkes, and sweet, good-natured Jennie smiled with her big blue eyes.

"My third cup of coffee, Jennie, please," and I proceeded to cut the fourth waffle.

At this moment footsteps were heard on the porch and an instant after old man Gullage entered the dining-room. "Why, bless me, if ther ain't Mr. Dick an' a-sittin' clus by Ginnie, too—haw, haw, haw! How is all yo' folks down on the Savannah, and is yo' family well?"

"Yes, all well, Mr. Gullage."

"Sho' I'm glad to hear hit; hit's mor'n we kin say fur these parts; thar's bin a power o' sickness an' ailments up yere, an' Susana Baskin a-dyin' has bin hard not only in ther Baskin family, but in ther Baptist Church. I specs, Mr. Dick, yo' is goin' to stay till after Christmas."

I hesitated (Christmas was a little over one week ahead) and was about to answer no, when Jennie's eyes looked straight into mine. "Why, yes, Mr. Gullage, I thought I'd stay over Christmas, for there will be a frolic at your house, and a big time at Major Pearson's, and a Christmas party here, and I can't very well desert when there is going to be such doings."

"Yaas, Mars Dick's gwine ter stay fur Crismis. Dat nite we's a-gwan ter roas a big turkey on de spit before de fiah. Squair done got



I FILLED MY SECOND PIPE AND
STRETCHED MYSELF BEFORE
THE FIRE-PLACE.

de hickory wood a-dryin'." Wild turkey spitted before a hickory fire under the supervision of Miss Jennie and the artistic touch of Aunt Dilsey, to say nothing of the "doings," and the society of sweet Jennie Yerkes! Did I stay!

I filled my second pipe and stretched myself before the fire-place. "Uncle Yerkes, what will be the programme to-morrow?"

"Waal, I reckon es how ther boys will go south among the ridges and try fur turks by callin' to ther blind, and then work around to the Nine Mile Run and see if their bait is takin' by a gang o' turks as is usin' there. That big turk hes bin seen about the Run two or three times

sense matin' time last Spring, an' they don't want no fuss and frin' down thar, hopin' he'll git to feel sort to home like, and git to cumin' fur ther bait in ther morning. There ain't no tellin', tho'—that er turk is eddicated."

"Well, that will suit me, so I guess I will go to bed."

In the saddle the next morning, Rufus, Squire and myself, accompanied by Nero, a wise old pointer, trained to trail and scatter a flock of turkeys, rode south. Three miles from the house Nero stopped, threw his head in the air, trotted a short distance, and then shot off, disappearing in the forest. We followed for perhaps three hundred yards, stopping frequently to listen; presently away off and faintly heard, was the barking of a dog. "He's found 'em," said Rufus, following the sound. We presently arrived where Nero had found a gang of turkeys, and scattered them. The instant we reached the spot the dog ceased barking. Examining the ground, we found abundant signs of turkey.

A blind was quickly constructed of limbs and brush from a fallen tree, and then Squire began calling, softly at first, and at intervals of ten to fifteen minutes, then a little bolder and at shorter intervals. Almost an hour passed before an answer came; then the Squire's skill came into play. It was a soft call that he gave, five, eight, ten minutes or more, and again came the answer a little nearer. Squire again placed the turkey bone to his lips and gave a soothing and encouraging call. Almost immediately through the silent forest came first one, then two replies. "Careful now, Squire, one false note and the game will be off." We crouched there, eagerly

sweeping the woods to right and left and the glade in front, twelve-gauges ready, while old Nero, with blood in his eye, and mouth close shut, charged close to the ground from nose to tail, as if he had grown there. That dog knew the situation exactly, and was figuring on his chances to capture a wing-broken bird. Softly and surely the Squire called, and almost simultaneously with the note, a small gobbler stepped into the arena; hardly had he done so when two more birds were seen coming toward us; and in a moment the three birds were fairly well grouped, but too far away to invite a shot. The Squire was about to make a low, far-away note to bring the birds closer, when to our astonishment and lending not a little to the excitement, a fine gobbler walked past the blind to the left, and stood erect and stately not twenty yards away.

I see that picture now. The deep forest, the bars of sunlight drifting through the tree tops, the woodland carpet of pine needles, the masses of fallen tree tops and upturned roots and brush heaps, the ridge beyond forming a brown background, the four turkeys standing erect and motionless, suspicious to a degree, and ready to take instant flight at the slightest indication of danger; three men suppressing their excitement in the presence of the noblest game bird in the world, and old Nero motionless as a stone, and each particular hair erect. A soft, distant note of assurance from the Squire's call, and then minute after minute passed; the large gobbler gurgled a word and the three birds in the distance ran forward. Steady now! Each man selected his bird, and the silence of the forest was broken by the boom of twelve-gauges. Two down—no, three!—fluttering and rolling. I had selected a turkey to the right, and at the moment of discharge saw a bird fly from the extreme right straight up among the trees. Instantly putting my second

barrel on him, I killed him clean. Nero broke from cover and soon ran down a wounded bird. There were four turkeys, good to look upon. Had we bagged but two we would have been satisfied; but four!—well, it was fine sport

It lacked three days of Christmas, and Jennie had invited me to ride to the Pearson plantation to make an afternoon visit. We left the house about two o'clock, and after a pleasant call of an hour or so, we started for home. Jennie was already in the saddle and I about to mount, when Major Pearson came up with a gun I had loaned him and asked me to take it home. Handing me the weapon, he said: "Mr. Dick, you may want this gun before I see you again, and here are a couple of cartridges with number 4 shot; there is no telling but you may see a turkey flying to roost on your way back."

"I hardly think that probable, Major, still one does not wish to carry an empty gun in the woods in any country."

We rode home around by the ford, making the distance some four miles further than by the nearest bridle path. The sun was getting low, and already the shadows were lengthening in the forest. Within a short distance of the ford that crosses the Run, there is a spring; here we dismounted to get a drink. The horses were tied near the roadside; Jennie had been telling me of some books she was reading, and the literary work and study she was arranging for the balance of the Winter. We sat on a log some distance from the road; the conversation, continued in subdued tones, after a while ceased, and we fell into a train of thought and enjoyment of the quiet of the woods. And how silent it was; how very still, as we looked away off through the aisles of the forest. The shadows were deepening, slowly blotting out the broad bands of yellow light flung between the trees by the receding



SOFTLY AND SURELY THE SQUIRE CALLED.

sun. I was about to speak to Jennie, when she said in a low whisper: "Don't move—look at the side of that ridge in the light near the fallen pine."

"A turkey, sure, and there must be more of them."

With one impulse we noiselessly dropped behind the log, and kneeling

low, watched. The turkey was fully two hundred yards away. It soon became evident there was but one turkey, and that he was coming directly toward our position. Now he was at the bottom of the ridge, then imperfectly seen in a shadow, and disappearing behind the roots of a fallen tree. Minutes passed, still we

eagerly gazed on and searched the wood; when he came into view again he was less than one hundred yards off. My heart pounded and my pulse thrilled. I could feel the warm blood surge to my head; I glanced at Jennie; her eyes shone like stars and her cheeks flushed as the red rose. We knew we were gazing on the big turkey of Nine Mile Run. He came on with stately mien, pausing occasionally to listen, listen, listen; alert, always alert. Then I realized that this grand turk was going to roost, and that he would try and cross the road to reach the timber on the creek, a mile or so below, and if this was his intention he would probably pass within ten to thirty yards of us. Now we could see him plainly, the metallic lustre of his plumage, his grand proportions. Would he come within reach of the gun that was nervously gripped in my hands? would the horses remain quiet? would the slightest alarm come from any quarter? At this very hour my blood tingles when I remember the grand appearance and proportions of that bird. He was but thirty yards or so away, and somewhat to our left; the gun was close to my cheek, the muzzles lined on the base of his neck. A moment more, one moment of heart-breaking silence, and the forests reverberated to the quick reports of both barrels, and the famous turkey of Nine Mile Run lay dying. Jennie sat on the log, her face in her hands, overcoming the tremendous nervous strain. My hands, my face, in fact my whole body was bedewed with perspiration.

We rode into the yard at dark; Jennie sprang from the saddle and seizing the famous turkey, with difficulty carried him in the sitting-room. "See, Uncle, see! we have captured the big turkey; it must be the very one!"

"What—but—Ginnie, my dear, yer ain't sure, be yer? Well—I'm blessed ef—"

"Look at his double beard, his magnificent feathers and—"

"Yaas, an' dat's de werriest bird dat's a-gwineter be ros'ed afor' de hickory fiah; sakes alive, Mars Yerk, ain't he a whopper!" said Aunt Dilsey.

By this time the whole family were gathered, and the story was told of the bagging of the bird, which after all was a piece of luck, a fortunate combination of circumstances. Mr. Posey called that night and after seeing the big turkey, and hearing how he was taken, said, "Miss Ginnie, didn't yer feel like hollerin' jist at ther minit afor' ther gun went off?"

Should any one who reads this ever have the honor of cooking, or assisting to cook, a wild turkey in camp or at home, cook him with respect; cook him right. If both are properly cooked, the domestic fowl can no more compare with its wild congener than can a boarding-house Spring (?) chicken, broiled, compare with a spitted woodcock served on toast. The flesh of the wild turkey is very tender, juicy, and, to my mind, far more gamy in flavor than any of the gallinaceous birds. His endless variety of food keeps his flesh palatable, and in good order, and in season he is fat and fine. The remembrance now of wild turkey roasted or spitted before the fire, lingers lovingly on my palate to this hour. Don't fry him, for the sake of all you hold good and blessed in this world; don't insult the remains of any game bird by laying him on a frying-pan. The only earthly use to which a frying-pan may be put is frying brook trout or possibly Spring chicken; then, and only then, does it find its place for meat cooking. Independent of this, the frying-pan should be relegated to the dim ages of the past, and pointed out as an instrument of gastronomic torture, used at a period of the world's history when cooking was but indifferently understood.

ON THE FOOTBALL "GRIDIRON."

By William T. Bull.



IN FULL WAR-PAINT.

THE game of football could not want for better proof of its popularity than the fact that each succeeding season brings back its flourish of bannered chivalry and ribboned damselry, the blast of the tin horn and the delirious cheer of the old fellow graduated years ago.

Even the misunderstanding which still exists between the great rivals, Yale and Harvard, is not enough to dim the interest in the season's play, and while a Yale-Pennsylvania or a Princeton-Pennsylvania game would add much to the enthusiasm, the popularity of the game cannot be questioned.

Football has not yet come to a standstill. On the contrary, it is spreading still with wild-fire quickness, and the adoption of the sport is not confined by any means to the Eastern colleges, schools and athletic clubs. The middle West is putting more teams in the field each year; so is the South; and as for the extreme West, why, it is now worth something like \$1,500 for a good "coach" to go out and instruct a team for a short period of eight weeks. In California, the craze for the game would seem to have been most developed, and the one idea rampant there is to ultimately bring up the standard of play so that matches may be made with the crack elevens of the big Eastern colleges, with a reasonable chance of success.

As last year's football season opened, even the most loyal followers of the game were doubtful for a time as to the future, inasmuch as Yale and Princeton and their satellites had determined to play under one set of rules, while Harvard, Pennsylvania, Cornell and their following cut loose and played under a code of their own liking, which differed in certain marked and important respects. Such a state of affairs was certainly unfortunate and fears for the game's future were well founded.

Last Winter, however, a general rules conference of the two factions was successfully engineered and a code agreeable to both finally adopted. These laws are now universally recognized. In the main, it is the old code amended on lines which carry out the ideas of development which the Yale-Princeton faction had in mind last year. The most important change was the legislation regarding mass plays and flying wedges. This did away with much of the push and unintelligible heaping up of struggling players in favor of more open play generously sprinkled with kicking.

The fair catch rule also came in for much consideration, with the result that a player may now catch a punt without the fear of losing a leg, an arm, or even his wind, which at one time made him dread the approach of a flying ball. A player who comes to a standstill and heels the spot as he catches the ball, cannot be even touched by an opponent, under penalty of fifteen yards for the foul. Only in the event of an attempt upon his part to run with the ball is a tackle permissible.

Another change of beneficial importance is that which governs the play of the centre-rushers. In the

past there has been too much foul play in the middle of the line, but now when the centre has the ball he is allowed absolute possession of it and is exempt from any interference from the opposing centre until the ball leaves his hands and is on its way to the quarter-back. In passing, it may be said also that the judging of a forward pass by the quarter-back is now wisely assigned to the referee, who, as judge of the progress of the ball, is far more competent to cover this point than the umpire, for the latter has his hands full in watching the actions of the twenty-two players.

On November first, the season's crack teams usually reach the point of training when final results may be figured on. Up to this time it is largely a matter of guesswork, but the big teams have now arrived at a stage when their chances may be considered and an estimate made of their probable form in the big matches. While the teams of the

season on September 26, barely escaping a defeat at the hands of Trinity. The score was 6-0. The Yale men had only had a week's practice for the game and a big score was not expected. The prospects then for a good team were bright, however, even allowing for the graduation of Thorne, DeWitt, Jerrems and the Cross brothers. But hardly had October set in when the usual "hard-luck stories"—a majority of them true, too, strange as it may seem—began to turn up.

First, Richard Sheldon, the giant guard and champion thrower of the Greek discus, appeared with a doctor's certificate that stated in emphatic terms that he would endanger his life if he played the game this year. Then Letton, a back man and a kicker of real merit who played as a substitute last year, confronted Captain Murphy with the distressing news that his father, thinking he had a weak heart, would not allow him to



THE YALE TEAM IN PRACTICE AGAINST THE "SCRUBS."

smaller colleges all have their hosts of followers, the larger toads in the football puddle, Yale, Princeton, Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania, command a far more general interest, and the writer will therefore devote his attention to a discussion of the "big four."

Yale played her first game of the

play again. Hardly had Letton been reluctantly given up, when Fincke, who played such a star game at quarter last year, wrote to the effect that an operation for varicose veins would keep him out of the game for many days and perhaps throughout October. Finally, to fill Yale's cup of bitterness to the full, Chadwick, last year's



THE YALE ELEVEN AND SUBSTITUTES.

guard, refused to come out for practice, but after repeated urging, he finally reconsidered and gave his promise to play.

In the face of all these casualties, the prospects were certainly discouraging. Yet with her accustomed habit of getting together something out of nothing, Yale has succeeded in working up the new material at hand, which, in addition to the veterans, forms a team that promises to give a good account of itself against Princeton. The most promising of the Yale players are: Murphy, captain; Fincke Hinkey, Bass, Rodgers, Chadwick, Chamberlain, Van Every, Benjamin, Murray, Hazen, Sutphin, Drummond, Alport, Mills, Ely, Goodwin, Connor, Chauncey, Gerard and Beck.

Taking the first eleven men named as those who will probably play against Princeton, Yale's team may be said to be strong in the number of good end-men, fair in tackles and weak in big men for the centre; not well balanced or brilliant in half-backs, but fortunate in having a

versatile player like Hinkey—a younger brother of the famous ex-captain and end-rush of 1894—who is able to go to full-back from end and to play his new position well from the start. He is clever in kicking and catching, and fair in running.

At Yale, as at all other big colleges, it has been difficult for the coaches who have charge of developing the kicking, to get the players to put in sufficient daily practice of the right kind. The eagerness upon the part of captains to perfect a smooth-running and irresistible system of attack is so strong that, while they recognize in their sober moments the value of the punt and the drop kick, on the field of play all is forgotten but the running until every player is fagged out and practice is given up for the day.

This year, however, most of the big teams have set apart a regular interval during each day's practice to develop their kicking game. At New Haven, for instance, the first half hour is given over almost entirely to rushing plays; then after



TACKLING THE "DUMMY" AT PRINCETON.

a rest of ten minutes the 'varsity and "scrub" line up and execute a series of kicking plays, sprinkled here and there with a bit of running. Then, too, some half dozen of the candidates for positions back of the line get together and practice punting for half an hour each morning, and again in the afternoon for ten minutes before the regular practice. This is a step in the right direction, and its good effects cannot fail to be noted in future games. Princeton, Harvard and Pennsylvania, too, are all taking special pains to develop good kickers, equal to the many emergencies which may arise in a hard game.

Summing up for Yale, the writer predicts that when her team meets Princeton she will have a strong line—particularly so on either flank; while she will be stronger at guard than last year and a bit weaker in the defense at centre. Behind the line, there will be no one to equal the brilliancy of Thorne's running. On the other hand, the kicking will be quite as good, and if all goes well, Princeton may have to fear the deadly work of a star drop-kicker in the person of Louis Hinkey.

From the very first, the outlook at Princeton has been very encouraging, and notwithstanding the loss of Riggs and Rhodes, centre-men; Lea at tackle and Hearn at end, the team is sure to be an evenly balanced one, aggressive in the line and formidable both in kicking and rushing back of it. It really ought to be better than last year's. On November 7, the Princeton players will meet Harvard at Cambridge, when both teams may be sized up more thoroughly. In the following list of Princeton players, the first eleven player are expected to comprise the final make-up of the team, accidents and sickness always excepted: Cochrane, captain; Thompson, Church, Tyler, Edwards, Gailey, Armstrong, Suter, Bannard, Kelley, Baird, Crowdis, Poe, Rosengarten, Wheeler, Geer, Righter and Swartz.

Speaking of the first eleven men as a team, this much may be said with certainty—like Yale, the ends and tackles are strong and the centre good, but by no means invulnerable, as Harvard will discover if she



CAPTAIN COCHRANE, OF PRINCETON.



THE HARVARD ELEVEN AND SUBSTITUTES.

directs many attacks at it. At quarter-back Princeton is strong, while her full-back and halves are powerful line-breakers, only fair on end runs, but reliable on kicked balls. Baird is a good punter, as also is Wheeler, who will probably get chances to play in important matches before the close of the season. Cochrane, by the way, makes an able field-captain, as does also Murphy of Yale. Both possess that personal magnetism which inspires their men to determined, spirited play.

McMasters, the trainer of Princeton's team, is responsible for the use by several of the big teams of the "dummy" tackling machine, and this invention is calculated to develop reliable tacklers of the "low and hard" species. The Princeton "dummy" is a sawdust man, rigged up between two stout poles, and the players are sent at it head first, the object being to tackle the supposed player hard and low, and the figure can be brought to the ground only by overcoming the heavy

weights attached to the other end of the rope supporting it. At first the "dummy" is tackled while it hangs motionless, but once the pupil acquires the knack of going low and hard with confidence, it is made to swing, after which the pupil tackles either as it approaches him or swings off to one side.

At Harvard this Fall there is a lot of rich material on which to work, such as seldom falls to the lot of a coach, and the Crimson should be well represented on the "gridiron" this Fall. With such heavyweights as Wheeler, the Shaw brothers, Bouvie, Jaffrey, Doucette and Hague, as a nucleus for the centre; Houghton, Donald, Mills and Merriman for tackles, and Richardson, Moulton, Cabot, Cozzens and A. Brewer for ends, a strong line ought to result from a wise choice of the best seven. Back of the line we find such good players as Wrightington, captain; Brown, Martin, Sullivan, Held and Dunlop. Of these, Wrightington kicks and runs well and Brown is

said to possess some wonderful drop-kicking and place-kicking qualities. No star quarter has yet been discovered, and this may prove one of Harvard's weak points.

Bearing Princeton in mind, it looks as though Harvard outpointed her rival at centre, was weaker at quarter, and so far as rushing is concerned, no better than the Tiger backs. Harvard is not likely to out-punt Princeton, but may accomplish more in the way of drop-kicks. Football affairs at Cambridge appear to be going along very smoothly this Fall. There is no apparent friction among the coaches, and this has ever been a Harvard weakness in the past.

Pursuing a different policy from that of the other big teams, the Pennsylvania players prepared for the season with quite a little Summer practice. For this reason, and by virtue of the loss of only a few stars, they began the season in far better playing form than any of the others.

The loss of Brooke at full-back is of course the most severe, yet by some happy fate there is a prospect that one of the three candidates for his position, Minds, Morice or Jackson, will develop into a reliable kicker—not the equal of Brooke, but as good as any opponent in sight—while Captain Wharton himself may possibly fill the position, if he can get a good substitute to take his place at guard.

In a way, the Pennsylvania team's system of play is unique, for instead of plodding along on the well-defined lines of years' standing, they branch out and try new plays and formations calculated to deceive their opponents. For this kind of progressive football, Coach Woodruff must receive the lion's share of praise. One of these new formations is particularly characteristic of the Quakers. The ends are frequently dropped back of the scrimmage line, and in this formation they assume many of the duties of the half-backs in aggressive plays. They often run with the ball and are always effective in interference for the backs. This running of the ends, by the way, is a Pennsylvania idea which might with advantage be taken up by Yale. Princeton and Harvard tried the play last Fall and will include it in their attack this season.

This year's Pennsylvania team will be a strong one, but not one of such reliability as when Brooke stood behind the line and never failed to respond when a kick was needed. With Woodruff and Wharton as guards, Uffenheimer and Farrar at tackles, Dickson at end and Minds and Gelbert back of the line, the Quaker team is sure to prove formidable. Woodruff, Wharton and Gelbert, in particular, are equal if not superior in their respective positions to any of the men in the other teams.



CAPTAIN WHARTON COACHING THE PENNSYLVANIA ELEVEN.

DUCK SHOOTING IN SOUTHERN WATERS.

By H. Frank Dabney.

"Slow round an opening point we softly steal,
Where four large ducks in playful circles wheel,
The far-famed canvas-backs at once we know;
Their broad, flat bodies wrapt in pencil'd snow;
The burnished chestnut o'er their necks that
shone,
Spread deepening round each breast a sable zone.
Wary they gaze—our boat in silence glides,
The slow-moved paddles steal along the sides;
Quick flashing thunders roar along the flood,
And three lie prostrate, vomiting their blood."



BELIEVE that our own Audubon's great rival, the Scotch ornithologist, Alexander Wilson, wrote these lines, but if he could to-day revisit the scene, he would hardly find inspiration for a similar effort. While the actual description of the ducks is excellent, the form of sport portrayed more closely resembles what we of the South term "jumping" river ducks other than canvas-backs, than the latter-day methods of taking this best of all water-fowl. Times have indeed changed since the Scotchman's pen fell from his faithful hand, and, alas, the changes have nearly depleted our supply of a fowl which has added fame to American laurels wherever *bon vivants* assemble and good red wine flows.

To speak of duck shooting in the South without, as a matter of course, first alluding to canvas-backs, would be to risk having even our hospitable doors closed against you, for though it may be folly, we rank our regal duck a close second to our glorious and free American Eagle. And why shouldn't we? Is there any other fowl from pinery, cotton-field, cane-brake, bayou, or Northern forest, worthy of being mentioned on the same menu card with this marvel of juicy delicacy? Such a bird does not fly!

It is true that the canvas-back annually visits the far North; his migrations, I believe, even extending some considerable distance into the British possessions. But what of it? I have never shot him in those regions, and I know that Canadians (ready enough to claim everything good) do not attempt to boast of their canvas-backs. When a Canadian does not boast, I mean in the pardonable sense of a youngster's proper pride over equalling or surpassing an elder's best, it is safe to infer that the silence results from an acknowledged inferiority; but there is a better proof in the case of the canvas-back. Nobody ever heard of this duck commanding a high price in the far North, that is, for birds killed there. Indeed, the canvas-back of Northern waters is considered, and actually is, a much inferior fowl to several other varieties of ducks. This statement must not be taken as "an Americanism." It is quite true, and is accepted by sportsmen the continent over. The reason is simply the food. Here in our waters flourishes the *Valisineria spiralis*, a water plant, called by sportsmen "celery." This plant grows on fresh water shoals at a depth of from seven to nine feet. It is grass-like in form, its narrow blades being four or five feet long, while the root is white, like a small growth of celery. The root is the canvas-back's choicest food. It is obtained by diving, and a two weeks' course of it is necessary before the flesh of the canvas-back can attain that delicacy which has made the duck famous. The celery grows in many waters of the North, West and South, and no doubt the ducks of those waters would be as good as ours, if they stuck to the celery diet. But they do not, perhaps because other inferior foods are so abundant

and more easily secured. It has been claimed that canvas-backs from some southwestern waters are equal to ours, but I claim, in this case, the verdict of "not proven."

The fame of the canvas-back as a delicacy has been honestly earned. After the duck has been fattened upon celery, the rich juiciness of its flesh, its tenderness and flavor, are unequaled by any other game bird. Only an expert cook, however, can do it justice, and even he must have every facility for the *searing* (the process is hardly cooking), which best brings out the delicious quality. From seventeen to twenty minutes under the influence of the hottest of fires, is what a duck requires. So treated, the flesh of the breast is a morsel fit for the gods, and a joy to the trained carver.

"And as he draws his trenchant steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follows it."

Only one other duck, the red-head, at all resembles the canvas-back in coloration and edible qualities. A prime red-head, after a long-continued diet of celery, is easily the second best of all water-fowl. To inexperienced eyes, the canvas-back and red-head are so much alike that unscrupulous dealers have slight difficulty in selling the inferior fowl at the price (perhaps as high as \$4.00) of the canvas-back. The differences between the two species are, however, well defined to trained eyes. The canvas-back is considerably the larger of the two, being about two feet in length by three feet across the extended wings, and weighing, when fat, three pounds and upwards. The red-head is twenty inches in length, two feet six inches in extent, and weighs about one and three-quarter pounds. The canvas-back has a squarely built body, a heavy neck, long head and bill, and a handsome, deep red eye; while the red-head presents a generally lighter and rounder appearance, has a short, slim neck, a much rounder and shorter head and an eye of a bright

orange tint. The color of the head of the red-head is a bright sorrel, while that of the canvas-back is a rich chestnut, shading into black at the top of the head and the back of the neck. The gray of the canvas-back is also much lighter in tint than that of the red-head. The feet also differ greatly, but the best tests are the eye and bill, the latter in the canvas-back running high up on the forehead and in no wise resembling the red-head's short, light-colored bill.

The great Winter resorts of the canvas-back and other choice ducks are Chesapeake Bay, Albemarle Sound, Pamlico Sound and the mouths of their tributary waters, and here are the favorite arenas for the sport of wild fowling. While fairly good shooting may be had at many points, the best of the Chesapeake territory extends for about twenty miles from the mouth of the Susquehanna flats, and the Gunpowder, Sassafras, Bush, Elk and Middle Rivers—names known to every wild-fowler.

The best ducks which frequent the Chesapeake Bay are the canvas-back, red-head, black-head, blue-bill, bald-head (widgeon), and the mallard, which for the board would range in order as given. For the shooting of these the sportsman has command of extensive ground outside of the choice district already referred to. Synepuxcut, Pocomoke, Cape Charles, Hog Island, Tangier and Deal's Islands, and numerous small bays, are favorite resorts for the local and visiting gunners, yet they do not constitute one-fourth of the places where sport may be obtained.

To the visitor, this sport is apt to prove very expensive—indeed, this section may now be correctly termed the rich man's play ground. The members of the many clubs, who are principally New Yorkers, New Englanders and Philadelphians, have invested about a million of dollars in their club house and other properties

on the Maryland grounds. It is quite probable that every duck killed by a club member costs him in one way or another at least one hundred dollars, while the ordinary, unattached sportsman may calculate on about one hundred dollars per day, exclusive of board, as the price of his fun. There is no way of getting around this expense, for the visitor is entirely at the mercy of the resident gunner, without whose aid the first steps cannot be taken.

This state of affairs may be briefly explained as follows: In the old days, the high price of the ducks tempted everybody who had a gun to pursue them remorselessly. Later on the professional gunners introduced sneak boats and huge swivel guns, throwing a pound or more of big shot. With these came the deadly night shooting, locally termed "fire lighting." When it is understood that hundreds of ducks were sometimes killed and crippled by a single shot from the swivel gun, it is not strange that the fowl rapidly decreased in number, or that sportsmen protested against such abominable methods. The Legislature of Maryland passed law after law to protect the fowl, and lastly a corps of paid men were secured in the Susquehanna district. The men enforce the laws, arrest transgressors and promptly confiscate any weapon found to exceed the standard range. A system of licenses demands a fee of fifty and twenty dollars respectively, for sink box and sneak boat. Shooting may be lawfully indulged in only upon Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and licenses must be produced upon demand of a person in authority. A single license covers one boat and shooting outfit, which may include several sink boxes, if set from the same boat.

The intending gunner treats with an experienced man, who will for the consideration of about one hundred dollars, provide everything needful

for the shooting, including boat, sink box and decoys. The choice of location, placing of sink box and decoys, and securing what fowl are knocked down, are among his duties for the day. He remains in his boat in attendance upon the sink box, keeping far enough away not to interfere with the sport, yet ever watchful to secure the game. The bag for the day will include canvas-backs, red-heads, black-heads and coots. How many of each will depend upon the flight, the weather and the skill of the man in the box. He must be very accurate and quick, for he uses two guns, as a rule, which no poor performer can successfully do.

Sink box shooting is the popular and most effective of the methods in vogue upon these waters, and it certainly is not child's play. The sink box is a platform, or float of boards, ten feet long by six feet wide, and having a box large enough to accommodate a man when lying upon his back, let into its centre, its edges flush with the platform. When in use, the box is below the surface of the water, its object being the entire concealment of the gunner from all low-flying fowl. Beyond the edges of the platform are extensions of canvas to lessen the wash over the platform. Some of the decoys are correctly placed upon the platform and canvas wings, the remainder float about twenty yards in front of the box. Professional gunners are masters of the art of setting decoys, and when an old hand has completed his work about the box there is nothing to suggest to the wariest duck, that the decoys are other than a flock of live fowl. As the cream of the shooting comes with rough weather, the man in the box is not couched upon roses. A raw day, with a stiff breeze and dashes of rain, is best of all, and under such conditions the box is a damp and miserable abiding place. Yet sport is sport, and on such a day men are

eager to turn out at gray dawn and lie in the box for hour after hour, most of the time in a state of strained expectancy, until the morning flight (the best) has slackened, and a period of uninteresting inaction follows, varied by slow-coming opportunities at straggling fowl. Evening brings the release, usually very welcome, for a rough day's shooting in a box will thoroughly use up any ordinary man.

The shooting is so very difficult that only a crack amateur who is accustomed to it can hope to kill any large proportion of the fowl which stoop to his decoys. All ducks fly very fast, canvas-backs being the fastest of their family, while the number of guns scattered about, keeps them continually on the alert. In addition to the discomforts of being damp, cold and compelled to lie upon his back in cramped quarters, the gunner must be very clever at rapidly assuming a sitting posture and in shooting from that position, practically unbraced. By the time a man has got hold of his second gun, the retreating fowl are whizzing away at top speed, when to stop one demands rapid work, the smoothest of swings to the gun and the nicest of calculations as to distance and rate of flight. Most novices are somewhat afraid of the sink box, but it is perfectly safe—indeed, the doubting tyro could not sink it if he tried to do so. At rare intervals, an excited gunner may fumble the trigger in his haste to secure his second weapon, and thus send a charge of shot where he does not want it—possibly into his own feet. Beyond this remote possibility there is no danger.

Imagine that you are fortunate in the matter of weather and have first taken position in the box, after a final word with your boatman. From some points of view, it would be a beastly morning; in your opinion, it is the finest day of your life. The air is cold and raw, a hissing breeze whips the surface of the water in

gusty strength, till the waves jump vigorously upon your canvas wings, and dashes of icy fluid come and go upon the platform itself. Scudding puffs of clammy mist touch your face; raindrops and splashed drops pelt you at intervals—everything is dimly gray, and you might be pardoned for feeling like a lone castaway upon a sea of desolation. But you do not. Your garb is for such work, while a sportsman's stout heart is vigorously pumping real, live man's blood through your veins. As yet, you can see nothing but a vague grayness. Almost within reach of your hand are some decoys, while ahead floats the dimly-defined flock nodding and bobbing in response to the action of the water. All about, at safe distances, are other viewless boxes with their cofined men watching the slowly increasing light and impatiently waiting—for what?

"Bur-r-um-brum!" The muffled reports roll down to you and say that the first flock has moved; that some man is shooting black powder, and was either too slow with his second gun or that the light is yet too faint for long-range work. However, the ball has opened. Anxiously you peer about in search of moving fowl, for your turn may come at any moment. It comes! A rush of many wings, a hiss of swift, heavy bodies, and a patter of pinions as the grand birds pause and hover about the decoys. Canvas-backs!—six—eight! You grab a gun and rise like a veritable jack-in-the-box and cover the nearest duck. No "flocking" them, or you will surely fail; pick your birds and pull quickly. Bravo! Two to the first barrel—the second a clean miss. Now for the other gun. Quick! for they are away like the wind. They went too fast for you, did they? Nothing strange about that. The shot struck the water yards behind its intended marks, yet you have done very well, though a professional, with his machine-like movements, iron nerve and practiced



"BANG!" GOES YOUR RIGHT BARREL AS THE FLOCK HOVERS OVER THE DECOYS.

judgment, would have made every shot count. Some of these expert gunners have apparently forgotten how to miss; they are the deadliest wild-fowl shots the world has ever seen. The dead ducks are all right—your man will attend to them—so you hastily reload and resume your watch. Guns are now busy in all directions, for upon such a day, the flight is sure to be good for several hours. Other flocks come rushing down, pause, hover, then whirl away to be again tempted by other decoys. Perhaps one quarter of all your visitors will be canvas-backs, the others red-heads, black-heads and coots. The bags made by amateurs are seldom large. Where a professional might kill from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty ducks in a day, the amateur will be satisfied with from ten to thirty-five, the latter being an excellent record, which might represent the use of one hundred, or more shells.

Among other methods of shooting upon our Southern waters are the sneak boat, point shooting, and tolling. The sneak boat is no longer popular, owing to the fact that the ducks appear to understand its intent, and are extremely difficult of approach. Point shooting is identical with the favorite method of the great resorts of the North and the Lake Region. From a carefully constructed blind upon some projection of the shore, the sportsman watches his large flock of decoys (the larger the better), and takes such toll as he may from passing flocks which are tempted from their course by the decoys.

Point shooting, while never so successful as the sink box, is a very enjoyable form of the sport, as it allows the gunner considerable freedom of movement, and gives him a fairer chance to display his skill. One drawback to it is the disinclination of canvas-backs to fairly decoy within easy range of the shore; hence, many flocks may pass out of range while comparatively few

swerve within reach of the gun. Point shooting is quite often done without decoys, when a blind can be constructed sufficiently near to the main line of flight. The sport is then the same as the "flight shooting" of the western plains.

A few words about tolling may be of interest, although my readers are not likely to attempt it. This curious method is a survival of the old English and French method of decoying by the aid of carefully trained dogs. In England and France, the fowl were coaxed by the antics of the dogs to swim into a curved waterway, which is covered by a netting, everything being made to appear as natural as possible. When the fowl have been coaxed well within the net-covered tunnel, a man appears at the opening and drives them on until they finally reach a smaller, detachable net, in which they are secured.

In tolling, the gunner constructs a suitable blind upon the shore, secures himself therein, and sends his trained dog to play about the water's edge. Sometimes a bright-colored handkerchief or a piece of cloth is tied about the dog's body to add to his attractiveness. The dog plays up and down the shore in front of the blind, and soon his peculiar actions arouse the curiosity of the flock to be lured. The ducks cannot understand what the dog is about, and their curiosity impells them to slowly swim nearer and nearer until they have moved within range of the concealed gun. Well trained dogs thoroughly understand the fateful game, and frequently display an almost marvelous sagacity, varying their efforts as the ducks hesitate, or advance, and crouching low, and showing much excitement as the flock works well within the danger line and the critical moment arrives.

Another form of this tolling to excite the curiosity natural to many animals, is the well-known "flagging" of antelopes upon the prairies.

For this, a red handkerchief tied to a rod is frequently used, while, in many instances, the wary prog-horn has been lured to his doom by the hunter merely lying down and kicking his boots in the air.

What I have said about Chesapeake Bay (excepting expense) might apply equally well to Albemarle Sound, Pamlico Sound and, in truth, to several other parts of our coast. At all points the ducks are the same. Some may sneer at this, but they do so because they have only visited the Chesapeake. Resident gunners know better, for they have found by actual experience that Albemarle, Pamlico, and even more southern points, quite frequently afford livelier sport than the famous Bay.

Chesapeake is "sweller" and more costly by far, while the fact of being able to shoot there gives a man a certain standing among his fellows. My old ten-gauge, however, has boomed across the sounds hundreds of times for once it has spoken to Chesapeake echoes. I am not a millionaire—hang the "style," so long as one can get the sport! Chesapeake is undeniably good, but so are the other waters, and I and my cronies prefer not to reach the bottoms of our pockets in a couple of days. If the reader imagines that we don't kill ducks down here, let him pay us a visit and we shall be only too pleased to give him a practical working idea to the contrary. Why, only last season my New York

friend, Bob M—— wired me that he had to make a Southern business trip and asked me if he should bring a gun.

"Should he bring a gun!" What a question! The answer went back over a hot wire. He came and I took him to my favorite spot not very many miles from Pamlico. Bob proved better than a rabbit's foot, for he brought just the right sort of weather.

Now, I am something of a duck shot myself, but the way that New Yorker worked his Wall Street tactics was a caution to serpents! Cool, swift, decided, he swung that \$500 masterpiece of his as if he had been born without nerves and had been raised by machine.

Before ten o'clock I had twenty-six and was feeling quite well, thank you. Then the flight slackened, and I sought friend Bob to gloat over his defeat. The gloating was very short-lived. That fat rascal had a pile of ducks, the like of which I had not killed in as few hours for many a season. He had a flask and a big black cigar, too, either of which would have set my nerves going.

"How many you got, for land's sake?" I yelled at him.

"Forty-seven," he replied without turning a hair.

"Did you miss any at all?" I gasped in astonishment.

"Oh—yes," he drawled. "I'm in rather poor form. Fact is, I've been using a 'twelve' on pigeons."



LAWN TENNIS LESSONS OF THE SEASON.

By J. Parmly Paret.



HE lawn tennis season has come and gone again and the difference between our first-class players and those of second class is as sharply defined as ever. In this country we seem to

have no gradual scale of skill as abroad, and there is an abrupt break in the list of American experts after the first nine or ten cracks have been mentioned. Year after year the same difference exists and the absence of new names in the first class is most discouraging to those who have the welfare of the sport most at heart. Occasionally, a new star appears in the tennis firmament, and, meteor-like, springs into prominence in a single season, but few have worked their way gradually up through the ranks to the top. Larned's brilliance burst upon us in a single season; Neel was almost unheard of before he jumped into the first class, while Fischer's rise to prominence this year followed several seasons of most disappointing tournament play.

When one has mentioned Wrenn, Neel, Larned, Hovey, Hobart, Fischer, Foote, Chace and Stevens, the season's list of first-class experts is complete and a sharp line must be drawn. There is but one player who stands in the wide borderland between the first and second classes. George L. Wrenn, Jr., the champion's younger brother, proved to be one of the sensational performers of the year and alternated between brilliancy and mediocrity in his public form. While in several of his

matches he showed enough skill to be ranked among the cracks of the year, at other times his play was no better than second class. Young Wrenn promises to be a second Malcolm Chace, and lacks only the experience now to rival the cleverness of the retiring Yale expert.

In a general way, M. D. Whitman, of Harvard; L. E. Ware, of Harvard; G. P. Sheldon, Jr., of Yale; F. K. Ward, of Rochester; S. T. Chase, of Chicago; T. A. Driscoll, of San Francisco; C. R. Budlong, of Providence; G. K. Belden, of Minneapolis; S. R. Neel, of Chicago; Evarts Wrenn, of Chicago; J. P. Paret, of New York; J. F. Talmage, Jr., of Brooklyn; J. F. Foulkes, of Victoria, B. C.; James Terry, of Hartford; G. W. Lee, of Boston, and one or two others, should all be ranked together in the second class, just on the other side of the barrier which separates them from the cracks. From this point on down through the long list of fifty or more other tournament players, the differences in skill are very slight and the ranking of the men very uncertain. Most of these players, however, could be relied upon to beat the lower-classed men quite regularly, just as the cracks in turn invariably beat them.

Despite the admitted inconsistency of lawn tennis form, not one of the first-class players has lost a single match this season to any of those on the other side of the dividing-line, while those at the head of the second class have beaten all of the others with whom they are grouped with the greatest regularity. Form is bound to tell in tennis and, popular impressions to the contrary notwithstanding, a careful study of the tournament scores will prove that "upsets" are fewer in this sport than in almost any other. Because

Larned beats Wrenn at Norwood, and Wrenn beats Larned at Newport, it does not necessarily follow that one match or the other must be an "upset," but rather that the men are very evenly matched. These conflicting results are constantly occurring, but only between players of equal skill.

Just what distinguishes a crack player from the man he beats with apparent ease, is very hard to say. There are scores—yes, hundreds—of tennis players all over the country who have the necessary qualities of experts, but they do not get the proper kind of training to bring out their skill. Over and over again I

have met young players with better strokes than are shown by many successful tournament players, and yet they do not win when they enter the big matches. They have the strokes, they seem to have the head and they play practice matches that would frighten tournament veterans. But the mere mastery of good strokes in practice is not what is needed; it is the control of those strokes at the critical moments of a close match, and the knowledge, to be gained only by experience, that dictates which to use when the vital situation presents itself. I venture the statement that there are fifty comparatively unknown players in this country who



Chace. Campbell. Larned. Stevens. Hovey. Hobart. Wrenn.

A GROUP OF LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONS AND EX-CHAMPIONS.

lack only the tournament experience to play as well as any of the experts in the second class.

To reach the first class, however, something more than ordinary ability and experience is necessary, and it cannot be said just what that "something" is. Widely different characteristics have made players famous. Take Wrenn, our champion, for instance. He does not make strokes any better than many far inferior players, but at the most critical point in a close match, when others would "play safe," he will make a fast stroke close to the side-line of the court with as much confidence and as much accuracy as though the match had just started. He knows all strokes equally well and shows no marked superiority in any single play. He thinks quicker than most other players, too, and studies his opponent's weaknesses more closely. His crowning recommendation, however, is the vitality and reserve energy which he throws into his play, and it is to this that he owes many of the victories he has won after defeat had stared him in the face. With unlimited pluck to back this up, he has become the "sandiest" player America ever produced.

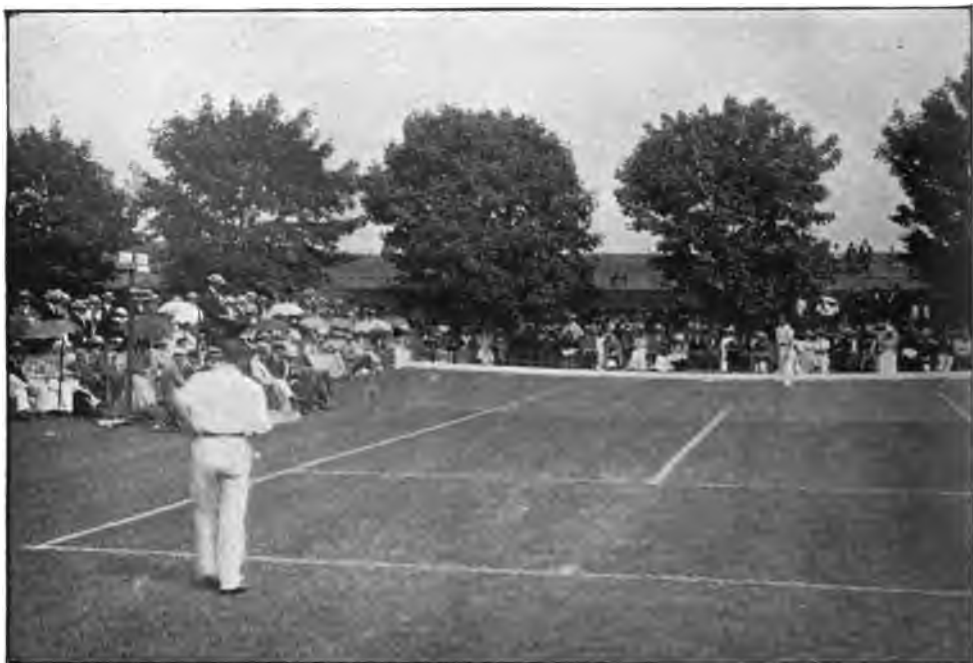
Larned's characteristics are directly opposite to those of Wrenn. He lacks most of the qualities that make the champion's play so steady and reliable, but he is more brilliant at times than Wrenn has ever been. He is a player of wonderful strokes, of machine-like skill, and at times he shows the most perfect command of the ball—particularly in his play off the ground—that has ever been seen in our tournaments. But he relies too much on strokes, and does not think enough during the progress of a match. His fatal weakness lies in his inability to change his style of play when he finds it unsuccessful, and his occasional loss of accuracy at critical points. It is this that has ruined his chances for the championship three years in succession, each



THE NEEL BROTHERS.
National Champions in doubles.

time after reaching the final round, for his nervous system seems to completely ruin his play when the strain becomes too great.

Neel's success has been due to still different points of excellence. The Western champion has fewer resources to draw upon than either Wrenn or Larned, but he is a deep student of the game and he thinks out the problems involved in each match before he begins play. He is always trained to perfect physical condition and is very systematic in his methods of play. He excels in very few strokes, but is remarkably skillful in volleying, and his quickness in anticipating the direction of his opponent's drives—rather by intuition, it seems at times, than by eyesight—makes him the most formidable net player in the country, if not in the world. His is an exclusive net game, as was that of Campbell in the days when he was champion. Their styles of play differ somewhat, but their methods are so nearly the same that Neel's success against



THE WRENN-LARNED FINAL CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH AT NEWPORT.

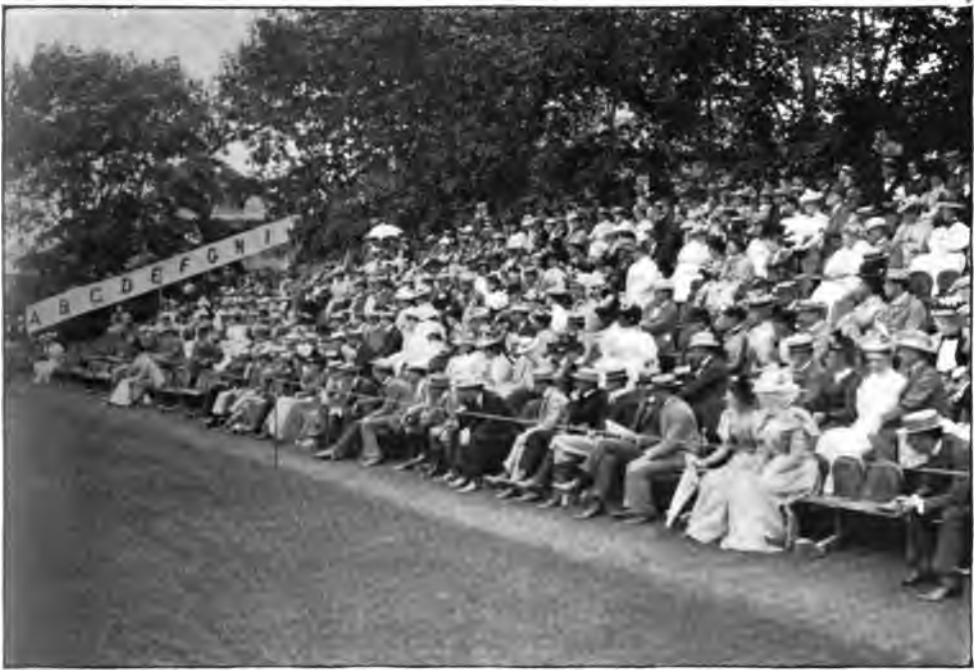
the other experts of to-day proves the soundness of the exclusive volleying game first introduced by Campbell.

Hovey was not born a tennis player; he has made himself one. He has clever strokes, a thorough knowledge of the game and an excellent head, but he had all these for many years without reaching the top. It was his constant, persistent tournament practice that steadied his play enough to win the championship, and he holds his place near the top to-day with much less practice than the other men of his class, rather by virtue of his wealth of experience than any other characteristic. Hovey has had more valuable tennis experience than any other American player of prominence, and steady practice is probably all that is necessary to make his game the most highly developed and nearest to the admitted ideal that can be found on this side of the Atlantic.

One of the finest points of the game's finesse is shown to better

advantage in Hovey's strokes than those of any other player in this country, and this is his ability to conceal the direction of his play until after the ball has left his racket. One can detect in the swing of his arm or the direction of the racket little or no difference between a straight line drive and a short cross-court stroke, and his opponent must guess at its direction until after the ball has begun its flight. This quality in the ex-champion's play makes the speed of Larned and Hobart unnecessary, and Hovey passes as well with a slow ball as do the others with a fast one, which offers so many more chances of going astray.

Hobart is another veteran of many tennis campaigns, though his experience has been less profitable to him than his natural skill with the racket. Like Larned, he, too, is a brilliant stroke player, and his excessively nervous temperament is responsible for occasional streaks of inability,



AND SOME OF THE THREE THOUSAND PEOPLE WHO WERE WATCHING IT.

though he has greater resources to fall back upon than Larned and better judgment in making use of them. He is a hard hitter and made his reputation many years ago for his hurricane style of play. He uses a very finished stroke that allows him to put great pace on the ball and still control it. Like all players of his style, he is very erratic, however, but would be capable of even greater deeds than Larned or Hovey, if he played as much as the former, or profited by experience as much as the latter.

Fischer, the recruit of the passing season, is another hard-hitter of the Hobart school. He lacks experience as yet, and his strokes show little of the refinement of Hobart's, though in him there is raw material of very promising kind. Curiously enough, his play is strongly affected by the skill of his opponent, though his strokes seem as little controlled by the score as those of Wrenn. Experience will remedy the former,

while the latter is a recommendation that few experts possess.

Foote and Stevens are specialists in diametrically opposite styles of play, and each is the foremost exponent of his type in America. Most of Foote's victories have been won by skillful and persistent lobbing, while Stevens scorns this play and has perfected his ground-strokes to such a degree that he depends on them alone for success. Where Stevens is strong appears Foote's greatest weakness, while the reverse of the comparison is equally true. Stevens never volleys, whereas Foote hurries to the net at every opportunity; Foote lobs continually, while Stevens never does so if he can possibly drive; Stevens practices more than any of the other crack players, while Foote seldom plays except in tournament matches.

Here are eight of the foremost experts of our country with almost as many distinctly different styles of play. How could one, then, define

the difference between the cracks and their less skillful rivals? Each one of these men had first to gain a complete mastery of all the ordinary plays in the game before he took up the specialty which carried him above his fellows.

Undoubtedly, the most important feature of the passing season and that which will stand out strongest in future histories of our tennis, was Larned's pilgrimage to British fields. With him it was a case of looking for other worlds to conquer, for there is not a prominent player in America to-day—possibly barring Neel—over whom the brilliant Jersey expert has not demonstrated his superiority at one time or another. His unfortunate temperament has prevented his ever winning the national championship, although he has been considered the equal of the champion at the end of every season for the last four years. Three times now Larned has safely reached the finals at Newport, only to lose his nerve at the critical point when the championship seemed fairly within his reach. This year's fiasco was particularly disappointing to his friends, for his collapse came when everything seemed to be "coming his way."

Abroad it was the same story. Larned undoubtedly showed to better advantage than any other American player who has visited English courts, but his inability to maintain his form to the end of a hard match cost him several well-earned victories that would have made a vital difference in the British estimate of his skill. Against Mahony—who afterward won the championship of All-England—Larned secured a commanding lead in one of his matches in Ireland, and twice needed but one stroke to win, but his fatal unsteadiness at critical points was too much for him, and he finally succumbed to the clever Irish player. Again, at Wimbledon, in the big championship tournament, Baddeley, a brother of the British ex-

champion, seemed hopelessly beaten by the American visitor after the first two sets, but took advantage of Larned's slackening when the third was under way, and proceeded to turn defeat into victory in a way that made those who knew his opponent shake their heads in despair.

All this to the contrary notwithstanding, Larned's record abroad was highly gratifying to American enthusiasts, and any regrets must be for what "he might have done," rather than for what he did not do. His subsequent defeat at Newport was perhaps a good thing in one way, for it partially counteracted the bad effect resulting from Campbell's trip abroad in 1892. The best the ex-champion could do then was to get a third-class rating in England and his easy victory for our championship only a few weeks after he returned, left an opening for the theory that the American champion—admittedly our best player then—had been unable to keep up the pace set by many of the English second-raters. When Larned was beaten at Newport, the direct deduction was that not only had he shown himself equal to all but the very best abroad, and little behind even them, but that we had other men here fully as good and perhaps a shade better.

On the whole, the season proved a valuable one to American followers of lawn tennis, despite the small number of new names among the experts. Its moral was a repetition of that of 1894, when Goodbody's sensational career through the Newport championship tournament taught our crack players the necessity of steadiness. Hovey learned his lesson better than the others, as he generally does, and the following year he proved it by winning the championship. Wrenn set the lesson again this Summer and crowned a very successful season by capturing the championship, the only honor that escaped our distinguished visitor of two years ago.

SALMON FISHING IN LABRADOR.

By Dr. Alexander B. Johnson.



I N 1885 I made a canoeing trip through the Province of New Brunswick. My friend and I ascended the Tobique River from its mouth at Andover on the St. John's to Nictor Lake, one of its sources; thence we crossed the narrow watershed which separates this lake from the head-waters of the Nippisigent River and descended this river to the Bay of Chaleur. In the Tobique I killed my first salmon, and since then salmon fishing has been my favorite sport. I have fished other rivers since, among them being the Moisie, hardly to be matched in America for the large average size and number of its splendid salmon.

Last Summer I visited those two far-off rivers on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Olomanosheebo and the Wash-sheecootai. For natural beauty they are unsurpassed, and as salmon angling rivers they furnish magnificent sport, while the best of duck and goose shooting is to be found on both in the Spring and early Fall.

The Olomanosheebo and the Wash-sheecootai lie beyond the eastern end of the Island of Anticosto, not very far from the Straits of Belle Isle, flowing south from the interior of Labrador into a sea of many islands, the home of the seal, the loon, the white porpoise and the scoter duck. They are neither of them avenues for the Montagnais Indians while journeying to their Winter home in the interior, and although there is a Hudson Bay Fur Company's post at the mouth of

the Olomanosheebo, these rivers are seldom visited by anglers, and their upper waters have probably never been fished by any white man.

The journey thither seems long in contemplation, but it is not so in reality. For those who enjoy a voyage over Summer seas nothing could be more agreeable. One may leave New York on the afternoon train, and at two o'clock the next afternoon be in picturesque Quebec, with its frowning fortress, its quaint French streets, its beautiful views of the St. Lawrence, and its excellent hotel, the "Chateau Frontenac." The steamer Otter sails next day at noon; you visit the steamer office and are booked for your passage down the river. The rest of the day is spent in the purchase of stores and a camping outfit—cheaper in Canada. The evening is cool, and the moonlight over the river and on the roofs of the old town as seen from the terrace in front of the hotel, is charming. At noon next day your traps and stores are all on board the Otter; the ship is soon out in the stream, and the voyage to the salmon rivers of the "North Shore" has commenced. The trip down the river is always interesting. There are many beautiful stretches of coast, bold and rocky on the north shore, but less abruptly elevated on the south. There are whales and porpoises, white and black, to be watched, and yarns to be told to brother anglers. The second evening you reach the mouth of the Godbout, a famous salmon river. Here I left the Otter for a fortnight to stay at the house of Napoleon Comeaux, the river guardian of the Godbout, a kind and hospitable gentleman and a thorough sportsman.

During June and July the estuary portion of the Godbout River swarms

with sea-trout of large size, and the fishing is free to anyone who will take the trouble to angle for these splendid fish. And let not the uninitiated turn up his nose at sea-trout fishing. Sea-trout are generally larger, handsomer, more gamy, and far more greedy for the fly than their less fortunate brethren who have not visited salt water. When freshly caught, their flavor is delicious. Here I met my friend B—, and together we angled for sea-trout daily until the next trip of the Otter down the coast. Then we re-embarked for a three days' journey to the mouth of the River Olomanosheebo, or Big Romaine, some six hundred miles below Quebec.

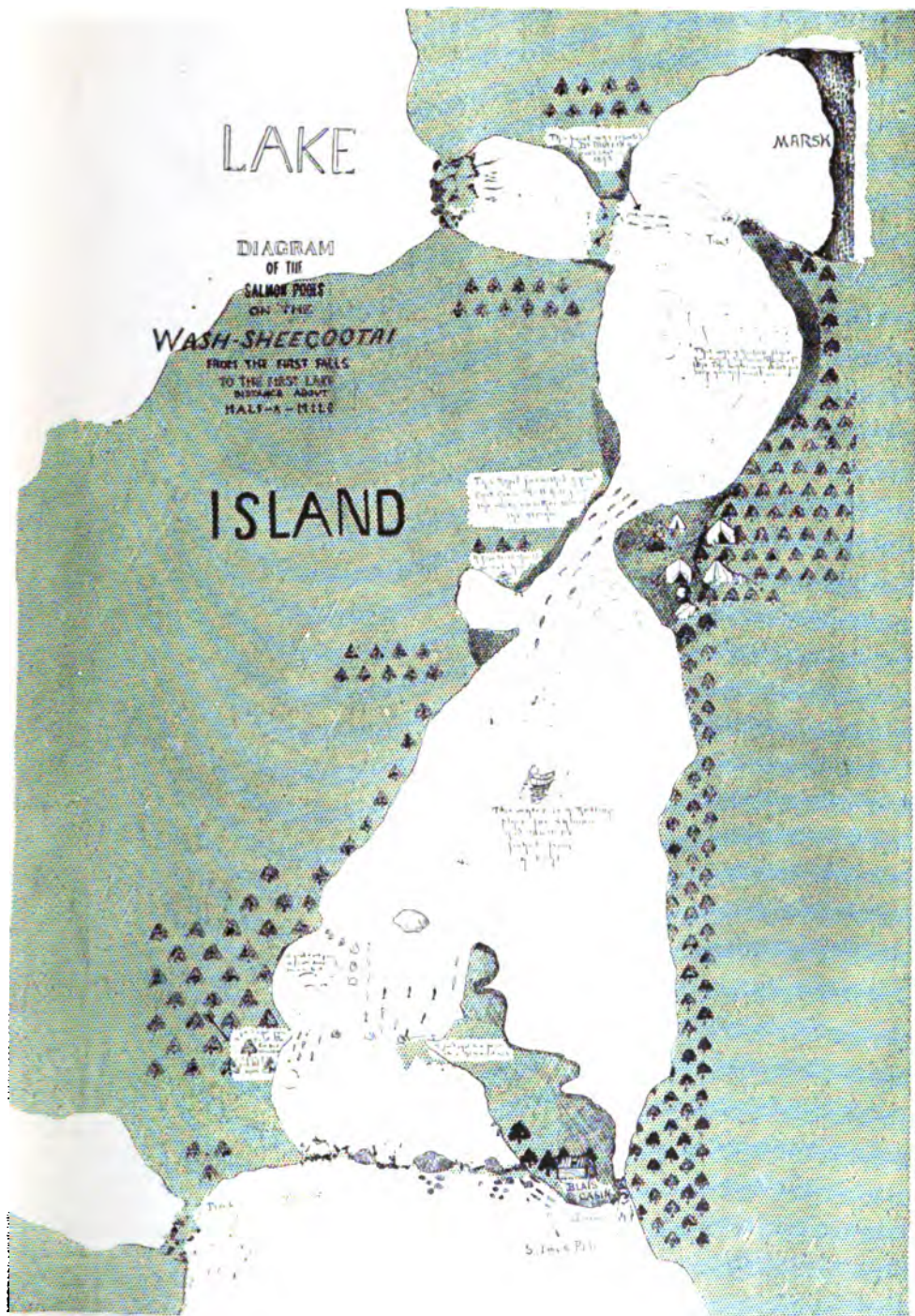
We arrived off the mouth of the river on the afternoon of the third day, and the ship anchored about a mile from the entrance, among the rocky islands which are very numerous along the coast. Our canoes and men left the ship and made for the falls of the Olomanosheebo, which could be seen—a low white line, stretching across the river about four miles distant. The entrance to the river at low tide is difficult, even for the smallest boats, on account of numerous sandbars, so we were obliged to seek aid from the Hudson Bay Company's post, a mile to the west of the mouth, and obtain a pilot. Piloted by Metivier, who nets the estuary portion of the stream for salmon, we reached the first falls in the ship's jolly-boat, just before sundown. There is a good landing place on the eastern bank below the falls. The shore is composed of smooth, shelving, sienite rock, the river at this point being about four hundred yards wide. The falls are low and long, resembling a portion of the whirlpool rapids at Niagara rather than a cataract.

While the men were making camp I put together my seventeen-foot bamboo salmon rod, and accompanied by Metivier with the gaff, walked up stream above the falls a distance of

two hundred yards, to the first salmon pool. At this point a deep, slow current is gradually merged into a smooth, oily-looking rapid, from five to ten feet in depth, which ends below in a tumbling mass of foam as it passes over a sudden pitch not high enough to be called a fall. It was a warm, still evening, and here and there a salmon could be seen lazily rolling its back above the smooth surface of the stream. The water was slightly turbid, and a large, gay fly, a "Jack Scott," was chosen for the first cast. The current swept by the smooth, shelving rock upon which I stood without a ripple, and yet swiftly—perhaps four miles an hour. There were no trees behind me for a hundred feet—a fine place to cast from. The fly sails out across the current and a little down stream, and alights without too much splash at the end of a tight line. The tip of the rod is lowered and held nearly motionless. The current carries the fly in the arc of a circle, ending close to the bank, some distance below me. The line is lengthened a yard or more, and cast follows cast, but without any result. I move down stream fifty feet or more and try again. This time the second cast is half completed when a mighty swirl appears where my fly is passing and down goes the tip of my rod; a few yards of line are then pulled slowly off the reel, and the fish is fast.

It is a thrilling moment. I do not think that any form of sport can offer enjoyment quite so intense or triumph quite so exhilarating. Once experienced, nothing else can fill its place. "Once a salmon fisher, a salmon fisher always." The fish was so large, so beautiful!

My slender leader of single gut appeared too frail to hold this beauty captive. Hope and fear combined to send the blood jumping through my arteries, and to hold every sense and muscle at keenest tension. I had him, but I knew that however quiet he might be at that moment



MAP OF THE WASH-SHEECOOTAI SALMON POOLS.
(From diagrams made by DR. JOHNSON.)

when he had settled back to his place behind some boulder on the bottom, I had before me a struggle in which the salmon's strength would be fought out to the last ounce of pull and the last gasp of breath before I could hope to gaff him and call him mine. He did not take long to make up his mind to move. Several sudden violent jerks on the line, which sent my heart into my throat, let me know what was coming; my reel began to sing, slowly at first, then faster, until the sound of the click rose to a high-pitched shriek. Away across the river he went. I kept my rod up and resisted his rush with all my strength. Finally, when my $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch coil of line had diminished to an inch, I saw a salmon leap into the air far out in the stream; he looked like a bar of burnished silver, but oh! so far away; his run was over, and my tackle was safe. I then retrieved my line with all dispatch. He came in like a lamb to within sixty feet of me, but beyond that he would not budge an inch. He was a lively fellow, this one, and after a moment's sulking, he started down stream like a race-horse. As he approached the foaming break in the rapid, I used every ounce of strength which my rod possessed to check him, for there was no good landing place between where I stood and the falls. He leaped again, and stopped in the nick of time; ten feet further and he would have led me a merry dance down the rapid and over the falls. I got very near him this time, but he saw the gaffer and was off again, though not with his former vigor. A few more short runs and I led him gently to the gaff. Metivier reached forward over the fish's back, then one sudden clip, and he had him ashore, beating him over the nose with a short club. The struggle was over. I whipped out my scales—twenty pounds, and a fresh run, male fish! "*Un beau saumon, Monsieur,*" said Metivier. "*Encore, Monsieur!*"

The sun had now set; and I returned to the head of the pool. Here I cast close to shore in the slight eddy by a jutting rock that caused a long wake to appear in the water like that which follows an advancing boat. I was rewarded by a sharp tug at the line, and raised my rod gently; another fish was hooked. He leaped at once, and then followed a series of short runs and leaps without intermission. The salmon's strength was soon lost by these tactics, and he was brought to gaff after a short fight of eight minutes. It was now nearly dark, and I returned to camp happy. I had been gone a little more than half an hour. Supper was awaiting me, and my friend B—greeted me with a cheer, as he saw the two fine fish which Metivier carried, one in either hand. We sat down to supper by the light of a rousing fire of spruce logs, for it grows cold at night in Labrador, and a fire in the evening is nearly always welcome.

The Big Romaine, or Olomano-sheebo, is a fine large river. There are three, or rather four, good pools—the one just described and another along the opposite bank. The fishing is all done from the shore. All the pools are easily fished and afford places for gaffing.

The next pool, a mile of easy canoeing above the first, is a wild and beautiful spot. Here the river enters a narrow, rocky gorge, and falls some forty feet through a chasm not more than seventy feet wide. Below is a mighty rapid, rushing by a vertical precipice on the right, a hundred or more feet high. On the left, the current is checked and diverted by a high rocky island which turns a portion of the stream to the left into a large basin, thus creating a wide-sweeping eddy, in which the water foams and tumbles. A narrow channel passes to the left of the island. To the left of the basin the rocky shore affords a fine cast into the eddy, and into the head of the narrow

channel above the island. One is almost sure of one or more fish in the morning or evening from this point. The salmon do not ascend the main fall but reach the higher level by a succession of leaps through a narrow broken channel on the left, where a small stream of water finds its way downward in a series of miniature cataracts. The ascent of the fish can easily be watched as they leap from one resting place to another. It would be difficult to give an adequate description of the beauty and grandeur of this pool.

The next pool, a mile above, is reached by a short portage around the second falls and then by three-quarters of a mile of easy canoeing. The third fall is about thirty feet high; the stream here is wide and the falls are very handsome. The salmon ascend on the left side where the fall is broken into several pitches of no great height. As above, the fishing is below the falls to the left, in a large eddy. This pool is at its best late in the season.

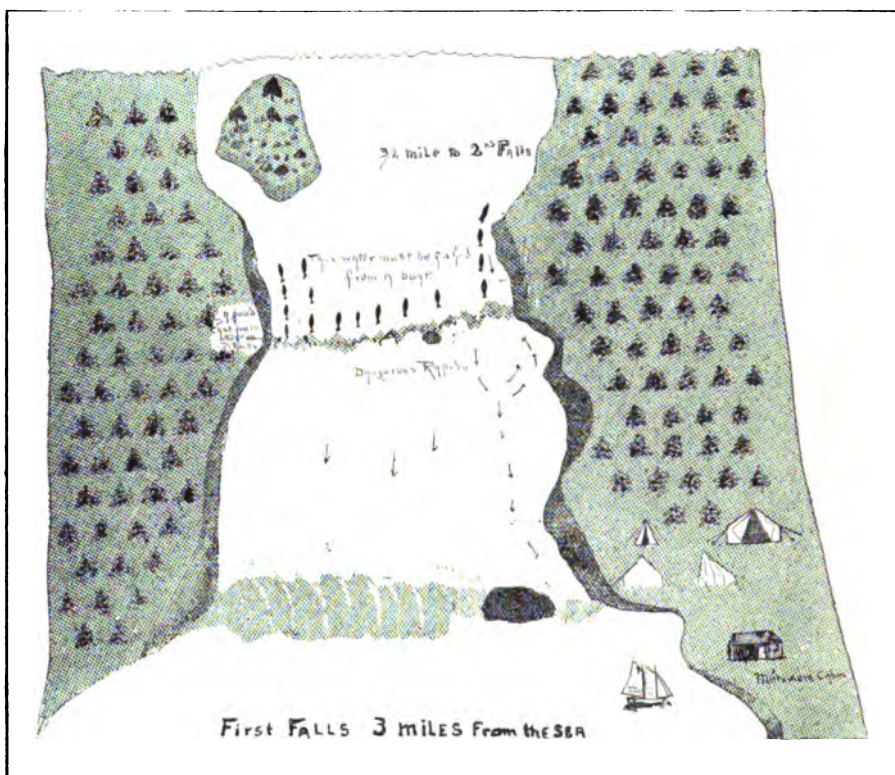
About the middle of July the run seemed to be over and we hired two Indians and a sail-boat to take us fifteen miles west to the Wash-sheecootai. The sail was entertaining.

The many islands form a sheltered water-way all along the coast, a favorite breeding-place for ducks and gulls. Hundreds of birds were in sight constantly, rising ahead of the boat just out of gunshot. The fifteen miles of bright smooth water were soon passed and we entered the Wash-sheecootai, salt for seven miles above its mouth, and resembling an arm of the sea rather than a river. Had it not been for our pilot, Zeno, who visited the river a year ago, we should soon have been lost among the numerous rocky desolate islands which divide the river into a labyrinth of channels. As we advanced, the ducks fairly swarmed ahead of the boat. They were mostly scoters and mergansers, but we were told that geese, brant

and black ducks are abundant. After the middle of August, the Wash-sheecootai is uninhabited, and a wilder landscape than this would be hard to find. The shores are of sienite rock, cold and desolate; vegetation is sparse and stunted, except for the abundant and beautiful mosses that flourish wherever they can find a little soil. The timber is small, chiefly spruce; the trees rarely attain the diameter of a foot.

After following many winding channels, we emerged into a broad bay, and off to the north we saw the first falls—the end of the estuary and the beginning of the salmon fishing water. On the right, as we approached, was a long, low fall much broken by rocks, and divided by a rocky islet; on the left another fall, much higher, and impassable for salmon; between the two falls was a large island, a mile or more in length. Thus the river enters salt water by two outlets. The falls upon the left are at the immediate foot of a large lake. The stream upon the right (half a mile long) descends from the same lake, and upon it there are three falls, the first already spoken of, the second nearly half a mile above it, and the third two hundred yards further on, right out of the lake.

The salmon fishing on the Wash-sheecootai is all between the first and second falls, and on the right hand stream, for a distance of less than half a mile. The conditions for angling are, however, favorable after ascending the first low fall, as the fish find water suitable for resting, all the way to the second fall. The second fall, thirty feet high, is a formidable obstacle, only surmounted at a favorable stage of water, and after repeated efforts. Hence, all the fish that enter the river are crowded into this narrow stretch of water, and most of them remain there for several weeks, affording the angler a chance to display his flies to a large number of fish, with



SALMON POOLS ON THE ROMAINE. — THE FIRST POOL.

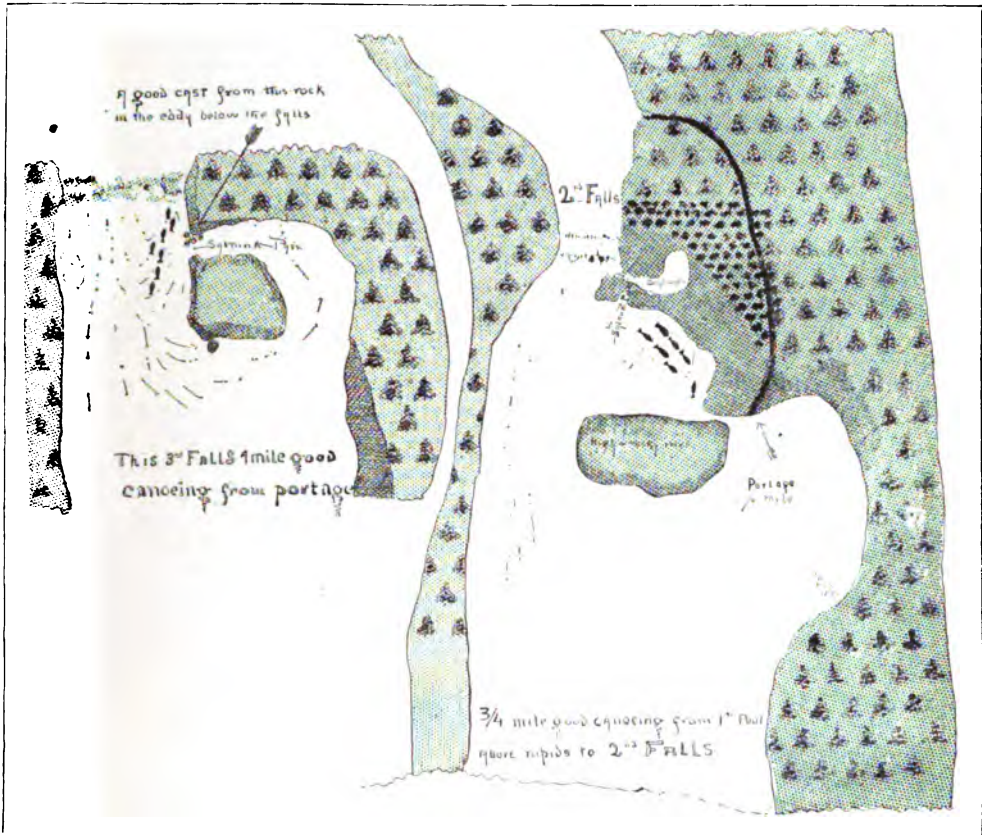
(From diagrams made by DR. JOHNSON.)

the least possible labor. I have raised my tent in many places, but never in a spot so picturesque and so full of attraction for the lover of nature, undefiled by the hand of man, as this short stretch of the Wash-sheecootai.

We made our camp on the eastern bank of the stream, midway between the first and second falls. Our camping ground was on a little plateau of moss-covered rocks. In front of us the smooth sienite sloped gently down to the stream, and behind us a scattered forest of spruce rose to the crest of a bare and rocky ridge a few hundred yards away. As I lay in my tent looking north, I faced the second falls, a beautiful cataract rushing down into a foaming rapid, a broad band of white across the

dark, still water on either side. I was near enough to distinguish, from time to time, a salmon as he leaped into the breast of the fall, only to be dashed back again. At night, the low-pitched roar was a sure narcotic which left no headache in the morning.

Just above the camp, a broad, sluggish stretch of river is suddenly narrowed down to a width of not over sixty feet. Through this narrowest part, the river slips, smooth, swift and glassy. Then the channel again expands, and a long, straight tongue of troubled rapids, close to the western bank, with a broad, deep eddy on the eastern side, gradually loses itself in the deeper water some two hundred feet below. Further down, I could see the rocky, partly-wooded islet, which divides the first



SALMON POOLS ON THE ROMAINE. — THE SECOND AND THIRD POOLS.

(From diagrams made by DR. JOHNSON.)

falls; below this, the foam and spray of both the lower cataracts were visible. One did not need to go far from camp for sport—in the smooth rapid at my feet, the salmon were leaping all day long. The pool begins here and extends for one hundred yards below. It may be fished from either shore—the lower part, only from the bank opposite, where the low rocks are level, and casting far can be practiced without fear of broken hooks. Above and below the camp are eddies, and should you wish for variety, you might take, in either place, as many fine brook-trout as you please to kill. Above the camp, and below the second fall, is another pool, reached in a few

minutes from camp in your canoe. Here my man carried the canoe around the white rapid below the fall, and paddled me across a bay of dead water to the rocks, close to the edge of the cataract. In a foaming eddy, forty feet from where I stood, the salmon rested. They could be seen from time to time tumbling about in the surging water, and toward the hour of noon, many fish leaped out into the air and struck high upon the breast of the falls; a few maintained their position and advanced, coming into view in the shallow water of a smooth incline many feet above. Many failed, and were dashed against the rocks, as the broken noses and torn sides of those

taken with the fly testified. In the morning and evening a rise might be expected in this eddy, but it was not easy to save my fish in the rushing torrent, and I was often obliged to follow him in my canoe through the white rapid to the calmer water below. Two good canoemen are needed here, for the passage is not devoid of danger.

If the salmon were capricious, and no strike awarded my patient casting, I mounted my trout rod, put on a cast of large gay flies, and tried to the left in the big eddy away from the main current of the rapid. I got a strike at once; my reel sang and a four pound ouananiche leaped into the air. I played and landed him, and my next cast fastened a big brook-trout, a sea-trout, or a forked-tailed char. Surely the angler in search of variety can be satisfied here!

As the afternoon advanced and the shadows grew long, I was paddled down to the western bank opposite the rocky islet above the first falls. This is the best pool in the river when the water is in shadow, late in the afternoon. At this time the current where salmon lie is completely shaded by the foliage along the western bank. Zeno brought the canoe ashore a little distance above the head of the pool, and I advanced slowly and cautiously to a low rock which afforded the best opportunity for the cast. The water is very clear and less than four feet deep. Close to the rock on which I stood, and within easy reach of the tip of my rod, was the best spot in the pool; no far reaching cast was needed here—a line fifteen feet long was ample. I attached a small "silver doctor" fly to my leader and dropped it gently on the water. As the current swept it downward, there came a swirl and the flash of a silvery belly, but my fly was untouched. The fish had risen short, and I decided that perhaps the fly was too bright in color. I lifted it at once from the water, and changed it for one of darker hue, a

"black dose." I did not stir from my tracks, however, and waited five long minutes by the watch for the fish to forget his disappointment, and get comfortably settled in his place.

At the end of that interminable time, my "black dose" fell lightly, exactly where the "silver doctor" had fallen. This time he acknowledged its presence by a slight disturbance in the water, merely. I lighted my pipe and waited ten minutes more. Then changing my fly for a very small "Jack Scott," I dropped it back on the old spot. As it swept by over his nose, a head and an open mouth appeared above the surface without creating a ripple, and disappeared. I struck to fix the hook this time, and at the stroke, a splendid salmon shot into the air at least five feet above the water. Zeno led out a blood-curdling yell and shouted "*Un saumon, par exemple, Monsieur!*" Well! that fish really did appear to be six feet long; he was so very close, and his sudden leap so unexpected. How the reel sang and how the rod bent as he rushed away up the current, never stopping until nearly all of my one hundred and twenty yards of line were gone. He leaped at last, away up the river and close to the other shore; and gradually I worked him downstream again, until he was nearly opposite to me, and about seventy-five feet away. He would come no nearer, however, and hung in the current, shaking his head viciously from time to time. Ten minutes passed thus, for five of them I had been pulling all I dared, and the heavy strain at last irritated him beyond endurance. A few preliminary jerks and he was off again, this time down stream, and straight for the falls. I could not check him and the reel was soon nearly empty, but Zeno had foreseen this danger, and had the canoe ready right at my feet. "Get aboard, Monsieur Vite," he called. I tumbled in, and Zeno paddled like mad after the fleeing salmon. We might land close to the

brink of the falls on the rocky islet opposite, and save him yet. We had not traversed more than half the distance, when the salmon was carried over the falls, taking out the last foot of my line. It became a matter then of "Pull Dick, pull Devil;" but my leader was new and strong, and my rod, bent nearly double though it was, failed not. As we neared the falls, the strain became less severe, for the fish was tired and had swung out of the current into the large eddy which

into his side and lifted him ashore, my fly fell out of his mouth.

"A tight line was all that saved that fish, Zeno," said I. "My! but isn't he a daisy!" Twenty-three pounds he weighed, forty inches in length he measured, and it took me forty minutes to kill him.

I got back to camp in time for supper. The old mother Shelldrake was sitting with her brood of sixteen little ones close to our landing place, and as we approached she gave a



A GOOD CAST FROM THE ROCKS BELOW THE FALLS.

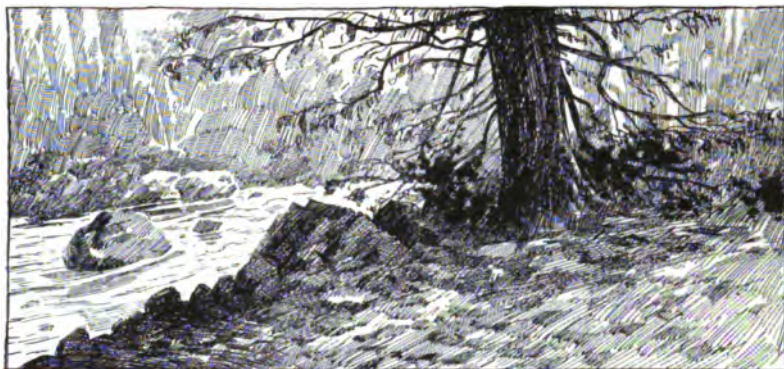
lay below the islet. We reached the rocks at the brink of the falls without mishap, and I stepped out of the canoe and on to hard land with my fish still hooked. I regained my line easily, for the passage of the falls had taken most of the fight out of my lively antagonist. But my arms and back were aching and I was trembling all over with excitement. I had the odds in my favor though, and after a few short runs and a wallop or two on the surface, he turned belly upward, played out. As Zeno struck the gaff

warning quack and scuttled off up stream with all her family trailing after. I saw one of these downy chicks sail down over the second falls one day and through the white rapid, without even wetting a feather. I needed no sauce to flavor my salmon steak and biscuit that night; nor any opiate when the moon and the cold aurora borealis came out, for I had finished my pipe and curled up in my blanket bag.

Salmon do not ascend the Washsheecootai in numbers before the

middle of July. The stream is large, the bottom rocky, and there are several large deep lakes which keep the water cold until late Summer. This year there were some fish in the river on July 15, but the main run

fairly abundant and of good size. In this river, which is slightly clouded, a very large gaudy fly may be used with success. It is a much earlier river than the Wash-sheecootai. The fishing here begins about June



AN EDDY BELOW ONE OF THE SALMON POOLS.

took place between July 20 and July 27. The fishing probably lasts until after the middle of August. The fish did not take the fly readily until after July 25, and on August 7, when I left for home, the fishing was at its best. The water is very clear, and very small, dark-colored flies are most successful. The fish were of good average size and very abundant; the largest taken by me weighed twenty-three pounds. There is splendid trout fishing below the first falls—both sea and river trout, up to five pounds. The river above the first lake has not been angled by sportsmen so far as my knowledge goes. It is said to contain large trout and many ounanische.

The Big Romaine, or Olomano-sheebo, is a large river, and the fish are

20 and lasts until after the middle of July. There were no trout when I fished it. There is a portage between the mouth of the Romaine and a point near the first falls of the Wash-sheecootai. It can be traversed in two hours; a canoe is necessary in crossing some small lakes. There are some spots on the Wash-sheecootai which can only be fished successfully from a small flat-bottomed boat at anchor; two skillful men are needed to manage the boat with paddles.

I can wish the reader no better good fortune than that he may kill a seventeen-pound salmon on a six-ounce trout rod in the lower pool of the Wash-sheecootai next Summer, as I did last July. It took two hours to do it, but the time was willingly spared.





THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS' VISIT.

By Henry Chadwick.

INTERNATIONAL cricket matches are now of almost annual occurrence on this side of the Atlantic, but few seasons have proved so attractive in this line as that just ended. It was not so very long ago when the best that our American cricketers—English residents as well as native Americans—could do against English visitors, was to escape defeat in one inning, and that, too, while playing twenty-two men against the foreign elevens. But our players—particularly the Philadelphians—have improved in their cricket so materially that all contests in the Quaker City are now eleven men *vs.* eleven.

The season's interchange of visits between American and foreign teams began with the tour of England by the Haverford College eleven, who did nobly on the trip. They won four games, lost four and seven were drawn, of which they had the best of four. Moreover they crowned their trip with a signal victory over the strong eleven of Cambridge University, whom they defeated by the big one-inning score of 334 runs, against the Cambridge eleven's 202 and 109, a total of 311 runs for two innings, Captain Lester

of the American collegians alone scoring 136 runs.

In our Canada match, All-Philadelphia *vs.* All-Canada, played in Philadelphia last September, the Philadelphians underrated the strength of the visitors, and in consequence sustained defeat.

The next international series this year was the three games played in Philadelphia with the visiting Australian cricketers—the strongest Australian team, by the way, that ever left the antipodes. Though we lost the first two games of the series, the third game resulted in so signal a victory for the Americans that the previous defeats were more than offset. Outside of Philadelphia, the Australians had no difficulty in achieving one-inning victories in New York, Chicago and San Francisco.

The trouble with our Philadelphia amateurs in meeting visiting foreign elevens, is that when the latter come to the United States, our amateurs have finished the best part of the cricket season, and have gotten out of form by playing golf, tennis and other sports, instead of keeping in good training on the cricket field. It was in this way that the American amateurs were caught napping in

their first two contests with the Australians. The third was played after an interval, however, and they had got into better playing form and their chances were also improved by placing a stronger representative team in the field.

The strength of the Australian visitors may be judged by the fact that their English tour, from May to September, resulted in nineteen victories with but six defeats, and nine matches drawn, most of the latter being in favor of the Australians. The fact, too, that they defeated every single county eleven with whom they played, showed pretty conclusively that theirs was the strongest Australian team that had ever visited England. That the prestige of such a formidable team should have a rather dampening effect on the ardor of our young Philadelphia amateurs was not surprising. Moreover, there was a special incentive for the visitors to do their best against the Philadelphians in their desire to defeat the Americans who had beaten the Australian team which visited Philadelphia in 1893. Taking into consideration all the facts in the case, therefore, the signal triumph achieved by our young native amateur cricketers at Haverford may be justly set down as the greatest victory ever scored against a foreign eleven in Philadelphia. It was the more creditable, too, because scored by a team of gentlemen over professionals.

It will be remembered that the enthusiastic Lord Hawke selected one of the strongest gentleman's elevens for his cricketing tour of the United States and Canada two years ago that had visited America since Dr. Grace's famous team which came over in 1872. That eleven defeated all the opposing teams it met in this country and Canada, and although the majority of Lord Hawke's players of that year played in one or another of the English elevens which the Australians defeated in England

this season, the latter were finally beaten by our crack Philadelphia team.

The Australians this year played six games in the United States, of which they won four in one inning, each with runs to spare, and another by a majority of runs. Their only defeat was that sustained in October at Haverford, when the American amateur eleven defeated them in one inning with sixty runs to spare, the worst defeat they met with since leaving Australia in May.

Of the individual strength of their team, it may be said that they have in the veteran Trott, the most experienced captain any of the Australian teams has brought over here. Then, too, they have a quintette of bowlers which it would be difficult to excel. Of these, the most successful against the crack batsmen of the English elevens they encountered last Summer, was McKibben. Captain Trott says that McKibben is the only bowler he has ever seen who can "break" the ball both ways with accuracy—that is, to cause the ball to curve in from "leg" side and "break" in from the "off"—a deceptive delivery against which it requires the most keen sight and great accuracy on the part of the batsman to defend his wicket, to say nothing of scoring runs.

Singularly enough, McKibben was not as successful during the American tour as he was against the English batsman, except in the Chicago game. On the other hand, Trott's bowling, which was punished in England, was very effective here, and he bowled sixteen wickets in four games for 169 runs. The swiftest bowler of the Australian team is Jones, and he accomplished a remarkable feat in the first inning of the match against the New Jersey Athletic Club's eleven, at Bergen Point, when he bowled the wickets of Kelley, Calder, Forbes and Adams for blank scores, that of Cobb for seven runs, and Hickie for a single,



THE AUSTRALIAN VISITORS OF 1896.

six wickets falling before Jones for only eight runs. In Philadelphia, however, 146 runs for eleven wickets were scored against Jones in the two games he bowled. McKibben's best bowling feat was accomplished in Chicago, when he bowled nine wickets for twenty-nine runs, four wickets falling in his last "over" in Chicago's second inning.

In batting, all of the Australian team are strong, as shown by their records both in England and here. There was not a player of the team

whose batting average in England did not exceed the record figures, and only one who did not average double figures in each inning, ranging from thirteen to thirty-one, and that against the best bowling talent all England could array against them. Giffen did the best batting in the games in Philadelphia and New York; Darling, Iredale, Trumble, Trott, Gregory, Hill and Jones following in order, and ranging in total runs for the four games from 266 to 50. Iredale and Darling are a fine

batting team, both opening carefully, and each having a masterly defense, though Darling is the more aggressive of the two.

The veteran Giffen proved a tough customer to get rid of, even when facing the best of bowling. In the last match in Philadelphia, he was in for an hour and a half for forty-



"CYCLONE" JONES BOWLING.

seven runs, defending his wicket cleverly against King and the two Clarks. Gregory bore off the palm in facing the English bowlers, but in America he did not do so well. But the strong point of the Australians during their American tour was in the fine generalship shown by Captain Trott, and the splendid field support they gave their bowlers, especially in preventing boundary hits from being completed. The placing of their field to suit the bowlers was admirable.

The Philadelphia amateurs did some fine work in all three of their matches, but especially did they excel in the third game. In the first, E. W. Clark bore off the batting honors and H. I. Brown those for bowling. In the second game, Wood was the most successful at the

bat, and King in the bowling. In the third, Wood again led at the bat, and E. W. Clark did the best bowling. Wood's pretty catches in the "slips" off Clark, and King's bowling, were the features of the third game. Another noteworthy event was the fine stand made by H. I. and H. H. Brown as the tail-end batsmen. When H. I. Brown went in, the seventh wicket had fallen for 206, and when H. H. Brown took his stand at his wicket the ninth had gone down for 260, and yet the score had been run up to 282 before they were parted, the best tail-end batting record of the season. The first pair in a match frequently run up double figures before they leave each other, as Patterson and Wood did in the third game at Philadelphia, the first wicket not falling until ninety-one runs had been scored; but it is different when the last men are in at the bat.

It is worthy of note in connection with the bowling of modern cricketers, that the score of "wides" in first-class matches is confined to single figures as a rule, and small at that. In the record of the three Philadelphia games, there were but nine "wide" balls. In early American cricket, I remember recording in a Philadelphia *vs.* St. George match, no less than thirty-one "wides" in a single inning.

I have also noticed that the splendid work the young Philadelphia amateurs used to do in fielding is not kept up to their high mark by the rising generation. Still it is better than that of our Metropolitan resident cricketers as a rule. What is the great feature in baseball—splendid fielding—is gradually becoming of secondary consideration in cricket, whereas the aim should be to save runs by fine field support of the bowling, just as our baseball players support their pitchers.

But for the energy and enterprise displayed by the New Jersey Athletic Club, New Yorkers would have

been deprived of seeing the Australians play this year, inasmuch as the Metropolitan League declined to accept the responsibility of the match. Under the circumstances, I think the New Jersey Athletic Club was fully justified in selecting the eleven which had won the Metropolitan championship to meet the Australians, instead of picking a team from all of the leading Metropolitan cricket clubs; especially in view of the fact that the strongest All-New York team that could be chosen in 1895 to play against the Oxford and Cambridge visiting collegians was defeated with eight wickets to fall, while the Philadelphians defeated the same English college team that same year by one hundred runs.

The match at Bergen Point was made noteworthy by the splendid batting of the Australians against a team of club bowlers which had enabled the New Jersey Athletic Club eleven to win every match in their League championship series. The visitors' bowling, too, was an exhibition which astonished the natives, especially that of the cyclone bowler Jones, the local batsmen being so intimidated by Jones's speed at one end, and so bothered by McKibben's "break-backs" at the other, that they were all disposed of in their first inning for twenty-eight

runs. In the second inning Captain Trott said to his men: "Let up on these good fellows who have treated us so handsomely." Jones and McKibben were given a rest and the local team scored 126, and were then disposed of in one inning with 154 runs to spare.

While in Philadelphia, bowler Jones took several lessons in curve pitching for baseball. In his practice



IREDALE BATTING.

Jones showed great speed and perfect command of the ball, besides developing a natural in-curve in his pitching. He intends to play baseball in Australia this Winter, and will probably come here with a nine in the Spring. He might prove a valuable man for a League baseball team next season, as he has the speed of Rusie and the command of Nichols.



WITH THE QUAIL IN MISSOURI.

By J. G. Knowlton.



IT was just about a year ago, being moved by a desire to revisit the scenes and associations of earlier days, that I found myself one morning in the rotun-

da of the old Planter's Hotel at St. Louis. It had been some years since I had last looked upon the walls and breathed the hospitable air of that famous hostelry, and yet as I entered the familiar portals and crossed the tiled flooring toward the billiard room, it in no way surprised me to see, tipped back in his chair near the hotel newsstand, the rotund figure of my old friend Captain Yates, clad in the same material of gray homespun, and showing the same lines of physical prosperity, that had always characterized him. As a boy, I had looked upon the Captain as far above the ordinary mortal on this earth, for the reason that he owned one of the biggest and finest steamboats on the Mississippi, drove some of the best horses in Morgan County, and could show a clear title to one of the handsomest stock farms, over which there was some of the best quail shooting to be had west of the "Father of Waters."

The old Missourian's keen eye had caught sight of, and recognized me at once, and his cheery face expanded into a broad smile as he arose and shook me heartily by the hand. "God bless my soul, boy!" was his greeting, "yer a good sight for sore eyes, to a moral certainty. Can't stay away from the old town, kin ye?" and a moment later we were

standing at the bar of the old Planters', reviving memories of a few years back in good old Missouri fashion. Recollections of my last visit to Missouri a few years before, at which time, and in company with the Captain, I had enjoyed upon the latter's farm some of the best quail shooting it had ever been my good fortune to run against, were still fresh in my memory. As the shooting season had opened but two or three weeks before, there was a double interest in my inquiry as to the farm, the stock, the shooting, Aunt Polly and the "niggers," big and little, who, in their simple and homely way, had individually and collectively, risked breaking their necks to serve me during the week I had spent there.

"Why, George, my boy," was the reply, "the farm is just as you last saw it—not an acre smaller nor an acre bigger. There ain't been a stick of timber cut from it 'cept in in the black jack patch, which we use for firewood, and I guess there's more birds in the stubble this year than there's been for many a year past."

"Well," said I, "I guess Miss Fannie is not sorry that quail are plenty"—referring to the Captain's daughter, a slip of a girl, who, on my last visit, had insisted upon accompanying us upon our trips to the stubble patches, and who, although she remained seated in the wagon with old Jackson and the gun cases, was fully as enthusiastic over the sport as were the Captain and myself.

"You can just bet she ain't sorry," answered the Captain. "She's learned to handle a gun herself within the past year or two, and she takes a darn sight more interest now in shootin' than she does in French

and algebray, I can tell you. See here, let's go down to the farm; it'll do us both good, and I'll promise to show you more quail 'n you've ever seen. We'll put in the night in town, if you've nothin' else on hand, and take the noon train to-morrow, which will land us at the farm to-morrow night."

This was just about what I had been waiting for—in fact, one of the possibilities I had contemplated when I slipped a Parker and a Purdy into their cases at my rooms in New York, and packed them away carefully in the long trunk that I invariably carry when there is a chance of getting any shooting at the end of my journey; so I offered no opposition to the Captain's plan, and the schedule was decided upon without further discussion. "We'll just give Fannie and the farm hands a surprise to-morrow night," said the Captain, as we went to our rooms that evening, "and for just about a week I think we'll succeed in fergettin' that there's such a dod-blamed smoky old hole as this on the face of the earth."

As I had a few "down-town" friends to call upon the next morning, I arranged to meet the Captain at the station at train time. I found him in the waiting-room standing guard over a grip-sack as big as a small trunk. Having checked my own trunk, I was unencumbered by baggage, with the exception of a small hand-satchel, and therefore looked at the Captain in amazement as he lifted his big grip with difficulty and started for the ticket office. "Why in thunder don't you check that, Cap?" I asked. "You'll never get it through a passenger car door!"

"Is that so?" said the Captain as he gave me an excellent imitation of the Fitzgerald wink, and set the valise with tender care upon the floor in front of the ticket window. "Well, now, I'll just fool ye. There's some things in there, my young friend,

that can't be trusted to the hands of no baggage smasher—leastwise not over *this* road," and the extreme care with which he stowed the valise away in a corner of the coach after we had boarded the Missouri Pacific flyer, convinced me that he was taking along some delicate piece of bric-a-brac as a present to Fannie, which would make the five-pound box of bon-bons in my own trunk a poor offering indeed.

A pleasant ride of five hours through the rich farming lands of central Missouri, brought us to Tipton. Here we had supper, and at seven o'clock boarded the train over the "jerkwater" road for a ride of over half an hour into Morgan County. Just before the train drew up at the station, a lad approached me with a bunch of twelve quail and five prairie chickens, which he offered to sell me for four "bits," an incident that assured me of the plentitude of game, and thus augured well for our sport on the morrow. Arriving at Versailles, we secured a team, and were soon on our way to the farm, some seven miles distant, the Captain continuing to handle the big valise with the greatest possible care. An hour later, as the team pulled through the gate of the farm and entered the lane leading up to the old house, the Captain announced his coming with a good old Missouri yell—a yell that Miss Fannie, Aunt Polly and every dog and farm-hand on the place understood as the signal of the master's arrival. It was answered by a long howl from old Don, the fox hound, followed by the sharper and quicker barks of the setters and pointers. Within ten seconds, lights flashed from the piazzas, and within ten more, every dog and "nigger" on the place was in the lane, barking and shouting their welcome, according to their species. It was a superb moonlight night, and as we pulled up the hill, the white farm-house, surrounded by the darkey cabins and the big stock



WAITING FOR THE BIRDS TO FLUSH.

barns, stood out clearly and distinctly in the soft, silvery light that fell upon them and the surrounding fields and distant woodlands. Before we had covered half the distance to the house half a dozen well-bred English and Irish setters, and half as many pointers, lead by old Don, were gambolling about the wagon, while a score of dusky farm-hands were trying to talk to the Captain upon as many different subjects.

"Why didn't yo' tell us yo' was comin', Mars Yates? We'd a druv down to meet yo'," called old Jackson, the oldest "boy" on the place. Then catching sight of me, he raised his voice with "Fo' gracious, if dah ain't Mars Gwadge! Now we will have great times. More quail down heah, Mars Gwadge, den I eber see."

Just then several of the "boys," all anxious to do honor to the Captain, reached for the smaller pieces of baggage in the wagon, and the Captain almost had a fit when two of them grabbed his big valise and began a determined struggle for its possession. The long whip descended sharply over their shoulders, and the Captain yelled, "Consarn your black pictures, if you lay hands on that grip again, I'll whitewash ye, d'ye hear me?" The "boys" rubbed their shoulders and grinned, and then with a "Yaw, yaw, Mars Yates, he must have sumfin powahful fine in yondah," they scampered off ahead of us.

Miss Fannie and Aunt Polly were on the piazza as we finally drew up at the step, the former no longer a slip of a girl, as I remembered her, but a tall, graceful young woman with that action and energy in every movement that plainly characterized her a sportsman's daughter. Our welcome was one in every way typical of Missouri—warm, hospitable and unreserved. A hearty handshake of greeting and recognition from Miss Fannie was followed by a declaration from Aunt Polly—

"Deed, Mars Yates, I'se powahful glad to see you;" and, dropping me a courtesy—"Mars Gwadge, yo' servant, sah. Has you all had suppah?" Her face lengthened when we told her that we had supped at Tipton, for if there was anything in the world that Aunt Polly was proud of, it was her cooking. "Ain't yo' gwine to have jus' a little bit o' chicken or sumfin o' that kind?" she insisted.

"No, Aunt Polly," I laughed, "but we can eat a whole lot of it in the morning, and don't you forget to serve it."

I felt like a boy out of school upon getting back to the old place, so full of cheer and welcome, and so sure to afford me, before my stay was finished, all the sport I wanted, and of a kind that I liked better than any other. The Captain had his trunk brought into the big hall and, as was his custom when coming home after an absence longer than usual, he pulled forth a present for every servant on the place. To my surprise he did not touch the big valise, but instead, handed Miss Fannie a small package bearing the name and trade mark of a big St. Louis jewelry house. After the distribution, and the departure of the servants, all chattering with delight and showing to each other as they went their respective gifts, we seated ourselves in front of the big log fire for a pull at our pipes. Miss Fannie remained to tell us how many bebies of quail there were in this patch and that, until she left me so eager to be out among them that I did not want to go to bed at all. We finally turned in, however, and it seemed to me that I had scarcely touched the pillow, when the Captain opened my door and shouted: "Come, come, young man; time to get up! We don't lay abed all day here."

I looked at my watch and saw that it was just half-past four, while a glance through the window showed that the stars were still shining. By the time I was dressed, however, the

gray dawn of morning had begun to show in the east, and I made my way to the Captain's room. There upon the couch lay the big valise, and, for the first time, I understood the cause of all the tender care he had bestowed upon it. As I entered, the Captain was just removing its contents, and these consisted of one shirt, two pairs of socks, a bottle of bitters, some lemons and two big demijohns. As he laid them carefully upon the table, he remarked, "I always want a little toddy in the morning to keep out the chill. Fannie don't like to have such things around, but I *do*. Mix your own drink." I did, and after drinking good luck to the day's sport, went downstairs with the Captain to the big hall, where we had unpacked our guns the night before.

"I got you up a little early," said the Captain, "as I thought there might be a good chance to bag a brace of duck at the pond. I can't go with you, as I want to put in my time before breakfast in looking over the stock, but sail in yourself and try your luck. You're likely to get something. Mind one thing, though: don't shoot any quail near the house or in my young orchard; they're Fannie's pets." I promised, and shoving some shells into my pocket, stepped out upon the piazza into the cool air of a November morning. The rolling fields, now in stubble, stretched away in front of me for half a mile before they ended in the woodlands at the top of the hills upon each side of the valley, with here and there a clump of saplings and alders along the creek, that offered ideal feeding grounds for woodcock. Just in front of me upon the slope was the young orchard, and after watching the Captain disappear among the barns, I climbed the fence and started through the big grove of young apple trees. Before I had gone fifty yards, a big bevy of fat quail arose from a bunch of grass and settled not more than seventy-five feet distant. "Some of Miss

Fannie's pets," I soliloquized; but just the same my fingers itched to pull the trigger as I threw my gun up and followed them with the sight. I approached the pond cautiously, but saw no sign of duck, so, lighting my pipe, I took a seat on the fence and waited. Within five minutes, a pair of mallards came over, but so high up that it looked like wasting powder to try for them. I had a new gun with me, however, and wanted to see what it was made of, so I pulled on them, and was both surprised and delighted with my gun, upon seeing one of them drop, killed clean. This ended my duck shooting, however, as nothing more showed up, so picking up my bird, I started for the house and breakfast. On the way, I flushed the same bevy of quail, and watched them disappear among the trees with sincere regret that the Captain had not forgotten to warn me.

Fannie's bright eyes, red cheeks and trim figure, and Aunt Polly's hoe cakes and fried chicken were the things that I enjoyed most at the breakfast table, although there were other good things in the way of Aunt Polly's creations, and the Captain's stories of his morning's experience among the "boys" and cattle, which he had found in prime condition, all of them. "But, George," said he, "I am consarned sorry to tell you that I can't do any quail shooting to-day. The 'boys' have been 'soldiering' since I've been away, and I've got to get out among 'em and get things started. Fannie will go with you, though, and show you where the birds are, and maybe she can help you fill your bag—eh, Fannie?"

Fannie said she would be delighted, if I would promise not to make fun of her shooting. I agreed, and she darted upstairs to change her morning wrapper for a short-skirted shooting costume that fitted her trim figure to perfection. A pretty alpine hat, a pair of high-laced hunting boots, a combination game bag and cartridge

pouch that swung from her shoulder, and a sixteen-gauge English gun, completed as neat a make-up as it was possible, from a sportsman's standpoint, for a pretty woman to adopt.

"Rastus," she said to the "house boy," "go to the kennels and get Van and Bopeep for me; quick, now!" and Rastus, with a sidelong glance of unconcealed admiration at his young mistress, flew out of the hall to obey. A few moments later, an English setter (Bopeep) and a big-boned, rakish-looking pointer (Van) bounded upon the piazza and into the hall, charging instantly at a word from Miss Fannie. "Now, Mr. George," said she, "if you are ready, I am;" and as we stepped through the doorway, she pointed to a stubble field well down the valley, and said, "I guess we'll take that buckwheat field first. There is a fine bevy there most of the time, and if we don't run across them there, I know where to look for them." Into the orchard we went, and had not gone half way through it when the dogs came to a beautiful point beside a little hillock, well grown with tall grass. "Don't shoot," said Fannie; "that's a bevy that were made orphans last Summer. A stupid puppy killed the old bird as she scuttled off from her nest one day. I raised the young ones by hand, and have since seen that they don't go hungry. They won't fly far." And they did not. As we came up, a few of the birds flushed, and the balance ran away among the trees. The dogs were then called to heel and we continued on our way.

I learned before we got through the day that Fannie could shoot, and shoot well, but her shooting was no such accomplishment, to me, as was her fence climbing. The ease and grace, yet utter lack of manishness, displayed by this pretty Missouri girl in taking the dozen or more fences that we were compelled to climb during the day, was something well worth coming out West to see. It

mattered not whether it was a board, a rail, or a wire fence; she got over or through it, as the conditions suggested, without ever once displaying the full length of her russet boot top. I attempted to help her over the first fence, when she looked at me in surprise, smiled, and the next instant was laughing at me from the other side of the rails. "I don't mind them a bit," she explained, "for I've climbed them all ever since I could remember," and after that I made it a point to find fences for her to climb instead of avoiding them.

Over the fence at the buckwheat patch we went, and within forty yards of it, Bopeep stopped on a stiff point, beautifully backed by Van. "You take the first shot, Miss Fannie," said I, "and when they rise I will take my chance."

"Take care of yourself, Mr. George," she answered, "don't bother about me;" and then, as the birds rose, she cut down one with each barrel, leaving me so surprised that I forgot all about the gun in my hands and the bunch of fat birds that were darting away over the stubble. Without a word, however, the girl broke into a run to retrieve the birds, as Van had a habit, as she afterwards told me, of mouthing a bird when he got the chance. "That is not his only bad habit," explained Miss Fannie, "as you will doubtless learn before the day is over, but, for some reason, Bopeep will not work with any other dog in the place, and it would not seem to me like shooting, to shoot over any other dog."

Why, I could readily understand, for a better bred and a more capable dog I never saw in the field than this same Bopeep.

After complimenting Miss Fannie on her shooting, we went on to where she had marked down the birds. This time I made up my mind not to wait for her to shoot. I got two birds, and, as before, Miss Fannie pulled down one with each barrel, and in a style that made me realize

just what grade of shooter I was up against. I knew that to go back to the house as "low gun" against his daughter's high, would mean everlasting disgrace in the Captain's eyes, so I mentally determined to take a brace in my shooting and attend strictly to business henceforth. We picked up a few birds scattered along the fence, in which I had a shade the best of it. That is, I got more chances only, for my host's daughter missed nothing that she succeeded in covering. Finally Van found a bevy, out of which we got but one bird, which fell to my right barrel, Miss Fannie not shooting. At the creek, which ran through the farm, I was favored with a performance by Van which, despite what his mistress had told me, was a surprise. He stopped on a stiff point, and when we came up, expecting to find a bevy of birds, out came a rabbit, and Van started after it for all he was worth. I hurried after the dog, shouting to him to stop, until both my breath and my legs gave out. My hunting partner leaned against the fence and held her sides with laughter, and upon my upbraiding the dog for not minding, she laughed the harder. "Why," she said, "don't you know he is deaf as a post? Just let him alone, and when he gets tired, he will come back to us." Sure enough, within a few moments, the dog showed up. Bopeep stood by, looking the shame she evidently felt for her companion's unsportsmanlike conduct, but Van seemed to think he had done something to be proud of, and howled lustily at the thrashing he received for his misconduct.

A little further on Van made amends by taking a beautiful stand upon a big covey. Miss Fannie was ahead of me and brought me to my senses by calling me up for a shot. The dogs were pictures to look upon, and if I ever wanted a camera, I wanted it then, with Van and Bopeep posing like statues, and the birds running around in the grass,

in plain sight and as though panic-stricken. On the rise, we both killed with our first barrels. I missed with my second and had my "eye wiped" promptly by my host's daughter. To make matters worse, the Captain came up at this moment, and gave me the laugh at being outshot by a woman. "But come," said he, "dinner is ready, and Aunt Polly don't like her dinner to be kept waiting."

Upon reaching the house we counted twenty-eight birds, out of which I had killed sixteen, a lead of four birds, but as I had used the greater number of shells, we voted the score a tie. We then sat down to dinner, and—Oh, my, what a dinner it was! Morgan County is a long way from New York, but I would take the trip any time for just one of Aunt Polly's dinners. The roast chicken, tender and done to a turn; the big yellow yams, boiled and then roasted until crusted with a rich brown; the hoe cake and deliciously-flavored creamery butter; her salads, her apple dumplings, and her rum omelets and coffee. There is nothing like them in New York or anywhere else that I have ever been. So much did I eat that I was content, upon rising from the table, to drop into the Captain's big easy chair in the hallway, and as I sat there, pulling away at my pipe, and chatting with Miss Fannie, in rushed one of the farm hands. He was all out of breath, and, pulling off the piece of a hat that only partly covered his woolly head, he exclaimed:

"Miss Fannie, we's done got a big fat squh up a tree down yondah, an' I reckon if yo' come quick yo' ken shoot 'im."

Here was something to settle dinner anyway. The Captain always kept two or three ponies saddled and bridled at the hitching posts near the house for the use of anyone who might want them, and there was a rush for them by Miss Fannie and myself. All of us picked up our

guns as we ran, for we had agreed that at any time during my stay, the one who got there first should bag the game if they could. It was a race to "down yondah," but we both arrived at the same time, to find five or six darkies around a big oak tree looking for the "squhl." "Dah he," said one of them; "look at that fat scamp layin' alongside the lim'." I fired where he had pointed, and then Fannie's sixteen-gauge cracked and down came the squirrel. I had fired at a bunch of leaves, and the squirrel, startled by the noise, had sprung from another part of the tree in clean range of my partner's gun. The darkies were delighted. "Can't no man come from Saint Looey down heah," bawled old Jackson, "and beat ouah Miss Fannie shootin', deed they can't;" and the balance of the crowd endorsed his assertion in words that suited them best. Fannie picked up the squirrel and laughingly assured me, as we went back to the house, that I would find a chance to get even.

Half an hour later, as I was dozing alone in the big chair, Van came in, and sticking his cold nose under my hand, looked up at me as if to say, "Come on, Master George, I didn't behave well this morning, but if you'll come with me now, I'll treat you right." I patted his silky head, and took my gun from the corner, upon which Van danced for very joy. Bopeep joined us outside, and leaving the house from a different direction from that we had taken in the morning, I climbed the fence, and, a few yards beyond, Van came to a stiff point. The bevy flushed and I got two, and on advancing to the mark down, and I got two more. What were left of the birds disappeared over the hilltop, but Van found another lot, and I dropped a fat bird. Thus I continued through the afternoon, the dogs working in grand style, and the shooting being among the best I have ever enjoyed. Finally, however, the sun began to

get low, and I started for the house, with quail enough to give everybody on the farm a feast. Fannie congratulated me, and said that now I was too far ahead of her to feel uneasy, even a little bit. "That's all right, Miss Fannie," said I, "but I knew that the only way to avoid uneasiness was to steal a march on you, just as I have done."

My early rising hour of that day, and the long tramp that had followed it, resulted in my sleeping like a top, when, by 9:30 p. m., the Captain had ordered us to bed. How long I should have slumbered the next morning I can only guess, for just at daylight I was awakened by a series of yells and shrieks that reminded me of pig-killing time on the old farm at home in Jersey. I jumped into my clothes in fire-alarm haste, and ran down stairs. Several darkies were running down the road ahead of me toward the creek, in the direction from which the cries came. Almost at the same moment the Captain joined me, pulling on his coat as he ran.

"What in thunder do you s'pose is the matter?" he gasped.

"Blamed if I know," I gasped in return, "but we'll find out in a minute."

Arriving at the creek, the cause of the trouble revealed itself. Aunt Polly was accustomed each night to ride from the farmhouse to her cabin, distant about a quarter of a mile, and to return in the morning at daybreak. Her mount on these journeys was a little, undersized, spavined mule, which she had ridden for years, despite the disparity in size and weight, as compared with Aunt Polly's ample physical development. On the morning in question, the mule had stumbled when crossing the ford, and there sat Aunt Polly in the middle of the creek! The water was not over two feet deep, but as she sat on the creek bed, her body was submerged to a point above her waist, and nothing could convince

her that she was not drowning. It was her frantic yells for help that had aroused the farm, but when we arrived upon the scene, the picture of the old negress in the water, and the poor little mule standing upon the bank, his spavined knees knocking together in fright, and his big ears cocked forward as though wondering what it was all about, was too much for the Captain and myself, and we roared with laughter.



J. G. Knevels.

AUNT POLLY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CREEK.

As we laughed, Aunt Polly's terror gave way to rage. She scrambled to her feet and started for us with blood in her eye. Clutching the mule's bridle, she stood for a moment speechless with anger, but finally finding her voice, she burst forth with, "Ain't yo' shame yo'sef, yo' low-down white trash, to stan' dah an' hollar an' laugh, and bust yo' sides at a pooh old niggah drowning! S'pose I *had* a-drown? Wha' yo' got yo'

brekfus'? I done tell Miss Fannie 'bout dis—dat I will." Then, seizing a dead branch from the ground, she started in upon the old mule in a style that made him act like a two-year-old for the next sixty seconds. "Yo' onery low-down critter, yo'" —thwack—"I'll teach yo'" —thwack—"to buck me off"—thwack—"in the middle of de crick"—thwack—"Fo' gawd, you fool me—well, I'se gwine to beat yo' to deff," and she

probably would have done as she threatened had not the mule, rearing backward under the sting of chastisement, yanked old Polly over upon her stomach in the middle of the road, and disappeared himself among the bushes.

We laughed the harder as the old negress picked herself up, and with a contemptuous glance at us, waddled up the road, talking to herself as she went. The breakfast was certainly not up to the standard that morning, but the gift of a brand-new briarwood pipe with silver trimmings, and a bag of tobacco, found in a corner of my trunk, put the old lady in good humor again by noon.

After breakfast, and just as I was about to start for the buckwheat field, Billy Robinson, a neighboring farmer, rode up on his mule. He said he had a new dog he wanted to try that day, and promised me some good shooting if I would go along. I mounted a pony, and started down the road with Billy, followed by Van. The new dog was indeed a beauty, a slashing English setter, and, as I afterwards found, a perfect dog in the field.

"How about his pedigree, Billy?" I asked, at which my companion laughed.

"I reckon he ain't got any pedigree," said he, "leastways, as far as I'm consarned, for I bought him at the dog pound in Kansas City for three dollars."

A new method of getting a dog cheap, I reflected, for the dog would have been a bargain at \$100, or even twice that, provided his breeding was right. His first stand upon a bevy of birds won my admiration and I wanted to buy him, but Billy would not sell. We had plenty of shooting that afternoon. On one occasion, as the birds flushed, Billy called, "Don't shoot, they are too small," and sure enough, I saw that the birds were but little larger than sparrows. Billy then explained to me that the quail down that way raise two and sometimes three broods a year, adding, that in the Summer he had often found a brood of young birds while the old ones were sitting on a nest of eggs. Going on a short distance we flushed a bunch in the meadow and they settled near a hedge fence. Billy went along one side with the setter, while I took the other with Van, and we had a pretty bit of shooting. There were certainly not enough left in that covey for seed when we got through with them. Then followed quite a tramp before we found any more birds, the only interesting feature being Van's efforts to catch rabbits, and my trying to break him of the habit. Finally, reaching Billy's house, we ate a hurried dinner and washed it down with hard cider—so hard as to be almost as lively and heady as champagne itself; after which I mounted the hurricane deck of my pony and, accompanied by Van, started for home, dismounting whenever I reached what seemed to be a likely field. Van worked well, flushing bevy after bevy, and I got quite a few birds for my efforts.

The next day and the next and the next, to the end of my stay, were


all put in to advantage, and each was productive of some of the best shooting I have met with anywhere. The quail were large, and were strong flyers; there were plenty of them, and, although I had occasion but two or three times to shoot beyond the limits of my host's farm, I found the farmers, with one exception, obliging and hospitable, whenever I got into their premises. The exception was that of a cross-grained fellow, who told me that as he could trap the birds in the Winter and get seventy-five cents a dozen for them at St. Louis, he did not propose to have me shoot them. I read him a lecture upon the unsportsmanlike conduct of netting game birds, but my arguments fell upon unprincipled ears, and I left him with his prospective victims.

As my stay drew to a close, we planned an all-day shoot for the Captain, Miss Fannie and myself, and it was the best of my visit, not only for the number of birds flushed and bagged, but for the number of good shots recorded by Miss Fannie and myself, and for excellent work done by both Van and Bopeep, whom we always shot over when the Captain's daughter was with me. But one rainy day occurred during my visit and that I enjoyed as well as any of the rest, in shooting craps with the darkies and listening to their banjo music and plantation choruses.

All things must have their ending, however, and one afternoon I shook hands with Miss Fannie, and mounted the wagon seat beside the Captain. As old Jackson gathered up the reins for our departure for the station, Aunt Polly, her ebony face in a broad smile and her white teeth showing, called from the kitchen door, "Good-bye, Mars Gwadge. Glad to see yo' nex' time, ef yo' did bus' yo' sides laughin' when dat pesky mewell bucked me in de crick."

THE BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP OF '96.

By John B. Foster.

 EACH passing season of baseball brings its own story and makes its own history. For the most part, the years record great athletic achievements, concerning which we like to dwell upon as we grow older, and recount the brilliant plays, the exciting incidents and the almost melodramatic features attendant upon the annual struggle for the national championship. There are seasons, however, which stand aloof from all others, either because of extraordinary features, or because some underlying principle of the sport is more firmly established. Such seasons were those of 1890, 1891 and 1896.

The baseball season of 1896 was successful, both financially and from a playing standpoint, and the attendance at the games was large. It was not so large, however, as it was during the previous year. This may be attributed to a number of reasons: First. It may safely be stated that baseball, like all other sports, like the theatres—in fact, like all amusements—lacks patronage during a heated political campaign. The uneasiness that is felt in the business world, when a change of administration is threatened, extends particularly to the world of amusements. While it might seem that men would seek some passing enjoyment to distract their attention temporarily from more serious thoughts, it has been the experience of our caterers to pleasure, that quite the opposite is the case. Another very excellent reason for the falling off in attendance was the decidedly poor quality of baseball that was prevalent in many of the larger cities of the National League circuit. In Baltimore, however, indifferent playing

cannot be offered as a reason for small attendance, so much as political agitation and the depressed condition of business.

Has baseball deteriorated in 1896? Has the national pastime been an improvement in 1896 over other years? Or, has it been on a par with other seasons, growing neither better nor worse? It has already been stated in this article that the season of 1896 was a success, both financially and from a playing standpoint, and, at the first glance, it might appear that there was something conflicting in asking the foregoing questions, but such is not the case. A Summer's sport could possess both of these important features, and still suffer by comparison with other seasons. The real issue, to those who are interested in baseball as the national pastime (and that includes, I dare not say how many thousands of people), is whether the quality of the sport has been maintained or improved in such a way as to lead to its perpetuity. In my judgment, the managers and directors of the game have some reason to feel gratified at a slight improvement, and I make that statement on the theory, that out of evil groweth good, for certain emergencies arose during the season that must eventually be of excellent benefit to professional baseball.

In the first place we should consider some of the incidents which occurred that do not relate absolutely to the play upon the field. It was these incidents which served to make the season memorable.

The first was the differences that arose between Amos Rusie, the pitcher of the New York club, and probably the greatest pitcher of his time, and the president of the club, Mr. Andrew Freedman. When Mr. Rusie was tendered a new contract

for the season of 1896, it was at a reduced salary. He refused to sign it, not only because he thought the salary was too small, but because the New York management had imposed a fine upon him during the season of 1895 that he thought was unjust. He further contended that the New York management had agreed to remit the alleged unjust fine, but refused to do so when called upon by him to agree to the promise that he affirmed had been made.

This case was deemed of sufficient

importance to be considered by the board of directors of the National League. A special meeting was held at Pittsburg, and the testimony of both sides was submitted to the board. Charges of gross misbehavior were made by the New York management against Rusie, and it was stated in the public prints that the New York club held that the fine in question was but a collective sum which had been imposed upon Mr. Rusie

at various times for his misdoings. Mr. Rusie's attorney argued that the New York club had not fined the plaintiff in compliance with the well-known rules of the organization, and, further, that the club had agreed to remit the fines, and had subsequently refused to do so. The result of the meeting was a verdict for the New York club. In the meantime, Mr. Rusie had not played in one game with the club during the season. He refused absolutely to sign a contract,

and contented himself with remaining idle all Summer at his home in Indianapolis.

No question exists that the result of this year of enforced idleness will be litigation by Mr. Rusie against the New York club. There is possible danger to the National League in such a course. None know better than the shrewdest of the National League managers, that a great many of their rules and regulations, their forms and observances, cannot stand in a court of equity. It is maintained

that these rules and forms are necessary to protect the organization, both from its players and from its own members. From a baseball standpoint alone, no doubt such is the case, but when baseball matters are brought before a court of justice, the national game and its managers cannot stand on any question of special rights and privileges. We are all equal before the law. By the peculiar and necessary enforcement of



PITCHER AMOS P. RUSIE.

what is known as the reserve rule, in reality a "you let me alone and I'll let you alone" rule which prevents competition for players claimed by certain clubs, no club in the League has been permitted to solicit Mr. Rusie's services, in spite of the fact that New York would not take him except on the terms proposed by the president of the New York club. On the other hand, it is a well-known fact that not a club in the League would have hesitated to

jump at an opportunity to place Mr. Rusie on its pay roll, were it not for the agreement that prevented it from so doing. Herein lies the strength of the player's case. He can easily prove that he makes his livelihood by baseball, and that his salary has been such, and in all probability would be such, as to afford him many of the comforts of life from which he has been deprived by this organized conspiracy against labor—it practically amounts to nothing more. None of the National League managers will attempt to deny it, but assert that they cannot hold their organization in any other way.

A still greater conspiracy may be proved, for it may be maintained, if necessary, in a court of justice, that not only was it impossible for Mr. Rusie to secure employment in the National League because he could not agree with the management of a particular club, but that this restriction applied to every organized baseball league in the United States that was under the jurisdiction of the national board. In these days when the rights of labor have received extended recognition in the laws of the land, it is dangerous for a baseball organization to trifle with them. The more conservative owners of the clubs are aware of this fact, and have openly expressed their annoyance that the issue has been brought to such a limit. They feel that it would have been better for all concerned if some disposition had been shown to make concessions. Probably it will not be disputed that a club management has power to discipline its players, but the assumption that any club has the right to carry discipline to such an extent that the player is prevented from earning a livelihood, will everywhere be most strenuously combated.

So far as popular opinion is concerned, great sympathy has been expressed for Mr. Rusie in this celebrated case, as the excellent baseball players always have been and always

will be, of much interest to the public. It is a feature that adds to the popularity of the sport. Just at the close of the season, a former employee of the New York baseball club came forward with the statement that he knew the nature of the fine imposed upon Mr. Rusie, and his statement substantiated, to some extent, the contention made by the player. It has been asserted somewhat vaguely that this will result in the case being reopened by the National League. The moral of the case seems to be that our National League managers will have to make their contractual obligations more reciprocal, and not claim exclusive right in the document that binds the services of a player to any particular club organization. So much for one incident of the season.

Another matter that occupied the entire attention of the League and most of the baseball public during the season, was the fining of Oliver Tebeau, manager and captain of the Cleveland baseball club, by the National League board of directors, his refusal to pay the fine on the ground that it was unjust, his appeal to the courts of Ohio, and his ultimate victory. He was supported in this claim and appeal by President Frank DeH. Robinson of the Cleveland club, and I believe that this is the only instance on record where a player and a club president have defied the national organization and won a signal victory. Oliver Tebeau is one of the new generation of baseball managers. He plays what is known, in the vernacular of the day, as "scrappy" baseball, and he instructs his players, those of whom need such instruction, to do the same thing. "Scrappy" baseball means the injection of a great deal of life into the game. It appeals to that portion of our public who delight in noise, vigor, repartee not always dignified, caustic criticism on the field, and abandonment to the sole task of winning at any cost. It readily unbal-

ances the spectators and makes of them rabid partisans. It produces about the same effect upon a baseball player who is less phlegmatic than his fellows, and there is no trick known to the game that he will not attempt in order to win. Carried to excess, "scrappy" baseball is rowdy baseball, and, barring one, in my opinion there is not a team in the National League that, at some time, has not been an offender in this respect. I except the Philadelphias. The cause for this condition of affairs may be attributed to the present method of coaching which is tolerated by the National League upon the ball field, of which mention will be made later.

For some time the Cleveland team has been singled out as being too aggressive. The players, maintaining that they are no greater offenders than others, resent this criticism and feel that they are the victims of persecution. From many personal conversations, with both the captain and the men, these facts have been gleaned. The result has been that at times both captain and players, feeling that they were defending their rights against what they considered united determination to make them responsible for all the sins of the League, have gone to extremes they would not justify themselves, were it not for the peculiar conditions under which they have been striving.

The first trouble arose at Cleveland,

where, in a game, Umpire Thomas Lynch lost his temper at some remark of Captain Tebeau, and, throwing his mask and protector aside, refused to continue longer on the field. It is also alleged that he offered to bring the issue to a finish by the usual methods of the prize ring. The testimony regarding this incident is conflicting. Each man is confident that he was in the right. Both from letters and personal testimony of disinterested spectators, one of whom is a member of the National League

body, it seems that both men were wrong, paradoxical as the statement may appear. This occurrence was reported to the head of the National League by Umpire Lynch, and it was announced in connection with it, that he had refused absolutely to umpire in any more games in which the Cleveland club participated.

The next incident of any serious nature occurred at Louisville. Here, from the testimony of

Louisville witnesses, the Cleveland club was robbed of a game by the incompetence of an umpire. It is nonsensical always to excuse the umpire. All who know anything about baseball are well aware of the fact that some of the umpires make miserable blunders, like the remainder of humanity. At that particular time the Cleveland club was well to the front in the League race. The players, infuriated, closed about the umpire, and in the disturbance that



CAPTAIN OLIVER TEBEAU.

ensued, some intemperate language was used by both Cleveland and Louisville players. No excuse can be offered for either team. On the following day President Stucky of the Louisville club caused the arrest of the Cleveland players for disorderly conduct. They were brought into court, where their cases were continued, to permit them to fill other engagements on the baseball schedule. The cases are still pending at the time of writing this article.

Before going further, I desire to be put on record as saying that President Stucky made the most egregious blunder ever made by a National League magnate. Not that the Cleveland club may not have deserved discipline, but it was not his place to bestow it. He cast a stigma over the entire organization by showing, from his standpoint at least, that he did not believe this great combination of baseball teams equal to the emergency of controlling its

own players—a manifest absurdity. Furthermore, he established a precedent which, if followed and resorted to by every League magnate, would result in a system of petty persecution utterly at variance with every principle of true sport. His action has been most bitterly criticised even by his own confreres.

These incidents took place in rapid succession. The board of directors of the National League at the same meeting at which they heard the

testimony regarding Mr. Rusie, decided to fine Mr. Tebeau \$200 for unbecoming conduct on the ball field. The judgment was so announced with the further proviso that, if the fine was not paid at a certain time, the Cleveland captain would stand suspended, and all games in which he participated would be thrown out when the championship standing was computed by the president of the organization. This fine bitterly enraged President Frank De H. Robin-

son of the Cleveland baseball club, and an injunction was secured preventing the National League clubs from refusing to play with the Cleveland team, and restraining the organization from collecting the fine. In spite of any rules or by-laws, the other National League clubs could only go ahead and play ball with the Cleveland club during the remainder of the season. It was a signal and an unparalleled victory, both for the club and player.



"JOE" CORBETT,
One of the Champions' clever young pitchers.

If, from this instance, the National League shall have learned that it cannot deal arbitrarily with its players, the lesson will have availed something. In matters of club discipline it is seldom that the public takes sides with the players. People know them to be well paid for their services, and feel that they should do their best in return. At the same time, so many instances have occurred where a player has been fined for the most trivial things, that it looks to the

public more as though it were petty persecution, than actual regard for the welfare of the organization. It is not right that a man should be deprived unjustly of his salary and without a hearing. The only place of resort is the court of justice, and in the very first instance wherein a player resorted to this court, he won a victory.

In connection with the fining of Mr. Tebeau, however much the board of directors may have felt that

impression upon the public at large. The moral of this incident, therefore, should be for the National League not to impose fines in the middle of the season, except for dishonesty, and at no time to take such action without giving the alleged offender the right to state his case.

It was early developed that the Baltimore club would win the pennant for the third time in succession, unless the Cleavelands should prove strong enough to take it away from



THE BALTIMORES, LEAGUE CHAMPIONS OF '96.

it was deserved, the time chosen was most inopportune. The Cleveland club was making a vigorous and determined fight for the lead in the championship race. The imposing of a fine upon their captain by the board of directors fell upon them as a wet blanket. It served to intensify the feeling already existing in the team that they were victims of petty persecution. The fine, at that particular time, also created a bad

them. After the Louisville incident and the fine previously commented upon, those who had followed baseball closely for years were convinced beyond any question that Baltimore would win, barring that one unforeseen calamity that may ruin the chances of the best baseball team in the world—accidents to players. True, the Cincinnati made a magnificent showing during the season up to the last month, but sooner or

later, the Cincinnati bubble was bound to be pricked, for there was elemental weakness in the team.

No baseball critic can too highly compliment the Baltimore baseball players, their president and the other officers of the organization. In the history of our national sport there never has been a baseball team (and I make this comment with all due respect for the memories of the past) which played a more intelligent game of baseball than the Baltimores.

The championships won by the New York team, by the old Chicagos, by the Bostons and by the Detroits, were due to the greater batting strength of the players, while the Baltimores combine in a marvellous degree, the four great requisites of a successful baseball team. They bat well and scientifically; they are excellent fielders; they are collectively the best throwers in the League, and they are splendid runners. A peculiar feature of the Baltimores is that they are without what the baseball world has come to look upon as a "star" pitcher. They have good pitchers, but none of them are of the phenomenal nature who win games almost without the aid of the other members of the team.

The Clevelands, having won the Temple cup in 1895 from the Baltimores, it was agreed among the best baseball critics that the fight for the pennant must lie this season between the Baltimores and their energetic Western rivals. Cleveland made a

very bad start, some of the men, as usual, not rounding to as well as was hoped for. By degrees, however, the Westerners picked up, and, at the time that the fining incident took place, looked like lively competitors for the championship. From the time that Captain Tebeau was made the target of the League's discipline, however, the Clevelands seemed to have bad luck. Two of the best players on the team, McAleer and O'Connor, were injured at the same time, and I have no doubt that games were lost which could be at-

tributed to their absence. Then, too, there was the disheartened feeling that had overcome everybody because the captain of the team had been censured.

By all odds the most surprising feature of this season was the admirable work of the Cincinnati team. Not one baseball critic in the country, and as a general rule these gentlemen are sufficiently well posted to make good forecasts of the re-

sult, expressed himself as believing that Cincinnati could do better than lead what is known as the second division of the twelve-club league. To their great astonishment, and, I fancy, somewhat to the astonishment of the Cincinnati players, they were active competitors at one of the most exciting stages of the race for first place. Two reasons must be attributed as having a great influence on this result. One is the generalship of Captain Ewing, who has always been a good leader of baseball



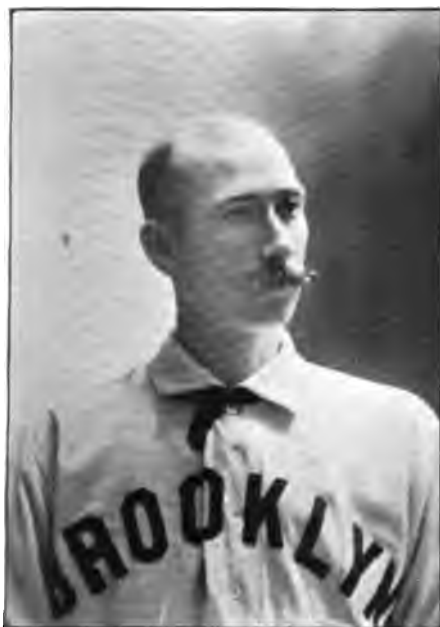
JESSE F. BURKETT,
League Champion Batter of '96.

players; and the other the introduction of some "young blood" into the team.

Both the Philadelphia and Boston baseball teams must be looked upon as great disappointments. The former organization appears to have suffered from that bane of all baseball teams, dissension in its ranks, and the Bostons were the victims of innumerable accidents to players that

whose example is worth copying by every young player who enters upon a season of professional playing. If there is a hero in baseball, will any one affirm that he is not Anson?

The struggle for batting supremacy upon the part of individual players was keen and exciting. Unofficial figures declare that Burkett, of the Cleveland team, led the League in



H. F. PAYNE.



F. A. JONES.

TWO OF BROOKLYN'S SUCCESSFUL "COLTS" OF THIS SEASON.

ruined all the hopes of the management.

The Chicagos played neither better nor worse than was expected of them. They did not finish quite as high in the race as Captain Anson expected, but the veteran has no cause to feel any great disappointment over the outcome. Of him it must be said that there is only one Anson. He gives the best of his energy and talent to the game, and he finishes every season with honor and credit. He is the Nestor of baseball, a man whose career on the field is admirable, and

1896, as he did in 1895. This is not astonishing, for he is one of the most scientific batters that ever played professional baseball. His triumph is one of intelligence and not of strength. He is not a batter who strives for long hits, but his aim is to place the ball away from the fielders. He was crowded hard, however, by Jennings and Keeler, both members of the Baltimore team. Strange to say, all three of these players are of slender build compared with some of the Trojans that have carried off the batting honors in the past, and

their success goes to show that it is not necessarily the strongest player who need have the best batting average.

The National League is divided on the issue of coaching upon the field. It is maintained by some that it is a necessary adjunct to the game, that it keeps up the spirits of the crowd and players and that without it, baseball would be too funereal to be popular. On the other hand, we are met by the argument that the present methods of coaching result in loud, boisterous and vulgar language on the part of both players and spectators, and that the better element of patrons have been driven from the grounds for that reason. It seems to me that baseball is in need of a reform in regard to this matter. The games were better attended in 1889, when the scenes upon the field were more dignified than they are at present. It is within the memory of all who are cognizant of baseball matters, that a striking distinction between the two great organizations that existed in that year, was in the deportment of the players on the field. At that time a National League player would have considered it beneath his dignity to resort to the petty tricks and absolutely unnecessary howling that exist at present. There are occasions when a baseball game represents better a scene in Bedlam than an exhibition of a national pastime. Unquestionably, if some players are given an inch they will take an ell in the matter of license. Just as long as the League permits the present style of coaching, these faults will come to the surface. These players can be suppressed in one way only, and that by putting an end to all this unseemly conduct. Abolish coaching, and the result is achieved. No harm exists in the captain, or the assistant captain of the team, standing on the lines and delivering orders to his players, but he can do that in such a way as not to offend the spectators.

Many people are of the opinion that something should be done to improve, in a general way, the staff of umpires. The theory of making successful umpires out of old ball players seems to have been exploded. Where one good man is secured, fifty experiments make trouble by their lax interpretation of the rules, or total ignorance of some of the most technical points of the game.

The development of young players is always an interesting subject to the baseball enthusiast. Many have been tried this season and few have been chosen. Managers everywhere declare that there is a dearth of available young talent. They go out to find Rusies, and they return with wills-o'-the-wisp that float away and are heard of no more. The Baltimore team is practically a team of young blood. True, there are some old timers among them, but very few. Their success has shown what life and spirit can do for the game.

Among the successful young players of the year are Jones, Payne and Daub, of the Brooklyn club; Lush and Demontreville, of Washington; Lajoie, of Philadelphia; Seymour and Doheny, of New York; Miller and Irwin, of Cincinnati; McCreery, of Louisville; Briggs, of Chicago; and McAllister and Gear, of Cleveland.

In summing up this necessarily rather brief review of the season's incidents, the question arises, is baseball as popular with the masses as it was in the past? Looking at all things from what I hope is an impartial standpoint, I should answer the question in the affirmative. This great sport of ours will have its "ups and downs." To be financially successful, the projector of a baseball club must have a team that will win. The purse of such a fortunate person or company will speedily be filled with the half dollars of those who have been brought up from boyhood to admire this energetic and attractive sport.



CASH PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN GOLD is offered by THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE for the best photographs submitted by amateurs. Subjects attractive to sportsmen are preferred, but the general interest of the pictures will be considered, as well as the technical merits of the prints, which will be passed upon by a committee composed of several of the best-known amateur photographers in the country. Their names will be announced in our Christmas Number.

The competition will be separated into four classes, as follows:

CLASS I. *Winter Scenes.* Prizes: Forty dollars in gold for the best photograph; twenty-five dollars in gold for the second best, and ten dollars in gold for the third. In this class are eligible all photographs made out-doors in Winter, and which show the season of the year. Particularly desirable are camp scenes in the Winter woods, views of figure-skating, ice-hockey, curling, snow-shoeing, sleighing, fishing through the ice, and all other photographs of Winter sports with their accompanying frost, snow and ice. Entries for this class will close December 10. The prizes will be announced in our January issue.

CLASS II. *Flash-Light Interiors and Groups.* Prizes: Forty dollars in gold for the best photograph; twenty-five dollars in gold for the second best, and ten dollars in gold for the third. This class is intended to include all negatives made by flash-light or any other form of artificial light. While interiors and picturesque portraits and groups seem most appropriate for this class, its limits are drawn to exclude only photographs made by sun-light—all others are eligible. Entries will close March 1. The prizes will be announced in our April issue.

CLASS III. *Hunting, Fishing and Camping.* Prizes: Forty dollars in gold for the best photograph; twenty-five dollars in gold for the second best, and ten dollars in gold for the third. In this class are wanted pictures of general interest to sportsmen of the rod and gun. Views of hunters or fishermen with the "tools of their trade" in hand; of their camps in the woods; of their favorite haunts; of their game;—in short, any photograph that appeals directly to the hunter, the fisherman or the camper. Entries will close June 1. The prize-winning photographs will appear in our July issue.

CLASS IV. *Competitive Sports.* Prizes: Forty dollars in gold for the best photograph; twenty-five dollars in gold for the second best, and ten dollars in gold for the third. For these prizes, are eligible all photographs taken of sports on the track, in the field or on the water. Instantaneous or time exposures of racing—by men, horses, yachts or bicycles; of field sports in progress—baseball, football, cricket, lawn tennis, golf—all are within the limits of this class. Entries will close September 1, and the prizes will be announced in our October issue.

A few general rules for this competition are necessary: (1) All competitors must be amateur photographers, and must prove their standing, if called upon, before they

receive any prizes awarded to them. (2) Only finished prints (though not necessarily mounted) will be considered;—no negatives, blue prints or untuned proofs should be sent in. (3) Details of subject and exposure (date, place, subject, condition of light and length of exposure) must be furnished in each case, with the full name and address of the photographer. (4) The right to reproduce and print in *THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE* all photographs entered in the competition must go with the prints, and the exclusive copyright on those to which prizes are awarded.

Photographs may be entered in advance for any of the four classes, but it should be distinctly stated if they are intended for any other than the class which closes next. A competitor may enter as many prints in each class as desired, but we cannot undertake to return photographs. No entrance fee will be charged and no other conditions than those stated here must be complied with.

Photographs and communications regarding this competition should be addressed to the "Photographic Editor" of *THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE*, Potter Building, Park Row, New York.

"SNAP SHOTS" FROM A HAND CAMERA.

By Frederick J. Harrison.

THERE is really no such thing as instantaneous photography. The very fastest shutter occupies some time in opening and closing and this time can be accurately measured. An "instantaneous photograph" is understood to be one made with a very short exposure, ranging from the one-fifth of a second to one-two-millionth, the latter being about the exposure given when photographing a rifle bullet. The hand cameras now on the market are well constructed for ordinary instantaneous work, such as street scenes, and it is this class of photography of which I write.

The first element of success is a thorough understanding of the instrument with which the work is to be done. A hand camera consists of three essentials: the box, the lens and the shutter. A full comprehension of the part played by each is necessary to successful work. Let us consider the box first. The most recently introduced patterns of hand cameras are of the folding variety, the object of the manufacturers being to secure maximum compactness and portability. The bed or baseboard of the box is lowered by pressure on a button and the front of the camera proper is pulled out to the scale mark. This front is sometimes fitted with attachments for raising and swinging the front and pushing it from side to side. The back of the camera, sometimes, is also constructed to swing. These improvements, however, are never used while the camera is held in the hand, being of service in special cases, but only when the box is on a tripod. While they are a convenience under some circumstances, they are also a source of trouble, and care must be taken that, when the camera is used in the hand, all are in their normal position, the back and the front of the box being parallel, and the front so placed that the centre of the front-board is opposite the centre of the back of the camera.

Attached to the box is the finder, a little instrument for locating the object to be photographed. To be of real service, this finder should be marked to include exactly the amount of picture shown upon the ground glass. A spirit level is not necessary on a hand camera. Very little experience will result in the ability to hold the camera quite level and a dodging bubble often distracts the attention from more important matters. Finish and general appearance are matters of individual taste. A good leather case, with lock and key, is a useful accessory.

The lens is perhaps the most vital part of the outfit, and this is a point where much confidence has to be reposed in the maker of the instrument. Cameras of reliable make are now fitted with lenses capable of doing all the work that can reasonably be expected. The quality depends, of course, on the price paid, but recent improvements have been made in all departments of camera construction and any of the well-known hand cameras will fulfill most requirements. Poor work, for which the lens is often blamed, is usually due to bad judgment on the part of the photographer and to insufficient care with the apparatus employed. A cold lens on a damp day will become covered with moisture and be useless, while a dirty lens is also robbed of its value. Little details like these considerably affect final results.

As with lenses, so with shutters. The ingenuity of manufacturers has been taxed for the past two or three years and the shutters of to-day are very efficient. Here again the trouble is with the amateur, who generally uses the shutter at the same speed the whole year round, regardless of time, place and subject. For a subject moving with extreme rapidity, an exposure of one-one-hundredth part of a second is necessary; for street scenes and all ordinary work,



A SNAP SHOT AT A FAMOUS HUNTER JUMPING A CREEK.

(From an instantaneous photograph of Mr. Muldoon's horse Pirate).

one-twentieth of a second is ample, while for waves, moving branches and such objects, one-tenth of a second will suffice. Many amateurs seem to think that because the shutter is termed "instantaneous" it should always be worked at highest speed and the results should be uniformly good. While it is true that the dry plate and film of to-day are very rapid, it is also true that ninety-nine per cent. of the instantaneous pictures made are underexposed. It should be made a rule to use always the slowest speed of the shutter that will serve to prevent the blurring of the image of the moving object. Careful observance of this point will greatly increase the probabilities of success.

The best plate for instantaneous work is one of thick coating and as rapid as possible. Having selected a make of plate that is uniform and speedy, the plate holders should be well cleaned and the well-dusted plate inserted. The camera also should be frequently dusted, for every speck of dust on the plate means a white spot in the negative and a black one on the print. The question that next presents itself is the selection of subjects. The camera is only a means to the end—the amateur is the real maker of the photograph. It should be distinctly understood that the subject must be well lighted. Especially is this the case at this time of year, when the only time for "snapshot" work is between eleven and three. Much can be done by a judicious use of the diaphragm or stops with which most lenses are provided. The nearer the sun gets to the horizon, the larger should be the diaphragm and the slower the shutter speed.

The development of plates that have received instantaneous exposure requires considerable care. It must be remembered that the plates used for this class of work are of extreme rapidity and are easily affected even by the red light used in the dark-room. The plates being in all probability underexposed, the object aimed at is to reduce as much as possible the contrast between the lights and shades and to obtain all possible detail in the shadows. When the plate is known to be considerably underexposed, it is well to allow it to soak for a few minutes in a weak solution of sodium carbonate and then proceed to development. A developer containing rather less than the usual amount of the developing agent—pyro, hydroquinone, etc.—should be applied, and detail brought out by the careful addition of more of the sodium carbonate. For successful results, extreme care is necessary, the developer being changed to suit the condition of the plate.

Many thousands of plates are spoiled annually through a misconception of the possibilities of the hand camera, and some of the hints dropped here may save many a failure.

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The Brooklyn Academy of Photography will hold meetings for selection and criticism of prints on November 9 and December 14; lantern-slide evenings on November 16 and December 21; discussion on developers by Messrs. La Manna, Fullerton and Arnold on November 23 and discussion on printing papers by Messrs. Morrison, Goubert and Wintringham on December 23.

NOTES FROM THE DARK-ROOM.

PHOTOGRAPHY during the next few months will be largely confined to indoor exposures and the flash-light will frequently be called into requisition. Really good work can be done in the home at night by a proper manipulation of the flash, and indeed this source of illumination may be used to advantage on dull days as an auxiliary to daylight, as well as a substitute for it. Success depends largely on the observance of a few cardinal points. When making a picture by daylight, it is a rule that, whenever possible, the light shall come from the side. If the sun be directly behind the camera, the picture will be flat and devoid of shadows. The light coming from the right or left gives light and shade, with the appearance of relief and vigor. So it is with flash-light work. The flash must not be fired from a point near the camera, but from the right or left and above, so that the subject may be lighted just as if the picture were being made by daylight.

Many varieties of flash lamps will be found on the market, but the flash cartridge will probably be considered the most convenient for the amateur. The necessity for carrying around and cleaning a more or less cumbersome lamp is dispensed with, a cartridge being taken from a small box, placed upon a coal shovel and ignited. In the most recent form of flash cartridge, the entire cartridge is burnt. This is the most cleanly form of flash-light.

Photographs may be made by the light emitted by the glow-worm. If one of these worms be laid on the glass side of a sensitive plate, in a dark-room of course, and the plate be developed after some time, the image on the negative will be a record of the movements of the worm. By placing several worms in a bottle, sufficient light will be emitted to make prints on bromide paper.

It is surprising that amateurs use bromide paper to such a small extent. Here is a paper on which prints can be made rapidly by either day or night, without much trouble, and involving no more steps than the making of an ordinary print. Further, bromide, or argentic paper, as it is sometimes called, is obtainable in varying thicknesses, and with matt and enameled finish. It certainly is easily manipulated. As the paper is extremely sensitive to light, the package must be opened only in the dark-room, and indeed, it must be treated with the same caution as a dry plate. The first difficulty to arise will probably be to decide which side of the paper is coated. With the enameled papers, this is, of course, quite plain, but with the matt sur-

face, no difference in the two sides of the paper is perceptible in the dark-room. If a sheet be pulled out of the package and laid on the table, however, it will curl up, the coated side being inwards; or the thumb and finger may be moistened and the paper pressed between them, when the sensitive side will adhere. Either of these tests will help the amateur over his first difficulty. Prints can be made with an exposure of about ten seconds, made at a distance of two feet from a gas burner. They must be soaked in water and then developed, washed and fixed in the same manner as a plate.

The general public is invited to the monthly meetings of the Photographers' Section of the American Institute, which are held on the first Tuesday of each month at 113 West 38th Street, New York. New apparatus is shown and described and the lantern-slide exhibition is always interesting. At the October meeting, an automatic projection lantern was shown by Mr. Edmund Hudson. With this lantern the lecturer was able to change the slides by pressure on a button and to thus conduct an exhibition without the aid of an assistant. The slides were attached to a belt driven by clock-work, the latter being released by electricity.

When it is desired to photograph a group or to make a time exposure, the cyclist may use the bicycle as a camera stand and this with greater advantage if a second wheel can be borrowed. A clip with screw for the tripod plate may be purchased for a few cents and with this the camera may be attached to the handle-bar. Two wheels locked together at the handle-bars make a firm support and the camera may thus be focused and adjusted with as much ease as if a tripod were used.

Walter Kolhoff, Indianapolis, Ind.—There is no amateur photographic society in Indianapolis, nor, I believe, in the whole state of Indiana. Our correspondent should agitate the matter. Any of our Indianapolis readers who desire to join such a society may communicate with us and we will try to bring them together.

Those interested in photography are cordially invited to make use of this department. Questions regarding the various details of making photographs will be answered, advice given and pictures criticised by the "Professor." All communications should be addressed, "Photographic Department," SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, Potter Building, Park Row, New York.

Professor.



As the Racing Season Ends.

WITH the end of the Westchester Racing Association's meeting at Morris Park on Election day, the Metropolitan racing season closes, and the only points at which the thoroughbred will run in the East again this year are Washington and Baltimore. These meetings are of minor importance, and to all intents and purposes Morris Park ends a season which will be long memorable in the annals of the turf. The sport itself has been poor to a degree that has scarcely been paralleled within the memory of the present generation. But everything points to the probability that the year 1896 will be recorded in red letters as having inaugurated a more definite and stringent system of turf discipline than has been seen of recent years. Little was done till the case became so pressing that the most confirmed optimist could not close his eyes to the fact that racing matters were going awry. Then the matter was taken up with a strong hand, and while everything was done as quietly and discreetly as possible, every blow struck at turf iniquities was well aimed. The climax cannot be reached until the members of the State Racing Commission, Messrs. August Belmont, E. D. Morgan and John Sanford, meet in session. The commission is endowed with the legal powers that the Jockey Club does not possess, and can subpoena witnesses and put them on oath in due process of law. Hence those who realize how matters stand in the racing world are looking forward to the commission's session as likely to uncover a hot-bed of trickery.

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Last year found us in a novel position. All the conditions of racing were changed. Mr. Belmont and his associates had come to the front and saved the turf from annihilation that threatened it after the Saratoga convention in the Fall of 1894.

It was then that they showed their social and political influence, but even after the Percy-Gray law became an established fact, they had to prove their ability to administer the intricate affairs of the turf. All the old generation had practically disappeared. D. D. Withers, the elder August Belmont, John A. Morris and other men who had grown gray as the American turf came to years of discretion, were dead, and the veteran of them all, John Hunter, soon decided that he would rather play the part of an onlooker than an active administrator. The season of 1895 saw the adoption of what was perhaps a wise policy for the time being, but which inevitably entailed serious problems. The idea was to avoid public scandal in each and every case, so far as possible. This year saw the development of sundry practices which, if not actually in themselves dishonest, tended to the absolute demoralization of racing. Having become the most important factor in the management of turf affairs, Mr. Belmont's absence in Europe during a large part of the Summer necessarily retarded the process of inquiry which was begun during the Sheepshead Bay Fall meeting, and culminated in the summary action taken on his return to this country. The Racing Commission's next session will complete the unpleasant task. It is fair to presume that the vigorous policy, which has been found necessary after the conduct of racing for a year and a half under the new law, will be continued in the future. If so, brighter days are dawning for the American turf. The men who hold the authority have shown themselves capable of grappling with the most difficult questions, and the action already taken and that which is likely to follow give fairer promise for next year's racing than could possibly have been expected two months ago.

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A feature of the season now passed has been the campaigning of sundry American

stables in England. That the owners who went abroad have been altogether successful cannot be said. With the solitary exception of Mr. Pierre Lorillard, their heavy expense accounts must show a balance on the wrong side of the ledger. The odd part of the matter is that Mr. Lorillard had no idea that he was going to have a good season. He became discontented and fretful about the way racing was handled here in 1895, and thought that by going across the Atlantic with his horses he would have more "fun." Luckily he had in John Huggins a trainer able to hold his own in any part of the world, and later in securing Lord William Beresford as a partner he executed a good stroke. The Beresfords are about the most thoroughly-posted racing family in the world, and with the aid of such a man as Lord William, who not only knows the English turf from A to Z but has raced his own and other people's horses most successfully in India, Mr. Lorillard's chances of continuing his successful career are excellent. Mr. Belmont's idea of sending a stable to England has unfortunately been frustrated owing to sickness and other troubles in his racing establishment. This is unfortunate for the chairman of the Jockey Club himself, but perhaps it is lucky for the Eastern turf in general, in that Mr. Belmont's presence seems necessary to enable the stewards to act with promptitude and coherency.

It is not necessary here to allude in any detail to the extremely poor racing that has been seen on our metropolitan race-courses during the season. In the Spring it looked likely that we should have an exceptionally good lot of two-year-olds, a very high class lot of three-year-olds, and a fair assortment of all-aged horses. Not one of these hopes has been fulfilled, however. The Eastern two-year-olds were beneath contempt. They beat each other with that absolute impartiality that is the worst possible sign, and the West sent on two or three that could do pretty much as they pleased with the best we could bring out. This would have been bad enough, but the latter part of the season has witnessed a succession of victories for Western horses, other than two-year-olds, over the representatives of the East. And the most lamentable affair of all is that there was no chance to suppose that the horses which were beating ours were real "clinkers;" it was a case of "dog eat dog" and nothing more. As for the three-year-olds, they did not come up to expectation in any particular instance. Requit proved himself a good horse, but even he had to strike his colors to the Western selling-plater, Captive, when he tried to give away twenty-four and one-half pounds in the September stakes at Sheepshead Bay. Handspring was handled with little discre-

tion and was trained in such severe style that he went to pieces early in the season; and while Hastings was able to show that he was at least a pretty good colt, he was none too sound at any time and had gone to pieces before he was started in the Realization, only to meet ignominious defeat.

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As for the old horses, there was nothing but disaster. Henry of Navarre proved himself decidedly the best horse of the year, winning the Suburban with 129 pounds up, in impressive style, but the triumphs that the gallant chestnut might have gained during the Autumn were rendered impossible by the necessity of retiring him through the development of a big splint. Counter Tenor, who aroused high hopes by winning the Metropolitan Handicap, turned out not only rankly unsound, but an absolute cur. St. Maxim displayed good form but with no liking for a long distance, and then broke down. Clifford was never near his old form and Sir Walter developed into a regular hypochondriac among horses, having to be "jollied along" to get him to a race at all. Lazzarone was too pronounced a cripple to ever get him to the post; Rubicon degenerated into a sprinting "selling-plater;" Santa Anita and Ramapo went to England and did nothing there; Galilee could not win a race of any kind; Keenan turned out the worst kind of a counterfeit and Dorian was proved to be unspeakably bad. And so it went on down the list. Truly, whatever great and lasting methods of reform may eventually prove to date from 1896, the season in itself may go to an unwept grave.

Francis Trevelyan.

A Record-Breaking Year in Athletics.

THE outdoor athletic season just closed has been an eventful one, and international interest was more than once aroused. The percentage of record performances has scarcely reached the average, but lack of quantity was more than offset by the quality of the feats by which old figures were supplanted. In short-distance running the heroes of the season did the most execution, but the scarcity of record-breaking in the other departments of sport was due more to the high standards already existing than to any decadence of form among the present crop of champions. Had M. F. Sweeney not become a professional, a new high-jumping record would have been within the possibilities, while the enforced retirement of Stephen Chase, the sequel of a series of unfortunate accidents, reduced hurdle racing to a very moderate grade. But even with these and other minor drawbacks, the best figures for 1895

were shaken up considerably and in such impressive style that further alterations may be looked for next season.

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The year's sport opened in classic fashion with the revival of the ancient Olympic games at Athens. Strange to say, the old countries, which were expected to fall easy victims to the glamor of romantic history, sat on the fence until it was too late, and it remained for America to step into the breach and furnish sport in the Stadeon at Athens such as the ancient Greeks never dreamt of. Conservative England, as usual, fought shy of a tournament in which their A. A. A. had not absolute control, and with the Britishers sulking at home, our athletes were well rewarded for their round trip of eight thousand miles. Our most successful performer was Thomas Burke, of Boston. Burke's athletic career since has furnished one of the most startling chapters in the history of the season. At the annual championship meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union in September, he essayed the biggest task attempted by a modern athlete and realized his ambition after one of the greatest races ever run. The event was Burke's favorite distance of a quarter-mile, and although there were several other starters, the only serious opposition came from Bernard J. Wefers, who had found his triumphs up to two hundred and twenty yards growing monotonous and became ambitious to try the quarter. Burke led all the way, however, and although Wefers reached his rival's shoulder when they straightened out at the head of the stretch, Burke responded in most resolute style and fairly outstayed his opponent, winning by two yards. The time was officially returned as $48\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, one-twentieth of a second behind the American record of $48\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, established by the famous L. E. Myers some years ago. Three of the watch-holders thought Burke had beaten the old figures, but one timer's watch registered 49 seconds, and the intermediate watches showed $48\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, so these figures were ultimately accepted. The track was slow and uncertain and the general consensus of expert opinion is that Burke practically broke the record. As his admirers believe he can beat this performance whenever a favorable opportunity is offered, they accept the ruling with good grace. Some weeks later, Burke ran six hundred yards through a big handicap field in the world's record time of 1 minute and 11 seconds. Two other world's records were also broken at the same meeting. Jerome Buck, of Hoboken, ran a quarter mile over hurdles in the unprecedented time of $56\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, while R. Sheldon, of Yale, hurled the discus 111 feet and $\frac{1}{8}$ inches.

Discus throwing is an importation from the Greeks, which is being taken up enthusiastically in this country. For many centuries it was exclusively a Greek sport, but since Captain Garrett, of the Princeton team that went to Greece, beat the natives so cleverly at Athens last Spring, Americans have adopted the game. The missile resembles in outline two good-sized saucers placed face to face and soldered together. It weighs about four and a half pounds, and is thrown in a manner that makes the competition very interesting for spectators. Sheldon, so far, seems to be the best exponent of the game here, but his record is almost certain to be surpassed next season, as all the weight-throwing experts are industriously studying the rudiments of the sport. While our weight-throwers have confined themselves to normal efforts this year, there has been great activity on the other side of the ocean in this department. An Irishman named Flanigan is credited with throwing the hammer more than two feet beyond Mitchell's record mark, and under American rules, but the figures have yet to be officially accepted. Another feature of the past season has been the series of professional races in England between F. E. Bacon and Thomas P. Conneff, the ex-amateur American champion long-distance runner, who crossed over in order to meet the English flyer. The change of climate handicapped Conneff from the first, but Bacon would not agree to any postponement, and the races naturally resulted disastrously for the visitor. These races are but the thin end of the wedge of professional running, and there are many discredited amateur athletes now on the track, and more professional match racing may be looked for in the near future.

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Bernard J. Wefers, of Georgetown University, proved to be the star record-breaker of the season. Since the palmy days of L. E. Myers, America has never produced such a sprinter, and it is doubtful if he has a peer throughout the world, even in the professional ranks. During the season just ended, Wefers has equalled the world's record of $9\frac{1}{2}$ seconds for the one-hundred-yard dash, and that of $11\frac{1}{2}$ seconds for one hundred and twenty yards. He has reduced the world's record for two hundred and twenty yards to $21\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, and the three-hundred-yard record to $30\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. The last performance was around a cramped oval track near New York in a race that was almost a walk-over. Under the adverse circumstances, it is almost entitled to rank with Harry Hutchens's professional record of 30 seconds made under favorable conditions in Scotland.

Hugh S. Hart.

To Organize Professional Bicyclists.

THE withdrawal of the support of the manufacturers of the country from the racing talent, teams and individuals, has unquestionably had its effect, for while without question, the racing that has been seen upon the National Circuit this year has been of a high order, many of the crack riders protest that their expenses of training and attendance have far exceeded their profits, and not a few of them have declared their intention of either joining the professional ranks another year, or of secretly putting a price upon their services to any clubs or race promoters who want them, or else of confining their individual circuits to the immediate vicinity of their respective towns.

To my mind, the only solution of this whole problem, if bicycle racing is ever to become a thoroughly recognized sport, with men in every way fit to command popular attention, and draw fees at the gate, is the organization of racing teams upon much the same plan as that upon which the baseball teams of the country are organized. For instance, if half a dozen great cities in the East, and as many in the West, would support racing teams in every way representative of their cities, and if the organizations behind these teams would provide race tracks, with grand stands and other accommodations for the comfort of patrons such as are provided by the ball clubs and the horse racing clubs of the country, it is not improbable that public interest and enthusiasm, to say nothing of sectional pride, would be aroused, while it is certain that the talent of each club would be as carefully nursed and improved as is the talent of the National League of ball clubs. I do not know that the time is ripe for such an undertaking, but I should be inclined to predict its success, if during the coming Fall, the scheme were projected, and the months of the Winter improved to the end of making all preparations for a series of big intersectional and intermunicipal contests, beginning with the opening of next year's racing season. Certain it is that the projectors of such an undertaking would have an almost exhaustless source from which to draw upon for material—a far greater source than have the ball clubs of the country to-day, for the reason that the public is just now as enthusiastic over cycling, as it was over baseball in the palmiest days of the game's career, and by that I mean nothing detrimental to the wide popularity and the grand qualities of the national game itself.

More than once during the past year or two, the name of Mr. A. G. Spalding has been associated with rumors to the effect that a National League of Cyclists was to be formed for the promulgation of just such

a racing circuit as I have suggested. In each and every instance, however, it has been denied by Mr. Spalding, and the rumor has, without doubt, in each instance, been unfounded. Should the time ever be really ripe, however, for the organization of the cycle racing talent upon lines similar to that of the National League of baseball players, I believe that the suggestions of Mr. Spalding would be invaluable, and that if perchance he could be to any extent interested in outlining the plans for its organization and methods, its success would be assured.

C. P. H.

The Extermination of Game.

PROFESSOR F. A. LUCAS, of the National Museum at Washington, has recently compiled a list of the game birds and animals of this and other countries, which have of late years become extinct, and of those whose ranks have been so decimated by the rifle of the hunter or by the onward march of civilization as to render it likely that they will have become extirpated within the near future. The causes which have led up to this result and the notes made by the Professor during his researches, are interesting. He says:

"Every one knows of the frightfully rapid extinction of the American bison or buffalo in this country. This, according to American scientists, is the saddest of all cases of the extinction of species. The wild buffalo is practically gone forever, and in a few more years, as Prof. Hornaday, the superintendent of the National Zoological Park, has said, 'when the whitened bones of the last bleaching skeleton shall have been picked up and shipped East for commercial uses, nothing will remain of him save his old well-worn trails along the water courses, a few museum specimens, and regret for his fate.' The area once inhabited by the American bison extended almost from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. The animals were gradually shot off in the eastern and middle sections of the United States, Canada and Mexico, and in 1870 they were divided in two herds, which ranged through parts of Kansas, Colorado, Texas and New Mexico, Dakota, Montana, Wyoming and the north of the Dominion. In 1880, the herds were still further diminished; they occupied only parts of Wyoming, Montana, Dakota and Colorado, together with a small breeding ground to the north in Canada. The greatest slaughters were in 1870 and 1873, and from 1880 to 1883, at which time the herd was reduced to a small number in the Yellowstone Park, another small herd in Montana, and a third small herd to the north in the Dominion of Canada.

"The extermination of the buffalo over

large areas of country was in the beginning partly a matter of necessity, in order that the land might be rendered available for stock raising. The wolf and coyote were poisoned for the preservation of sheep. Following this necessary destruction there comes the unnecessary but unavoidable loss caused by the domestic animals which are brought by the newcomers, such as the more or less complete extirpation in certain parts of the country of rattlesnakes that followed the introduction of hogs. While the extermination of rattlesnakes is a consummation greatly to be desired, it is none the less a case in point. Among some of the larger game whose extinction is threatened by the rifle of the sportsman is the true zebra, now confined to a small area in South Africa. The giraffe is rapidly disappearing from the same cause. The same may be said of almost every variety of the large game of North America. The only parrot of the United States, the Carolina parakeet, will probably be extirpated in Florida, and the Eastern pennated grouse is restricted to the island of Nantucket, although long ago laws were framed for its protection.

"In western Kansas jack rabbits are on the increase, owing to the fact that the bounty on coyote is \$2, while the price of a rabbit scalp is only 5 cents, a difference that has resulted in the rapid decrease of the rabbit's natural enemy, the coyote. Western Kansas, too, affords another excellent illustration of the direct influence of population upon the increase or decrease of the larger animals. Up to 1884 that region was very sparsely settled. Antelope were comparatively abundant, and mule deer were frequently seen. During 1885 and 1886, under the impression that western Kansas was suitable for farming purposes, there came a tide of immigration from the East, and before the wave of increasing population the mule deer disappeared entirely and the antelope become extremely rare. The country, so far as farming was concerned, having been tried and found wanting, an ebb tide of emigration took place, and as the farms were abandoned by man their former occupants again took possession, and by 1888 and 1890 antelopes became not uncommon, while the mule deer appeared in localities where none had been seen for years.

"The Labrador duck is one of the many sea ducks which during their southern migrations furnish considerable sport to gunners along the coasts. These ducks range southward in Winter to the coasts of New Jersey and Chesapeake Bay. The Labrador duck seems never to have been very common, and many of them died during the Winter of 1876 and 1877, and although their numbers have since increased, they have never attained their former abundance."

The Wail of the Billiard Player.

DURING the past year or two, the reader of the average daily newspaper has had occasion to read some very funny things, and has been called upon to wade through some very imposing figures as to the tremendous damage done to other branches of trade, sport and industry, by the "mad craze for bicycling" that seems to have taken possession of the country. Livery stable keepers have been utterly ruined; builders of carriages, carts, coupés and other pleasure vehicles have been brought face to face with bankruptcy; manufacturers of clothing have been hard pressed for money, and have been compelled to watch the moss overgrow their counters for the reason that the public, having gone mad, were buying only bicycle clothes; boot and shoe dealers were being ruined because people did not walk, but insisted upon riding bicycles, and so on down the entire list. Perhaps the queerest argument, however, and the most pitiable wail that has come to notice emanates from an enthusiastic billiard player, who declares that the billiard rooms throughout the country have gone into a state of dry rot, because of the bicycle. He says:

"The Summer season, which fortunately is now a thing of the past, has probably been the dullest in the billiard rooms of this city known to the history of the game. Very many of our local rooms closed at eight or nine o'clock at night, while most of them, as a matter of fact, would have made money had they but remained closed during the entire Summer months. The bicycle is said to be largely, if not entirely, responsible for this general stagnation in billiard rooms, which has amounted almost to ruin. That the bicycle has many sins to answer for, we are ready and willing to admit. That it is responsible for all, we decline to believe. The general financial stagnation of the country during the past four years has probably had as much to do with bad business as the bicycle, or anything else. And yet, when one looks at the thousands of scare-crows riding along the streets on 'bikes,' men who really look as if they had never owned a five-dollar bill in their life; young boys who cannot earn over two or three dollars a week, and decayed old women, who look as if they might have been in Noah's Ark, all mounted on their 'flyers,' it is difficult to imagine that there is a scarcity of money, or that we are not living over again in the flush days of the Rebellion.

"Bicycles are now so cheap, that they can be purchased by paying fifty cents per week on them. It is more than probable from the present outlook, that every junk-shop in town will be filled with these 'thermajigs' a year hence, if not sooner.

Just what effect the bicycle is destined to have on the future of billiards it is too early to predict. That it is very serious now, during the Spring, Summer and Fall, room-keepers have long since learned to their sorrow; for there has been no such craze as the bicycle since the days of Adam. The skating-rink craze of some fifteen years ago was bad, morally, morbidly and otherwise, but that craze, crazy as it was, practically never existed compared with the bicycle lunacy. It is true that this new species of madness may result in its own destruction during the next year or two, as we hear everywhere of new physical diseases heretofore never thought of, as the result of over-excess in riding; while it is even rumored that the fastidious or facetious element will soon abandon this hobby, in consequence of its universal popularity. In the meantime, room-keepers are suffering from the injury to their business."

Good Stories Told by Sportsmen.

NOT a bad story is being told among sportsmen, of a break recently made by the editor of a well-known sportsman's publication.

"Going for some shooting this Fall, Tom?" he asked of a sportsman friend.

"Yes," replied the friend. "I think I shall go down to Carolina. I shot duck last Fall till I tired of it, and believe I will enjoy a little upland shooting for a change."

"Very sensible, my boy, very sensible," replied the editor. "I shot uplands myself last Fall and never enjoyed better sport."

His friend did not stop to ask whether the "uplands" wore fur or feathers.

Another story is told of a western editor who was very desirous of organizing a fox hunting club and of holding a run at an early day. The late Dr. Rowe happened to be present when the suggestion was made, and ventured the remark, that the chief difficulty would be in getting a pack of dogs together for the purpose.

"Why," said the editor, "that's the easy part of it. We've got dogs to burn. What's the matter with *your* dogs?"

"My dogs!" gasped the Doctor in undisguised astonishment.

"Yes, certainly, you've got a whole kennel full of them, haven't you?"

"Yes, I *have*," replied the Doctor, "but damn it, sir, my dogs don't chase foxes!"

Still another editor who was supposed, as sporting editor of a great daily newspaper, to know everything pertaining to all branches of sport, had occasion to write the obituary of a celebrated Derby winner, the death of which had just been announced in a telegram sent down to the sporting editor's desk, as

that gentleman was about to go home for the night. A paragraph was hastily penciled, and then the sporting editor paused for a moment in a brown study. Finally throwing down the pencil he went over to the telephone and called up a fellow sporting editor on another paper. "Hello there, Dick?" he called. "How old was T— when he won the Derby?"

"Seventeen years old, you bloomin' idiot," was the reply that came over the wire, "and if you don't send a large, cold bottle and a small, hot bird up here inside of fifteen minutes, I'll print the story in my paper to-morrow morning."

The bird and bottle were sent.

The story is told of a well-known New Yorker, who one day brought to town a mess of six woodcock and took them to Delmonico's at Broadway and Worth Street, since closed, when Fillipini was in charge of the cuisine, and asked to have them cooked for luncheon. He was asked how he liked them, and he said he would leave that to the chef. When they were served, they were a salmi of woodcock à la chasseur, an unchristianlike stew, with onions and mushrooms. It was a masterpiece, probably, from the French standpoint, but nothing save the absence of a handy gun ever saved the chef from the due reward of such sacrilege.

The wonderful marksmanship of the Dutch Boers of South Africa has often been told in print. Some eloquent testimony has been added to the truth of these reports, however, by an English sportsman who visited in the Transvaal a year or two ago. The visitor had been invited to hunt deer with a Boer friend, and arrived at his host's home with a servant, who brought his rifle and a bag full of cartridges. The Boer seemed very much surprised when he was shown the contents of the bag, and exclaimed in astonishment:

"You Englishmen must be very rich. Cartridges cost sixpence each here."

His friend explained that they were much cheaper in England, and that sportsmen there thought nothing of carrying a good supply when out for a day's hunting. As they started out, however, he was surprised to find that the Boer wore no cartridge belt.

"Where is your ammunition?" he asked.

"Here," replied the other, tapping the breech of his double-barrelled rifle.

"Then you don't intend to do much shooting to-day?" asked the mystified Englishman.

"All I want; two buck are as much as I care for."

"But suppose you should miss?" persisted the visitor.

"Oh, nobody misses out here; cartridges cost too much."

EDITORIAL MENTION

THOSE WHO READ the October number of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE cannot fail to notice the marked improvement in our present issue. We want to interest all branches of sportsmen and it is our intention to publish articles by admitted authorities in all branches of sport. Those offered this month are a fair sample of what will appear in future issues. Where could one find a better authority on football than William T. Bull, the famous old full-back of the Yale eleven, who is now coaching the candidates at New Haven? On cricket, Henry Chadwick, who contributes to this number, is everywhere accepted as one of the best-informed and most experienced writers in America. Mr. Chadwick was a cricketer himself many years ago, and most prominent in the sport in its American infancy. J. Parmly Paret has been writing on lawn tennis for many years, and is an admitted authority on this sport, as well as a player of national reputation. Every baseball enthusiast knows of John B. Foster, and his review of the recently-ended championship pennant race, and his comments on the events of the season, cannot fail to interest the "crank"—and verily his name is legion. So much for field sports. In other branches, this issue of the MAGAZINE should prove equally attractive. Who could be better posted than Francis Trevelyan to write on horse shows? and who knows more of quail in Missouri than J. G. Knowlton? Special attention is also called to the article on salmon fishing in Labrador, by Dr. Alexander B. Johnson. Here is a paradise for sportsmen—not only those who fish for salmon, but other enthusiasts of the rod and gun—and Dr. Johnson's description of sport along the Romaine and Wash-sheecootai rivers, and the maps made from his personal memoranda and diagrams, should prove particularly valuable.

* *

OUR CHRISTMAS ISSUE will be as much better than this number as this is better than that for October. While we cannot afford to print a full list of the articles which have been prepared for this

holiday feast for sportsmen—one or two of our enterprising contemporaries being too fond of that form of flattery which is manifested by imitation—still, the special announcement on another page of this issue gives some of its features. The special department devoted to amateur photography, which appears in our pages this month, has been added as a regular feature of the MAGAZINE, and liberal space will be given over to "camera news" each month. Special articles of general interest to amateur photographers and technical instruction in the art of photography will appear regularly under this head, as well as the winning pictures and prize awards of the special cash prize competition for amateurs announced in this issue. Our Christmas Number will also be materially beautified with an artistic cover of appropriate design in gold and colors. What better holiday gift for a sportsman or an amateur photographer than a year's subscription to THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE? To those who subscribe at once for 1897, this handsome Christmas issue will be given free as a special premium. Thus, the new subscriber will receive thirteen issues, including two Christmas numbers, within the coming year.

* *

THE WAVE OF REFORM that has swept over New York State is evidently not confined to politics, for one of the latest "reforms" is aimed at sport. It was recently proposed to enact a law to prevent trap-shooting at live birds, as in Massachusetts. Just why it should be inhumane to kill pigeons in this way, when sheep, calves and other animals are corralled and slaughtered daily for food, does not appear. Surely, it is not a more painful death for the pigeon which flies from the trap and is instantly killed by a load of shot, than for the calf which is strung up by the legs and butchered in cold blood. Yet the one is legalized in all civilized countries, while the other is considered cruel, according to some of our officious reformers. The sale of pigeons in the public markets for food is not prohibited and they must

killed in one way or another. Why not then by sportsmen, as they fly from the trap? Surely this death is as sudden and merciful as any other that is practicable.

THE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION has got its missionary work in the interest of sportsmen now well under way throughout the country. Its officers are busily engaged in collecting reliable information as to game and facilities for sportsmen in all parts of the United States and Canada, and the result of this work will be published in a monthly bulletin to all its members, with up-to-date information about the best fields for sport, the ways and means of getting there, and where to get the most reliable guides and dogs. Members of the Association will enjoy many privileges besides this exclusive knowledge, too, such as special rates on railroads and steamboats, and at hotels and boarding-houses. This bureau of information and its monthly bulletin should prove invaluable to all devotees of the rod and gun, and the small cost of membership in the Association, two dollars a year, could not be spent to better purpose. Membership blanks and further particulars can be had by addressing the Sportsman's Association, P. O. Box 2325, New York.

OF INTEREST TO SPORTSMEN.

WM. W. HART, a New York taxidermist, offers eloquent testimony to the abundance of big game this Fall. Before October was half over, he had received for mounting, forty-two heads of red deer, beside many elk, antelope, mountain sheep and mountain goats. The number of specimens Mr. Hart had been called upon to mount was then nearly double that of any previous season. One fortunate sportsman sent in a bear skin which is said to be the largest ever captured. It is a "Kadiack," ten feet six inches long, and twelve feet broad across the front paws.

A correspondent who signs himself "Ex-Officer" is authority for the statement that the breed of red spaniels is not extinct. Squire Fuller, of Rose Hill, near Lewes, Sussex, England, he says, has a kennel of these beautiful dogs, as has also Stephen Marchant, of Beenchley, near Tunbridge Wells, Kent, England. This information is of particular interest to those who read the article on "The Irish Setter in America," by W. L. Washington, in our October issue.


The Kissimmee River affords some of the best hunting and fishing to be found in Florida, but the difficulty of obtaining supplies and suitable guides has, until recently,

made it almost inaccessible to sportsmen. An enterprising Florida man, however, has built a house-boat called the Okeechobee, fitted up with every accommodation for those who wish to take advantage of the abundant supply of game that the country affords. The boat will accommodate ten persons, beside guides, dogs and other attendants, and leaves Kissimmee, a little town in Florida reached only by the Florida Central and Peninsular Railway, twice each month for trips of two weeks' duration. William R. H. Cowan, of Tuckahoe, N. Y., has full charge of the Okeechobee and her trips.

Recent reports from Michigan show game to be very plentiful throughout the state this year. Deer have not been more abundant for many seasons past, while partridges are also reported in large numbers. Over in Wisconsin, too, the shooting is said to be very good this Fall. Quail, duck, snipe and other water-birds add to the sport of the partridge hunter, while many bears have been seen by those after deer.

M. W. Murray, New York.—There is no section in the by-laws of the Amateur Athletic Union which prevents athletes from competing in the costume you describe. The customary dress of competitors in the big athletic games is composed of a sleeveless running shirt and loose knee pants.

"Haunts of Wild Game," the last book published by that veteran sportsman, Isaac McLellan, and probably the last that he will ever write, contains much that will interest the enthusiast of rod and gun. Mr. McLellan, who is now over ninety years of age, actually hunted and fished with the famous Frank Forester, and his book of verses details at great length many of his most interesting and exciting experiences. The angler, the hunter and the naturalist will find here much to entertain him during the long Winter months when the fireside must take the place of the field. The book is ably edited by Charles Barker Bradford, who is also its publisher.



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ISHING WITH THE SIWASH
ON VANCOUVER.

FEATURES
OF THIS NUMBER

HUNTING THE BLUE GROUSE
IN MONTANA.

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VOL. I NO. 4.

JANUARY, 1897.

PRICE 20 CENTS.

THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE



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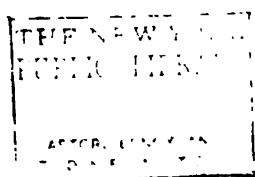
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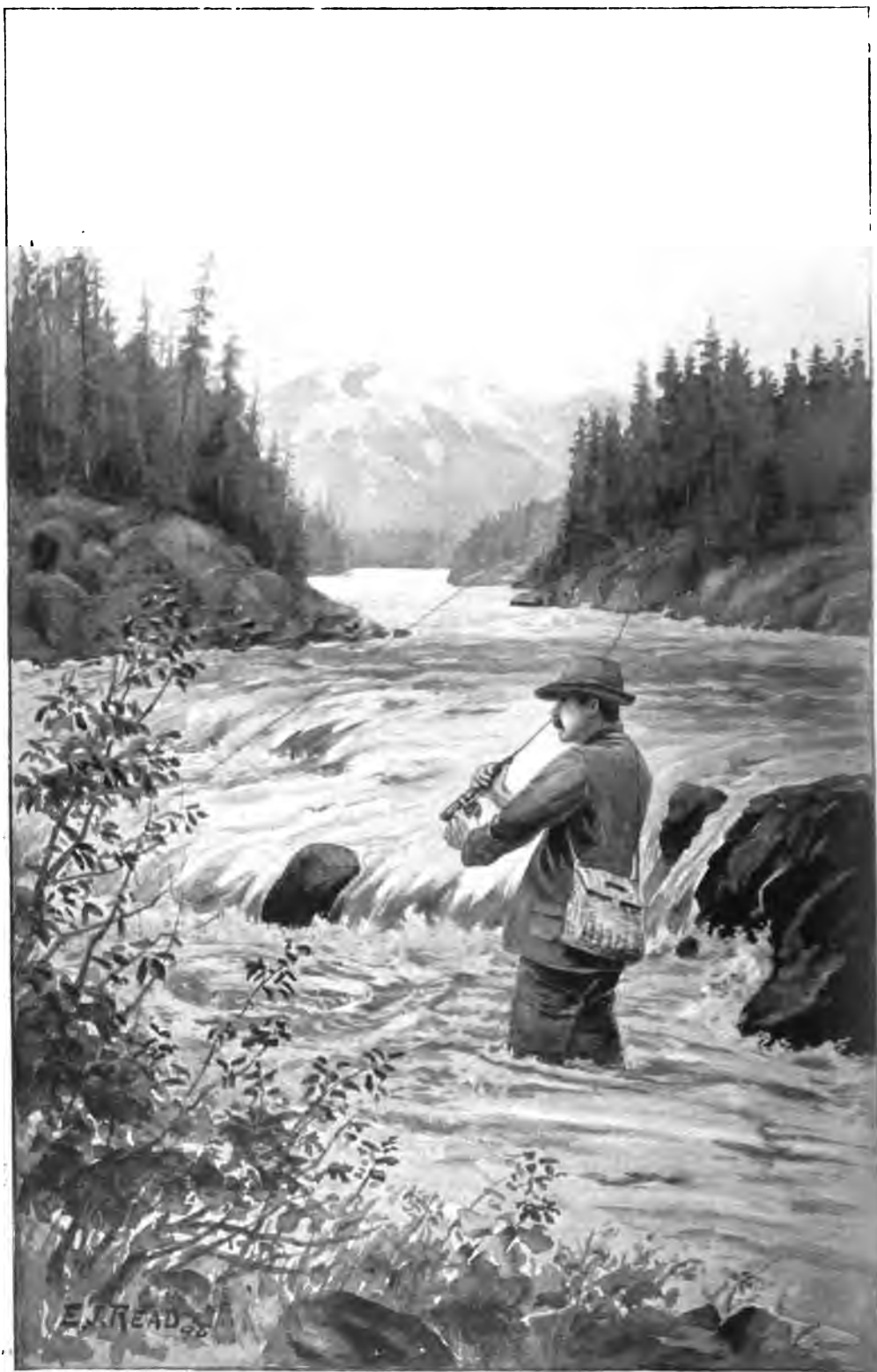
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KNEE-DEEP IN THE COWICHAN RIVER, VANCOUVER.

"There is little doubt that the trout fishing on this island is second to none."—PAGE 276.

THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1897.

Bird on 14

No. 4. ✓



FISHING WITH THE SIWASH ON VANCOUVER.

By Charles A. Bramble.

WITH a territory of some four hundred thousand square miles, and less than one hundred thousand inhabitants, British Columbia does not yet suffer from an over-density of population. Many a virgin stream awaits the exploring angler, and a glut of fish is more likely to disgust than a scarcity to dishearten him. West of the mountains, winter is a very mild season, and moreover, it disappears so early that the fishing begins with the open season on March fifteenth. Naturally, in this sparsely-settled country, neither game nor fish laws are very rigorously kept by the settlers, who often depend upon their guns and rods for food; but in the cities of Victoria and Vancouver there are

many for whom the fifteenth day of March is a festival of high interest.

The Cowichan River, which has its birth in a mountain lake fed by the drainage of the lofty gold-bearing island range, attracts many fishermen from the Capital on the opening day of the season. There are other waters, some much nearer to Victoria, but the Cowichan's splendid reputation has made it a favorite objective point. Its waters are green and clear, and the trout may be seen lying in the gravelly pools by the hundred. Too often, they are "dour," as the Scotch say, and then they will not look at the fly, but the minnow or spoon is almost invariably successful.

From the end of April, through May and June, the fishing in the

Cowichan and most of the other island streams is superb. The true salmon rarely take the fly in fresh water, but the "steel-head" do, and as they often weigh ten pounds or more, the sport they afford is very fine. According to professors who have made a profound study of ichthyology, the steel-head is a trout. To the fisherman, however, it appears more like a fresh-run salmon. It is a deep, powerful fish, and a perfect demon when hooked, making as game a fight as a Cascapedia salmon; no higher praise can be given it than that. The steel-head take the minnow as well as the fly; in fact, they are a treasure to the British Columbian angler.

During May and the early part of June, the "sea-trout" fishing in the tidal reaches of the island rivers is equal to any fishing in the world. Baskets of two to four dozen fish are frequently taken, the average weight of the trout being a pound and a half. After June the sport falls off in all the streams, but continues good in the numerous lakes. One of the best fishermen who ever visited the Province, has written concerning the Island of Vancouver: "There is little doubt that the trout-fishing on this island is second to none."

Visitors to the Province may soon be able to angle legally for so-called "sea trout" at any season, even in the depth of the brief winter, as the local fishermen have petitioned the Legislature to remove all restrictions as to angling in tidal reaches. Sometimes on warm days in January, the trout may be seen rising voraciously, and big baskets could no doubt be taken in that month. Indeed, it is difficult for the eastern angler to realize how short and mild the winters on the coast are. When the Restigouche, Nipissiquit and Penobscot are yet locked in the fetters of the Ice King, the Pacific streams are flowing brightly to the sea, mid verdant thickets already peopled by feathered wanderers that have re-

turned from their winter in California, and are hastening to build in anticipation of family cares.

The Siwash (as all Indians in the Northwest are called) that the angler has to employ as boatmen, are wonderful fellows. Comparisons, as Mrs. Malaprop says, are "odorous," but if pitted against the Micmacs or Millicets of the Provinces and Maine, the Siwash would not come out second best, you may be sure. He poles his dug-out canoe like a master, and handles the sharp craft with a skill that no white man can rival. Unfortunately, few of them speak much English, their conversation being carried on in Chinook. My guide's favorite remark was: "Byan bye—haiyou chump—haiyou," which, being interpreted, means: "The fish will jump (rise) like mad presently."

I always found this expression very consoling, for even in British Columbia there are slack times when the angler requires patience and fortitude—when, for instance, the fish are "off their feed," and the mosquitoes are not.

But, after all, the stream fishing of the Province is not as remarkable as the salt-water trolling for salmon. At certain seasons of the year, every bay and estuary teems with the king of fish. Drift-nets take them by the ton; Indians journey hundreds of miles in their fine, seaworthy canoes, to accept service with the canneries; tall merchantmen leave for all parts of the world, freighted with cargoes of canned salmon, and yet the inexhaustible supply seems to be increasing. Every fourth year is supposed to be a poor one, and as 1892 yielded a small catch, it was thought that the present season would not afford big returns. On the contrary, however, so great was the glut of fish on the Frazer, that most of the canneries ran out of tin, and the proprietors had the mortification of seeing the fish passing them day after day in countless myriads, without being able to take toll.

Well do I remember my incredulity when I first reached the Province.

"You can catch all the salmon you wish within a quarter of a mile of where the *Comus* is lying," said a friend; and I, miserable sinner, that I was, thought he was lying. The truth is, that I had become utterly demoralized by my short residence on the coast. After being a fisherman and prevaricator for a score of years, to find my highest flights of fancy surpassed with ease by each and all of my Vancouver friends, had ended in making me a skeptic; and I had decided that all British Columbians were unworthy of belief, even under oath, as soon as they began "talking fish."

Hence, although I made arrangements to be paddled to the fishing ground on the morning following, I was firmly convinced that beyond an enjoyable skim over the mirror-like surface of Burrard Inlet, and a superb view of the snow-capped Coast Range, pink-topped by the rays of the morning sun, I should reap small reward for having taken my morning tub two hours earlier than usual.

They say that one never dreams of the subject that is last in the mind while consciousness remains. Do not believe it! That night, I lay awake for hours, catching over again fish that had fallen to my gaff in Scandinavia, Lower Canada and other distant lands; and yet, when I finally fell asleep, I was straightway towed the length and breadth of Burrard Inlet many times by a salmon of such huge proportions that he could just as easily have towed H. M. S. *Comus*, big guns and all. I was not within several miles of gaffing this creature of my brain, when I was awakened by the arrival of the intelligent Siwash who was to pilot me to the fishing ground.

"Clak, how you?" was the way he greeted me; and I must confess it was rather a staggerer until trans-

lated into the vulgar tongue by the hotel bell-boy. Being interpreted, it meant: "Clarke, how are you?"

Now, my name is not Clarke, but it appears that years and years ago, there was a certain Hudson Bay official on the coast, a very "big gun" indeed, by that name. Noticing that all the employees of the company were effusive in their morning greetings to the chief, generally employing the previous formula as a salutation, the Indians, jumped at the conclusion that "Clark, how are you?" was the English for "good morning," and ever since it has been used by them in that sense.

Within an hour of my abrupt awakening, I was gliding over the placid water of the Inlet in a dug-out ornamented with a grotesque head of something at the bow, with very myopic eyes, and with the head of some fowl (species undetermined) decorating the extreme stern. A "Mission" Indian did the paddling, and under his powerful strokes, the light craft slipped along at a capital pace.

To see the Siwash in all his glory, you must catch him in his canoe. Ashore, his little legs detract from the dignity of his appearance; but in the canoe, you see only the noble shoulders and the deep, muscular chest, his inheritance from untold generations of hard-paddling forefathers. His dug-out has lines almost as fine as the Thames wherry, and his paddle is long enough and broad enough in the blade to take a powerful grip on the water, so that when he opens his shoulders, and gets down seriously to work, a hissing sound comes from under the forefoot, and bubbles rise in the wake until you almost feel that there must be a naphtha engine on board, so smooth and rapid is your progress.

I had with me a greenheart trolling rod, a plain click-reel with 150 yards of "D" water-proof salmon line, eight feet of best leader having brass

swivels every two feet, and lastly, a Siwash spoon. This is a copper spoon, two inches in length, nickel-plated on the outside only, and joined to the lowest swivel on the leader by a split ring. Now a white fisherman is very likely to add half a dozen flying triangles to this rig, reasoning that the more hooks, the more fish he will land, and ending by pricking dozens of eager salmon, but killing few. The Siwash knows that it is better to drive one hook home over the barb than to scratch a dozen fish with the points of many triangles. He uses just a common-sense hook, generally an O'Shaughnessy, in size from 1/0 to 3/0. The white man finds one hook better than a dozen, after a time, but he has to discover by experience that which the savage appears to know by intuition.

But to return to my fishing. Before we had rounded the point of Stanley Park, which juts into the anchorage, separating Coal Harbor from Burrard Inlet, I had my gear in order, and the spoon was dancing and shooting a few inches below the surface (no lead is necessary) at the end of ninety yards of line. Although it was slack water, a strong tide made itself felt just off the point, and we were carried some distance seaward while crossing the channel to the fishing ground on the other side of the Inlet.

A good fisherman had said to me: "Be near the upper beacon at slack tide, and troll across the current for the first two hours of the flood, and you will have sport if the fish are running." Ah, ha! there was my old friend "If" again. "If," of Nova Scotia, I knew well; was intimately acquainted with his relatives in New Brunswick, Great Britain and Scandinavia. Now I was to be introduced to "If" of British Columbia. We all know the family. "The stream's real high to-day, but *if* you had only been here yesterday;" or, "that there yellor fly's no good; now *if* you only had one that was kinder greenish," etc., etc., *ad nauseam*.

Now, after journeying to the far-away Pacific, it was a case of "*if* the fish are running." Of course they would not run, and moreover, they would take particular pains not to begin running until the day after I left the coast, when they would most assuredly begin to run so fast as to put even the fleet Wefers to the blush; and they would continue to run for a period so lengthy as to surprise even the oldest white inhabitant (N. B.—The first stumps were chopped on the site of Vancouver City in 1886). Just my luck to — Whirrzzzz! went the reel, and quick as a flash, a beautifully bright Cohoe salmon jumped three feet into the air, casting a shower of spray on all sides and causing a couple of young teal, which had regarded me with complete indifference, to take flight. What a dance that fish led me! And yet, when I dangled him from the hook of my pocket steelyard, he weighed only fifteen pounds. But a salmon caught in salt water is twice as gamy as one taken miles above the tide, with the silver off his scales and the curd dissolved from between the layers of his pink flesh.

After rapping Cohoe number one on the head, and putting him in a place of safety under the forward bar, I again lowered the spoon on its deadly mission. Hardly had it become straightened out at the end of the line before a tremendous tug showed that it had again been seized by a fish. Cohoe number two was somewhat larger than my first victim, and was consequently able to prolong his struggle for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, a trifle longer than his unfortunate predecessor. But the result was the same. Beautiful in death, he eventually reposed beside his schoolmate, (pun patented). Before I became surfeited, there were four salmon in the canoe, and the Siwash spoon had accounted for every fish struck.

"Lo," said I, "what are these fish worth here?"

"Four bits," said Lo ; and as I wended my way to the hotel, I mused upon the delights of a land where the poor but honest toiler can afford to treat his family to salmon fresh from the ocean, for four months out of every twelve, and where any intelligent and industrious boy can support his parents with the aid of a few yards of cotton line, a pole and

Salmon may be seen leaping on every side ; the streams are filled so full of moving schools that, as the solid phalanx stems the current, the flank fish are sometimes forced high and dry upon the strand, a windrow of dead and dying victims on either bank serving to mark the passage of the finned myriads.

The leader of the yearly migration



TROLLING FOR SALMON IN THE HARBOR.

a Siwash spoon. And yet there are folks who will live in the East !

In sober truth, the amount of fish life in British Columbia's waters must be seen to be believed. From early spring until late in the autumn, salmon and trout of one species or another continually force their way up the rivers, seeking distant spawning grounds many hundreds of feet above tide level. The bays and inlets of the coast swarm with fish.

is the Tyhee, or king salmon, known to men of learning by its pet name, *Onchorynchus chowicha*. This royal fish runs during the winter and early spring. It is a tremendously heavy salmon, a weight of about eighty pounds being sometimes attained, and fish of half that size being common. It has not the proportions of a Cascapedia salmon, and unfortunately, like all Pacific species, does not take the fly ; but the Tyhee

takes the spoon with avidity in salt water, and fights as valiantly as any *Salmo salar*. Following the king salmon, comes the Sockeye (*Onchorynchus nerka*). This is the cannery fish. It is not so good eating by long odds as at least two other salmon caught on the coast, but its flesh is a rich crimson, and consequently meets the approval of the public, who know that the Atlantic salmon has always pink flesh when in high condition, and think the same rule applies to the Pacific fish. This is not the case, however; the paler species, such as the Tyhee and Cohoe, being infinitely more palatable than the brighter-hued Sockeye. The Sockeye has never been known to take the trolling bait or artificial fly.

Sometimes in August, the sporting little Cohoe (*Onchorynchus kisitch*) makes its appearance, and during the following six or eight weeks, the angler may have his surfeit of salmon fishing. Should he not own a canoe, he may hire one for "four bits" a day; and paddling slowly over the land-

locked waters, he may catch Cohoe salmon until even that begins to pall. They bite most freely the last half hour of the ebb, and the first two hours of the flood, but stray fish may be picked up at almost any time.

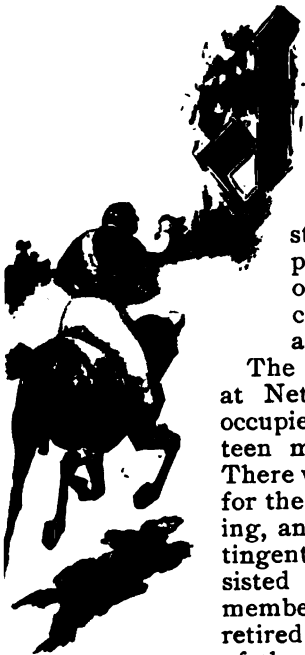
Some of the prospectors of the Northwest kill fish for food, with dynamite cartridges; and if prospectors were more numerous, and salmon and trout less abundant, such a reckless waste of fish life would soon render the waters barren. Happily, a few thousand men wandering for a portion of the year over the mountain ranges, can produce no visible diminution in the number of trout, even if they do explode a stick of dynamite now and again. British Columbia seems destined to provide sport for anglers in the days when every stream in the East shall have been polluted by dye-stuffs and chemicals, and when the only trout the little street-bred people know, are those that come in refrigerator cars from the land of the Siwash, the country of the setting sun.



AN ISLAND STREAM.

THE GREAT WEDDERBURN STEEPLECHASE.

By Charles F. Rooper.



U S T as the haughtiest of dames unbends when she is having her hair brushed, so will the most stilted and uncommunicatively-silent of men become communicative after dinner.

The smoking-room at Netherby Hall was occupied by about fifteen men of all ages. There was a house party for the pheasant shooting, and the male contingent thereof consisted of many more members, but some had retired bedward. Each of them was supremely confident of his own superiority in every field of sport—a condition of content, by the way, that always made me envy the average Britisher.

There was the Duke of Piccadilly, who had sat in the House of Lords for over thirty years, during which period he had spoken but once, and then only to bid an attendant “shut that d—d window;” and there, playing cards in a corner, was the Hon. Wentworth Montgomery, known to his friends, for some inexplicable reason, as “Tommy,” a ruddy-faced, impudent-looking youth who staked his sovereigns with the utmost coolness, notwithstanding the fact that he was a younger son, and that his income, outside his regimental pay, was but three hundred a year. The host, one Herbert Ingleby, a fine specimen of the old school, did not appear entirely at his ease on this particular evening.

With his son, he was endeavoring to entertain an elderly gentlemen and a sallow-complexioned but well-built youth. It was the old story of an American hiring a neighboring estate, and forcing an *entrée* into country society.

The average Englishman is supremely ignorant of America and Americans, and regards them suspiciously as foreigners who may shoot foxes or ride over hounds. Mr. Ingleby was not discourteous—he was far too much of a gentleman for that,—but he was growing rather bored. He had tried the land question, the Irish question, the church question and the foreign-policy-of-the-Government question, each with but limited success; and not being endowed with any particular brilliancy of ideas or conversation, he was beginning to feel somewhat “stumped.”

Mr. Van Peyster himself began to wish that he had not accepted the invitation to stay a week. His own place was but ten miles away; they might easily have driven back after dinner. Mr. Van Peyster sighed as he thought of his own rye whiskey, instead of the smoky stuff diluted with a bottle of soda water, that was offered to him; and of his corn-cob in place of the dry, crackling Havanas of his host, neither of which appealed favorably to him.

The Hon. Wentworth Montgomery, or rather, “Tommy,” for the sake of brevity, strolled over to where young Van Peyster and Ingleby Jr. were seated. “Tommy” was of a kindly nature in an indolent sort of way, and seeing Bob Ingleby, whom he revered as the hardest and straightest man across country, of his acquaintance, thoroughly bored, he determined to “help him out of the ditch,” as he would have put it.

"Do they — aw — ride much in America?" was his initial effort at entertaining the American visitor.

"Oh, quite a good deal," modestly answered Van Peyster the younger.

"Play polo?"

"Yes, quite a good deal."

"Strange," mused Tommy; "I didn't think the game had reached that far yet."

"Oh, we're not such barbarians as you imagine us to be," laughed Van Peyster, good-naturedly; "I guess we do almost everything in that line that you do over here — I mean in the way of sport. By the way, I see that some steeplechasing is coming off here in a month or so; I suppose there would be no harm in my trying my hand, eh?"

Mr. Van Peyster's manner was rather familiar and jaunty, but, naturally, that was only due to his Americanism, thought Tommy.

"No indeed," was chorused in reply by the remaining occupants of the room, for there had been an exodus of two or three since the card table became vacant.

Here indeed was a chance! A green, fresh hand absolutely presuming to compete with old practised steeplechasers; a chance for a lesson, and incidentally, for an addition to the bank account, for Van Peyster would naturally back his own mounts. Conversation from that instant never turned from the subject, and when Mr. Van Peyster retired, he found himself booked for three matches and entered for two cups in the two days of racing, besides having a betting book well annotated and mostly with three-figure entries.

The next day there was a *battue*, that form of sport which has been so execrated by many sportsmen. The pheasants, which regarded the shooters with mild and melancholy eyes, refused to leave the ground without vigorous hustling, evidently fancying that each man who carried a gun was a kindly keeper with a pocketful of grain. When they did lazily flutter

aloft, they were shot down by the score.

Mr. Van Peyster and his son astonished the party. They not only missed nearly every bird at which they fired, but swore in such voluble language, committing birds, guns and everyone present to the infernal regions, that Mr. Ingleby had to remonstrate.

"I thought," murmured Tommy to Bob Ingleby; "I thought they said they had done such tremendous work against the wild geese and canvasback in their own country."

"Humph," growled his companion, who was not in the best of tempers, "wild geese and canvasback must be dead easy shooting then."

But Van Peyster Jr., who had overheard these remarks, turned to his father, and winked knowingly. Their bad sportsmanship had had its desired effect, and most of the son's bets on the steeplechase were doubled that night in the card-room.

The morning of the Wedderburn Steeplechase broke clear and frosty. It was not so cold as to stop the sport, but just crisp enough to harden the surface of the ground, and to improve the ploughed fields with a slight crust.

The Van Peysters had become passably popular during the last month — that is, so far as they were known, for they neither visited nor entertained very extensively, and were never inclined to be particularly communicative. The general verdict was that they were "rather nice for Americans," and several country matrons had begun to remember that plenty of nice girls had married Americans, and come to no special harm from doing so.

The Wedderburn Steeplechase was by no means confined to the country gentlemen and farmers of the district, generally found in such suburban meetings. There were one or two races well worth competing for, on the programme of the day's sport, and a good sprinkling of outside entries raised the meeting to quite an event in the annals of Wedderburn-

EVEN THE LITTLE DUCHESS SAT UP AND INQUIRED WHAT MIGHT BE THE MATTER.



ians, and it was actually reported in the London sporting weeklies.

Wedderburn society turned out in full force. The Duchess of Piccadilly, a meek little withered-up old woman, having a countenance resembling an over-kept pippin, dressed in a very badly-worn black bonnet, was jolted in her immense barouche over the grass field to a position near the winning-post. Once there, all the country people besieged her carriage, grimacing and grinning. As for the poor little woman herself, she was wishing the affair over, having no interest in horses and solacing her monotonous life with soup-kitchens and parish libraries. Customary patronage, however, demanded her presence, and here she was.

Here, too, was the sporting rector of Wedderburn, feeling rather qualmish lest his bishop should hear of his presence, but hoping to turn the two or three bank-notes he carried, into at least as many more. And here was the sporting curate of the sporting rector of Wedderburn, dodging about in the distance with one eye on his "boss", and jingling a few sovereigns in his pocket. Poor fellow! He had only just left Oxford, and the old Adam had not entirely evacuated his person. Both were in some trepidation, for the bishop would have exorcised the rector, and the rector the curate, had they been aware of their juniors' indiscretions.

A horde of villagers from the surrounding district were gapingly lounging around, while some, with open mouths, were donating their sixpences and shillings to the three-card trick man, that ubiquitous individual who turns up at every meeting no matter how small. A heavy dragoon regiment quartered in the neighborhood, had brought over its drag, and was dispensing hospitality with lavish hand. Two or three tents, liberally topped with flags, had been put up at the side of the field, and they lent an air of gaiety to the proceedings that would not otherwise have been so marked.

Grooms were leading well-blanketed horses to and fro, and the loud voices of the bookmakers, the chattering of the people, and the sense of pervading excitement were intensely exhilarating and conducive to good spirits.

Mr. Van Peyster and his son, the latter wearing the latest abortion in the shape of a light overcoat with buttons as big as cheeseplates, were strolling up and down apart from the crowd.

"You have not done so badly," exclaimed Van Peyster Senior, removing his cigar from his mouth. "Are you sure of the fifth race though?"

"I've got to be sure of it," laughed his son shortly.

"You know what it means to us!" exclaimed the father anxiously.

Mr. Van Peyster Junior, turned angrily on his heel.

"Look here, Pop," he replied, "don't you know I feel anxious enough without your infernal croaking? Let me alone, and for goodness' sake, go and do the society racket; I'm going for a brandy-and-soda. Your cursed whining has made me shaky."

"All right, my boy, all right. I can trust your level head," replied his sire, soothingly, as he ambled away in search of the Duke of Piccadilly, the latter being engaged in saying pompous but amiable nothings to his tenantry.

"Ah, Mr. Van Peyster," exclaimed his Grace, extending the forefinger of his left hand. "Congratulate you; your boy rode a capital race. Seen the Duchess? She's over there; come with me and I'll introduce you."

This was indeed an honor. The Piccadillys, although they had several times been under the same roof as the Van Peysters, had always ignored their presence. Van Peyster Junior had ridden and won two events during the afternoon, by good horsemanship, and the Duke, who was, with all his faults, a thorough sportsman, recognized the fact and felt

correspondingly well-intentioned. An introduction to the Duchess, however, was not a very formidable affair. She merely leaned slightly forward and exclaiming with a formal smile: "You must come and dine with us some night", relapsed into her previous mummy like stolidity.

It was the best way, after all. If the Duke of Piccadilly should exclaim, on driving home: "D——n it, Maria, what made you ask those people to dinner?" she could reply in truth that there was no date specified, and no necessity for sending a card. The recipients of the verbal invitation could truthfully say that the Duchess of Piccadilly had asked them to dine, and if they never received a specific invitation—well, it would be the height of presumption to blame a Duchess for forgetting. Forgetting is a privilege of the titled rich.

A dinner bell soon unloosed its not unmusical tongue, and the atmosphere became charged with still greater excitement, as preparations were made for the event of the day. Even the little Duchess, aroused by the unusual buzz of conversation, sat up and inquired of one of the toadies standing by her carriage, what might be the matter.

"It is the match, your Grace," was the excited answer.

"What match?" asked the Duchess, her curiosity aroused.

"The match between Mr. Ingleby, Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Van Peyster, your Grace."

"Oh!" said the Duchess, sinking back again.

The betting on the race was heavy. Van Peyster Senior was "making a book" with the recklessness that could only be indulged in by an American millionaire. Mr. Ingleby's brown mare was the favorite at two to one; Mr. Van Peyster's black horse, Satan, came next, and the Hon. Wentworth Montgomery was the outsider, with a rakish-looking chestnut.

As they cantered to the starting-

post, Van Peyster Senior eyed the horses nervously.

"That brown of Ingleby's will be hard to beat," he muttered. And in truth, it was a magnificent animal, faultlessly shaped, with a coat like satin, on which the sinews stood out like whipcords.

It was a point-to-point race. None of the three competitors had been over the course before, and there were no conditions, everything after the start being left to the honor of the riders. The course was about three and one-half miles in length, with some particularly rough country between the start and the winning-post.

They got off well together, the chestnut slightly in front over the first fence. Still bunched, they galloped across a grass field, each rider carefully watching the others' tactics. But soon, a sorry accident happened. Fired with ambition, the Hon. Wentworth Montgomery turned aside from the course his rivals were taking, and put his chestnut at an ugly-looking double-rail fence with a bad take-off and a long drop on the other side. It turned out to be a long drop in two senses, and for some minutes it was difficult to discover which was the honorable rider and which his steed.

With "Tommy" out of the running, the race resolved itself into a match between Van Peyster and Ingleby. The former was doing all he could to shake off his rival or induce him to ride himself out, but with no success. Ingleby stuck to him, his horse going along easily, and he gradually became convinced that he was master of the situation.

It was in the middle of a ploughed field that Van Peyster began to realize that he was beaten and that Satan was beginning to move with effort. He clenched his knees tightly to his horse's sides, and gnashing his teeth angrily, uttered an oath as he jostled against Ingleby's mount.

"Man alive!" shouted the latter, excitedly, "can't you see where you're going?"



VAN PEYSTER DELIBERATELY SLASHED THE BROWN FULL BETWEEN THE EYES WITH THE BUTT OF HIS HUNTING WHIP.

At the end of the field was the last jump but one, a high, double-rail fence, with a wide ditch on the other side. It was a case of do or die. They approached the obstacle neck-and-neck. "Confound you! Keep off there!" yelled Ingleby, furiously, as Van Peyster's horse plunged against his own for the third time.

They were the last words he

spoke. As they reached the jump, Van Peyster lifted his horse in front, and turning quickly around in his saddle, deliberately slashed the brown full between the eyes with the butt of his hunting whip.

Too near the fence to stop, Ingleby's horse half rose at it and crashed through, toppling over and over, and, finally rising after a severe effort,

stood with shaking limbs by its prostrate rider.

Van Peyster rode in an easy winner, and received the congratulations and cheers of the throng, many of whom had backed his mount on account of his previous fine display. A general anxiety at the non-appearance of the other riders soon made itself apparent.

"Montgomery fell early in the race, but he was all right, because I saw him get up," explained Van Peyster. "I thought Ingleby was right behind me; he certainly was, up to the last half-mile."

A search party now set out, and soon the senseless form of Herbert Ingleby was borne in on a hurdle, and the day's sport ended in gloom.

Van Peyster Senior was in a most exultant mood, for his pockets were filled with crisp bank-notes.

"My boy," said he, "we have done it, and the sooner we clear out the better," and they hurried into a dog-cart, and bowled rapidly along homeward.

Herbert Ingleby's injuries were not serious. He was able to sit up the next evening, though feeling somewhat dizzy and stunned, and while surrounded by sympathizing visitors, the front door bell rang and a card was brought in.

"Mr. Goldthwaite, of New York," read Squire Ingleby. "Now, who can he be, and what the deuce can he want with me?"

"Have him in, and find out," suggested his son.

Mr. Goldthwaite was ushered into the drawing-room, and soon made known his errand.

"I am afraid you have all been duped," said he, "by a couple of scoundrels using the name Van Peyster. I heard all about it on my arrival at the depot. To make a long story short, my client, Mr. Asterbilt, determined to start a

racing stud in England. To this end, he engaged the so-called Van Peyster and his son—the latter being a professional rider in America, and the former, one of the smartest trainers there—to come over and start the stable, he intending to follow shortly. The illness of his daughter, however, prevented his carrying out his intentions. Having the fullest confidence in this Van Peyster, he intrusted to him large sums of money for the purpose of purchasing stock. Becoming suspicious, Mr. Asterbilt sent me over to look after matters, and I have just learned of their recent knavery. I have called in order to procure evidence against the pair."

Mr. Ingleby paused for a moment, astonished.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I never thought that I should be so taken in, even by such clever rogues as your two countrymen."

"Excuse me," interrupted Goldthwaite, "but they are Englishmen who have resided for some years in the States."

"Ahem!" exclaimed Ingleby, which, under the circumstances, was about the only exclamation that he could make.

Of course the birds had flown, but the affair was more than a nine-days' wonder in Wedderburn.

"I told you so," said the Duke of Piccadilly to his neighbors.

"Yes, your Grace," was their dutiful response, but not one of them knew just what the Duke had told them, any more than he did himself.

"And these are the people you wanted to have dine with us, Maria!" he remarked, scathingly, to his Duchess.

"But I didn't set any day, you know," was her meek reply, which left the same loophole for escape from his Grace's censure that had saved her from the social ignominy of an acceptance of the invitation.

BASKETBALL, THE ATHLETIC FAD THIS YEAR

By James Pryer Allen.

MANY games have been devised to break the monotony of the long winter of athletic inactivity, but none has ever reached the popularity promised for basketball, the athletic fad of the year. No other combines so many of the desirable features of the outdoor sports, and is still practicable for indoor play during the long winter months, when snow and ice make the open air athletically uninhabitable. Basketball offers all the fascinations of team play and excitement of football, without its roughness; all the better points of water polo, with much quicker action, and more practical requirements. It offers the best possible variety of indoor exercise, with all the interest and excitement—for both player and spectator—that could possibly be wanted, and is still adaptable to almost any gymnasium. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that its devotees predict for the sport a long life and a merry one.

Basketball is by no means a new game, although it is only within the last year that it has become universally popular. It has in reality passed its eighth birthday, and though a youngster in the family of sports, it is a lusty one. James Naismith, of the Young Men's Christian Association Training School, of Springfield, Mass., is the father of the game. It was first played in the gymnasium there, and has been gradually taken up by the leading branches of the Association throughout the country since its introduction.

A study of the first rules under which the game was played, reveals the fact that it was originally modeled very closely after football. Indeed, it might have been appropriately called indoor football, though

the elements of water polo are also noticeable in its makeup. In the earliest games, the floor was marked off somewhat after the fashion of the present football "gridiron," penalties of distance being allowed for fouls. All of the rough elements of football were carefully eliminated, however. A player could not hold the ball or run with it; he must not tackle an opponent or strike him, and such a play as the present football scrimmage was not to be thought of. The ball could not be advanced by kicking; only hand-to-hand passing, or rolled along the floor. Under these rules, the area of the floor space decided the number of players on the teams, and they were made up of five, seven, nine or eleven men.

The main features of the game remain unchanged. Modifications have been made which have been found a decided improvement, and the present popularity is in a great degree due to these changes. The rules relating to tackling, holding, carrying and kicking the ball are practically the same as in former years. The floor space, however, no longer governs the number of men on each team. Teams are now limited by rule to five, although many prefer and are playing, teams of seven men. The rule regarding floor space limits the field to 3,500 square feet.

When Yale took up the game last year, she played seven men, and her basketball players still believe that this number is far better than the smaller teams playing this winter. Trinity and Wesleyan, the other colleges that have entered with Yale in the Tri-Collegiate Basketball League, will each play seven men, while at the University of Pennsylvania, the five-man team will be adhered to.



Savidge. Hedges. Barnard. Manager Abbott. DeLoffre.
 Stewart. Sohm. Coombs. Capt. Milligan. Buckley. Marggraff. Singer.
 Saunders. Gorman.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA BASKETBALL TEAM.

In all the games played by the Y. M. C. A. District Basketball League, which is comprised of teams from New York and Brooklyn branches of the Young Men's Christian Association, the latest rules are strictly lived up to. This diversity has hampered basketball much in the past season.

A basketball team is made up of a centre, two forwards and two guards. The forwards conduct the attack, while the guards play opposite them and defend their goal from the opponents' assaults. The centres play opposite each other in the middle of the field, put the ball in play by "facing," as in lacrosse, polo and similar games, and turn their attention to either attack or defense, according to the needs of the moment. The ball used is similar to a football, being of leather filled with air, but is round and not elliptical.

There is a basket hung ten feet from the ground at either end of the field, and these serve as goals. The aim of the players is to toss the ball into the opponents' basket, and all scoring is done in this way.

In scoring for basketball, two points are counted for a goal from the field—that is, a goal thrown while the ball is in actual play; and one point for a goal from a free throw, allowed as the penalty for a foul. When a foul has been made, the team wronged has the privilege of an unobstructed throw for goal, from a distance of fifteen feet from the opponents' basket. The players line up on opposite sides of a six-foot lane between the thrower and the goal, but no player may stand nearer than six feet from the thrower, or interfere with him in any way. Should the ball miss the basket, it is in play. If the goal is made, the ball is put in play again from the centre



PUTTING THE BALL IN PLAY FOR A BASKETBALL MATCH.

of the field, in the same manner as at the beginning of a game. This is also the case after a goal from the field. This free-throw penalty is allowed for any kind of a foul, and there are a number of ways in which fouls are made. Rough play, such as striking, kicking, shouldering, tripping or backing, constitutes a foul; kicking or striking the ball with the closed fist; carrying it, or holding it with body and arms are not allowable and also entail this penalty.

The "held ball" is a play closely related to the "down" in football. When two or more men hold the ball so that it may not be freely put in motion, the referee stops the play. He then starts the interrupted game by throwing the ball up between two opposing players at the place where it was held. Should the ball be held on the side-line, it may be put in play in the centre. Whenever the ball goes out of bounds during the progress of the game, it is put in play again by the player who first touches it after crossing the line. He may pass or throw it in from the spot where it passed out of bounds, or he may touch it to the ground, and put it into play again by "dribbling" it. This admits of some rare skill. The opposing player endeavors to cover and block the pass, and it is the object of the man throwing in, to dodge or mislead him.

The use of signals has not yet entered into basketball to much extent;



BLOCKING THE PASS IN FROM THE SIDE.

but there is a decided need for some method by which the captain can direct the plays of the men, and there are some concerted plays which a signal would assist in putting into action. The New Britain, Conn., team has developed a system of signals which is remarkably effective. Yale has been working with the problem, especially in perfecting a new strategic play in which her guards and forwards change positions. The use of a signal code was also instrumental in making the recent match played in Brooklyn, between the University of Pennsylvania and the Adelphi Academy teams, an interesting one for both spectator and player.

By far the most responsible position on a team is that of centre, and it requires a skillful all-round player. He should be able to throw goals quickly and accurately, and his passing should be above reproach. He should also be able to break from the "cover" of his opponent and follow the ball very closely. The guards, right and left, are the most undesirable positions on a team, for their work is all defensive. They are forced to follow the opposing forwards closely and at



A FOUL TACKLE.

the same time watch for any play to centre. This position is also open to more chance of fouling than any other. The temptation to tackle the opposing forward or shoulder him is one that is difficult to overcome. The forwards' positions allow of the most brilliant playing. The men who play these positions are always the fastest. They have the opportunity, too, of developing more original plays, in combination with the centre, who "feeds" the attack, than the guard can ever hope for. Indeed, the duties of the guard are merely to interfere with the forward, and if he does get the ball on a fumble, or an unsuccessful try for goal, he passes it at once to the centre, or throws it to his forwards at the other end of the field. There is little chance for brilliant play by a guard.

When seven men compose a team, two additional centres are allowed. They play in practically the same

position as the forwards, but do not advance quite so far down the field, acting as a connecting link between the centre and forwards in the attack. The seven-man game, as can be readily understood, develops a much more rapid game than with five-man teams, but it also admits of more roughness. The University of Pennsylvania team has tried the experiment of playing six men. In this case, two players are known as centres, although but one of them jumps for the ball at the toss-up when it is put into play. The centres pass to forwards on either side of the field. This, they think, is an improvement over the five man game, and affords an excellent compromise. On the University of Pennsylvania team, and some of the others, the men playing forwards are spoken of as right and left attack, while the guards are known as right and left defence. The name of the centre position is unchanged.



IN THE BIG Y. M. C. A. GYMNASIUM.

(Central Branch, Brooklyn.)



A "HELD BALL."

The methods of play differ according to the locality, and no group of teams play exactly the same game as that developed in other sections of the country. The style developed by Yale has been principally along the line of very rapid passing and "dribbling" the ball. She also plays more to her guards than any of the other teams. This is decidedly original with Yale and will make her a strong antagonist. The Pennsylvania players, however, rely more upon their ability to shoot for the basket, and are doing some remarkably clever work in this line. The Y. M. C. A. teams in and about New York, play a special style of game in which the men follow and closely "cover" their opponents. This method may not roll up large scores, but the player who can successfully stop the forwards from throwing goals, is equal in all respects to the fastest players of other teams. In the West, the game is played much more roughly than in the East; and the Interstate League of last year with clubs from Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, developed some of the roughest play ever seen on a basketball floor.

The popularity which has attended the opening of the basketball season

this year, is largely due to the interchange of matches between teams in various sections of the country. The schedule arranged by Yale, Trinity and Wesleyan, is planned for two games with each college. Then Yale will make a tour south, playing with the strong teams in Washington, with the "All-Pittsburghs" and with the strongest of the New York and Brooklyn teams.

Yale basketball players have been unfortunate in not securing recognition from the Yale Athletic Association, which would place them on the same footing as the baseball and football men. This may be changed next season, however, as several candidates for the football team are using basketball for their indoor winter practice. A greater number of football men have been training for the basketball team of the University of Pennsylvania than for that of any other college. McCracken, who played guard on the 'varsity eleven, will be their star centre; Overfield also plays at centre, which was also his position on the football field; Quarterback Coombs will play guard; and Hedges, who played end on the football team, will play forward.



J. H. Wendelken. A. J. Abadie. A. Shields.
W. C. Reed. H. M. Meyerhoff, Captain. J. Hamill.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION TEAM.

(Twenty-third Street Branch, New York.)

A graduate of Cornell tells a humorous story of how the game first took root there about four years ago. When the game was young, it was difficult for the gymnastic instructor to get out enough men to form two teams. Then one of the students, the butt of his class, became interested, and was seen on the basketball field. Scores of men at once became enthusiastic over the game. Their object, however, was not so much to toss the ball, as it was to toss their fellow-student, and the chap who was the laughing-stock of his class, received many more punches than did the leather sphere. Since that time, basketball has languished at Cornell, although efforts are now

being made to put it on a firmer footing.

The hustling University of Chicago has not been left behind in basketball. Teams of both men and women there play the game and there is great rivalry over the sport. As yet, however, the men have never met their fair "co-eds." Dr. A. A. Stagg, Yale's famous pitcher and end-rush, and now director of athletics at Chicago, has devoted much time and assistance to furthering the interest of basketball there. The Athletic Association has not only given official recognition to the "goal-shooters," but efforts were made last year to send the team east, and it now seems probable that Chicago's basketball men will have an opportunity to meet some of the

stronger eastern clubs before the close of this season's play.

New Yorkers, and in fact, all football enthusiasts who watched with such interest the Carlisle Indians during their recent play on the "grid-iron," will be interested to learn that they will send out a crack basketball tribe this year. Their schedule includes games with many of the strongest clubs in this part of the country.

It may seem singular to the close follower of athletic sports, that in the short duration of basketball's popularity, professionalism should have crept in at some points. This is due, in at least two instances, to the fact that basketball captured the town. In New Britain, Conn., the team plays profitably to crowds every Saturday night. The manager was heard to remark that every one from the mayor down came to see his team play, and that the theatrical companies no longer found it profitable to stay in New Britain on Saturday nights. The other instance that has come to the observation of the writer, is the strong team of Trenton, N. J. It has been claimed by one of this team that the men are not playing for money, but the fact remains that the gate receipts are divided among them. Both of the teams mentioned play a game unapproachable for style and speed. It may also be said to their credit that their matches are remarkably free from fouls.

Basketball was not favorably considered of as a game for women, until two or three years ago. It was then introduced in a number of the Young Women's Christian Asso-

ciation gymnasiums, where it met with some success. Then the colleges devoted exclusively to the education of women, experimented with the game, and to-day it is firmly established wherever it has been taken up. At Bryn Mawr College, basketball has met with the approval of all interested in athletics, and Dr. Alice B. Foster has been instrumental in bringing the game to its present development at this institution. The Bryn Mawr girls are said

to play a very rapid game, and the accuracy of their throwing for goals is far better than might be expected. At Smith College, Wellesley, Vassar and many others, the game has become very popular.

The Anderson Normal School of Gymnastics, at New Haven, Connecticut, has a remarkably fine team. They have played several matches with outside teams, notably that with the Cambridge girls under the instruction of Dr. Sargeant. This game was played early last spring, and the result has deterred most of the women's colleges from playing outside matches, for charges

and counter-charges of rough play, etc., marred its success. The Anderson team, however, will play the Mt. Holyoke College girls, the Rosemary Hall team and Dr. Sargeant's Training School team again this season. The strongest women's team near New York is probably that connected with Dr. Savage's training-school. In this school, there are several teams, and a series of championship games between them has been arranged for this winter.



THE CAPTAIN.

The costume worn by women for basketball is that usually used where athletic exercises and games are in vogue among the fair sex. It consists of a loose-fitting blouse, with sleeves of ample proportions, buttoned close at the wrist. At the waist, a belt or sash is worn, and this supports the wide-cut bloomers. Regulation gymnasium stockings and high shoes complete the costume. In

fitting forms of dress. At the same time, the costume is most becoming.

The difference between the women's game and that played by the men, is a very wide one. As played by women, the game lacks rapidity of action, the nicety of passing from one player to another, and exhibits an absence of decision at critical moments. Then the women throw poorly; they have frequent oppor-



A GROUP OF WOMEN PLAYERS OF THE SAVAGE INSTITUTE.

many instances, the collars are the only distinction between the players of opposing teams, as the almost universal color of the blouse is dark navy blue. This costume admits of the greatest freedom; the players can go through all the rapid play which basketball demands without the inconvenience that would be occasioned by adhering to less easy-

tunities to shoot a goal, but fail because of their inability in this line. Their strongest play is in covering the opposing players, but even this is oftentimes weak. Of course, great care is observed that there shall be no roughness in the women's play, and in many instances the rules have been changed to meet special requirements.

HUNTING THE BLUE GROUSE IN MONTANA.

By Rollin E. Smith.



HE blue grouse is the noblest of the grouse family, and the cock is a lordly bird, though the name hardly applies to his blood. He is a highlander by nature, and the hunter who would seek his close acquaintance in the frosty days of fall, when vigorous of wing, must be prepared for the hard work of mountain climbing. For he must hunt in high altitudes and over rocky country, and the later the season, the higher the birds are to be found. The enthusiastic sportsman, however, estimates his pleasures by the difficulties overcome; the more arduous the work the greater the satisfaction. But opportunity is a factor in the success of the hunter, and circumstances are sometimes kind.

So thought the writer, when packing rifles and guns for a sojourn in the mountains of Montana, near the valley of the Missouri, but hundreds of miles above where the stream could be called the "Big Muddy." This fertile valley, cut and crossed by irrigating ditches, and divided into fields, was at one time a natural game preserve, but cattle and horses now roam over its bordering hills and trample into dust the thousands of bleaching antlers, once the pride of lordly elk; and a trans-continental railroad "brings in the people, and takes out the wealth." But the adjoining foothills and mountains still abound in small game and deer, while mountain lion and grizzly bear are by no means extinct there.

Leaving the train a hundred miles or so west of Bozeman, a drive of

twenty miles took me to the ranch where I had planned to visit, at the base of the foothills; the mountains were four miles further on. The rancher was one of those peculiarly-western types found nowhere but in the West. He had been gambler, prospector, miner, rancher; he had made and squandered several fortunes, and was now a poor man with fifteen hundred acres of unirrigated land. The West has been toned down and civilized; changed from the howling frontier to almost New England prosaicism, but the original western character changeth not with the times. He is rapidly passing away, however, for the conditions which made him possible have gone into territorial history, leaving these striking memories of original character—and oftentimes of original sin—forsaken and alone like solitary buttes in the Bad Lands. Whenever I find one of these old fellows, I cultivate him, and glory in the discovery.

Arrangements for my stay were soon completed, and, before retiring, the old rancher had admitted me to his good-fellowship. He, too, was a sportsman, was old Andy Billings, and he consented to accompany me the next morning to point out the best hunting-grounds for blue grouse. As it was yet a few days too early for big game, the intervening time could be well occupied in small-game shooting, and in getting acquainted with the country.

We started early, for we intended to go to the timber on the mountains, riding as far as convenient, and then to stake the ponies until our return. Andy did not expect to do much shooting, but he took a shotgun, while I carried a small-bore rifle. It was too late in the season for satisfactory wing-shooting, for the grouse were in the timber, and as they would

fly into the dense fir-trees on being flushed, they afforded better sport with the rifle than with the shotgun. We followed the trail up a gulch, gradually ascending for three or four miles, then left it and climbed a steep hill to a small plateau which extended to a sharp incline some distance below timber. Leaving the horses on the mountain-side, we followed up the stream in a thickly-wooded gulch.

"We'll not be long in finding grouse now," said my companion, pointing to the freshly-turned fir and pine needles. And he was right, for almost at the same time, the drum-like rumble of wings was heard. Advancing a few rods, I saw a large, sleek, bluish-colored bird on the ground, running.

Before a shot could be fired, it rose with roaring wings, flying almost vertically into a fir-tree. The noise started several more of the covey, and they also sought the thick foliage. Watching the tree where the first one alighted, we circled slowly until the bird was visible, sitting on a branch sixty feet from the ground, his neck twisting about as he watched the intruders suspiciously. Aiming steadily just below the head, the trigger was pressed, and down he came with a fluttering that scattered the fir-needles on the ground for yards around. Andy quickly secured the bird, so that the noise would not alarm others, but he was too late; several flew from overhead, and others rose from the ground; most of them alighting again in nearby trees.

One was seen in a small pine-tree, detected by the shaking of the boughs, as the bird shifted around to the further side. Tricky birds they are, but this one overreached itself in its efforts at concealment. The distance was twenty yards or so, but a shot at the head brought it down. It proved to be a hen and altogether unlike the first killed; for that was a cock and much larger, and of a glossy slate color, while the hen was speckled,

with a general tone of brown. Both birds were plump and heavy, much heavier than the prairie chicken.

A grouse was next seen on a limb of a large pine, high above the surrounding trees, the bird sitting close to its trunk. Too high for a head-shot, the sights were aligned on the body. What, a miss? The bird moved sidewise out on the limb, preparing for flight. A quick aim, and another miss. The grouse sprang into the air and started for the hillside across the gulch. But the feathers suddenly scattered, and its flight changed into a tumble, as it whirled rapidly downward. A roar and a volume of smoke at my side explained, while Andy grinned as he started to gather in the bird. The loud report of his shotgun started the birds from the tree-tops, and the noise of their departing wings resounded through the gulch. We watched them as they passed an opening in the trees, and settled in the foliage on the hillside, three hundred or four hundred yards away.

Andy had some trouble in finding his bird, for the young evergreens along the stream were very thick. The noise he made covered the sound of footsteps, and I was not conscious of the approach of a stranger, until a voice close behind startled me.

"What are you doing here, Mister?" is rather an embarrassing question, when coming unexpectedly, and I turned quickly and saw a figure that seemed like an apparition of the "bad man" of fiction or the stage. I could do nothing but stare in astonishment, for not a rod away stood a heavily-built man, roughly-dressed in loose-fitting, rough, brown clothes, his waist encircled by a cartridge belt with a heavy revolver, and a repeating rifle was held in one hand. His full beard was light brown and curly, and his bushy hair hung about his neck. The picture was completed by the only hat in Montana which would not have been



"NO DOUBT ABOUT THAT ONE," ANDY REMARKED.

out of place on that head. It was old and broad, and its brim was looped around the edge with a cord; the color was a mixture of all shades, and the creases corresponded with those of his face. Again the harsh voice startled me.

"I don't allow hunters up here, and you can't get out any too quick," he exclaimed, approaching.

It was a great relief just then to have Andy come up the embankment of the stream, and to hear him call out: "Hullo, Jim; what's wrong?"

"Oh, I didn't know you were here, Andy," exclaimed the stranger. "All right, young feller, if you're with Andy; but I don't allow everybody to hunt in these hills."

"Yes, Jim," said my companion, "he's a friend of mine from the East."

"Glad to know you. Excuse me," he apologized, as I held out my hand; "but I haven't taken any man by the hand for seven years. Come up to my cabin, both of you," and he walked rapidly up the gulch, disappearing among the trees. I turned inquiringly to Andy.

"Jim's a little off," he said. "He used to be a prospector and hunter, and was about as wild as any of them. He shot a man seven years ago, and he hasn't been right in his head since. His cabin is about a mile above, and he imagines that he owns the mountains."

We ignored Jim's invitation, and went on with our sport. Following the birds, we circled above them, with two objects in view. When flushed from above, they would fly down instead of up, and our tactics also served to circumvent a little trick of the blue grouse. He will fly into a tree, and appear to alight on the nearer side; but this is a delusion, for he always goes through the branches to the further side where the trunk protects him. Knowing this, the hunter has a big advantage in coming up to the tree from the side opposite to which the bird went in.

The first shot offered was at a cock. Glossy and proud, he strutted on the ground with his great turkey-like tail spread wide before flight. He flew and perched on a tree fifty yards down the hill, and about on our level, with his form outlined against the sky. It was a difficult shot, for there was no background but the sky. A well-aimed bullet, however, dropped him from the branch, and he fluttered down the hill until stopped by a clump of bushes. Such a clean kill always gives the hunter a feeling of satisfaction, and the pleasure was increased by some complimentary remarks from old Andy. This was the first bird-shooting with a rifle that the old-timer had ever seen; his idea of the uses of that weapon began with deer and ended with grizzly bear.

The grouse had become watchful and wild, flushing while yet out of range; so Andy decided that we had better leave them, cross a spur of the mountain, and look for another covey on our way back toward the horses. After a climb of several hundred feet, we could see over the trees and lower spurs of the mountains, to a high canyon wall a mile away, extending back to the rocky, broken heights beyond.

"There's a pair of mountain lions over there," said Andy, pointing toward the head of the canyon. "I've seen 'em several times, but they're always too quick for me. Many a yearling of mine they've killed, too. We'll go after 'em some day." And we did; but that is another story.

Passing over the high ridge, we began the descent, and soon found ourselves at the top of a large depression in the mountain-side, a quarter of a mile across, and extending downward to the plain. It seemed like a great amphitheatre with fir-trees for people, and we took a seat in the back row, to rest, for the game we carried was heavy, and the climbing tiresome. Thoughtlessly, I kicked at a loose stone, which began to roll,

soon gaining such headway that it bounded and crashed through the bushes, carromed from an occasional tree, and then plunged on down again with ever-increasing speed until, with a final crash, it splintered against a huge boulder two hundred yards below.

Even before it had stopped, the rumble of a grouse's wings was heard, closely followed by several others, and every grouse that flushed seemed to startle two or three more. The stone had rolled right among twenty-five or thirty birds that were on the ground, feeding, and we saw them dash into the tree-tops. The woods were quite open here, and, as we were above the game, there seemed to be a fair chance for wing-shooting. Andy willingly turned the shotgun over to me. The first bird we flushed came from a small pine-tree, where he had been sitting, ten feet from the ground. Straight out into space he flew, offering a beautiful left-quarterming shot, as he skimmed over the trees. Quickly the gun covered him, and amid flying feathers, the big, plump bird dropped fully a hundred feet, and a resounding thump told where he landed.

"No doubt about that one," Andy remarked.

A brown hen started to go up the hillside, but in vain, for a snap shot brought her rolling and fluttering to our feet.

What sport it was! Way up there on the mountain, in the pleasant sunshine and pure, dry air, where the surroundings fascinate the sportsman, and make him forget his poor, less-fortunate fellow-mortals a few thousand feet below him. And such shooting! Lots of birds, and gamy, too. There is no hesitating or circling when they start; they know where they are going, and their quickest flight is all too slow for them. They require plenty of killing, too, and you must centre them with the charge, or you will see

them fall, if hard hit, in a neighboring gulch or canyon, where the sneaking coyote will enjoy a delicate meal.

As we wound downward among the trees, an occasional bird darted out from some hidden retreat, and made good his escape through the dense foliage, without even offering a shot; while others allowed only a snap shot as they rushed for safety. Occasionally, however, a fair right or left or straightaway chance was had, and such birds were brought to bag. The grouse flushed at distances of from twenty to thirty yards, some from small pine or fir-trees, but more from the large firs, and usually at a height of thirty feet.

As we approached the lower edge of the timber, a warm corner by a great stone overlooking the valley, was found, where we rested before descending to the ranch. Andy pointed out a range of lofty and rugged mountains in the dim distance, and told of a flourishing placer-mining camp there in early days, and of the wild free life of the miners before the law had penetrated into the wilderness. He told of bloodshed and many crimes, but declared that petty stealing was unknown. He described the custom of the miners of keeping their "dust" in old gold-pans under their bunks, and his memory failed to recall any instance of its ever having been disturbed.

"Now, dang 'em," he concluded, "the thieves 'ill steal chickens."

We got our horses and decorated their saddles with grouse until they were feathered fit for the warpath.

"Rather small game, these birds," said Andy, as he took a contemplative whiff at his pipe before mounting, at the same time kicking the mighty antler of some departed elk. "But what do you think of our hills for sport in a small way?"

"Think of them! Why, man, you are under a special dispensation of Providence, and don't know it."

UNC' FOUNT'S "SIN MONEY."

By Charles E. Trevathan.



THIS is the story of a faithful old negro and a good race horse, two properties not uncommon to the farms of the South in the days before and since the war. There are some folks who do not like a race horse of any sort; there are also some people who do not like a negro in any capacity. This tale is intended for both kinds. The scene is one of those rolling farms which dot all that strip of limestone and blue-grass country that begins at the Ohio River bank in Kentucky, and runs southward to lose itself in the sand hills of northern Alabama. Many a good horse has come from that strip, and done things about which nations have talked; many a faithful negro has lived a life of simple devotion to his master, along the same strip, and died without chronicle or fame. This one shall not.

Major Armstrong was a typical country gentleman of sporting proclivities. There was not a vicious trait in his lovable and loved character. His life was without stain, albeit sometimes stormy, and when he came to his final day and went to sleep on the hill, the worst his own countryside could say of him was that he had not guarded his family with that providence for the future which should have marked his otherwise praiseworthy life. The Major had a generous habit of going bail for unfortunate feud-breeders, and of endorsing notes for poverty-ridden whites. No man can do that in a

war-stricken country, and hold out long.

When the Major died, he left but a scant heritage. On his deathbed, he apologized in the gravest manner to "Miss" Mandy, the spouse of his youth and age, for failing to leave her a fortune, and then passed gracefully away as a gentleman should. What he really did leave to Miss Mandy's care and guidance were a farm, much the worse for years of continual drain; a strapping lad of sixteen, with all his father's brightness of mind; a miscellaneous assortment of promissory notes; a big bay mare, the last of a bunch of racers, and Unc' Fount. Unc' Fount could hardly be counted an asset; the war had put him on a different footing. But like many another, Unc' Fount elected to stay at home with the family instead of embarking on an unknown sea of uncertainty, and so through all the years that followed the war, he had remained steadfast at what he conceived to be his post of duty, and had come to be regarded as much a part of the Major's place as the chickens or the dogs.

The Major mentioned him as property in his will, just as if Mr. Lincoln had never set him free, and Unc' Fount took the mention as a personal obligation and an evidence of faith. He immediately took upon himself the management of the affairs of the estate, and would permit no suggestion from any one save Miss Mandy, answering all criticisms and commentaries with the single remark: "Marse Armstrong, he say Unc' Fount run thu ole fahm faw Miss Mandy an' thu chile, an' I reckon Unc' Fount gwine do hit." And he did.

When Miss Mandy came to look into the detail of her departed's bequests, she found herself poorer than even she had dreamed, and a great

grief fell upon her. Dominating her life was an intense desire to make a gentleman of the lad Harry. Her conception of a gentleman was a well-bred youngster, well-raised and well-educated, with a bit of the polish that travel brings and a portion of the world's goods to give him standing. In view of the Major's lack of provision, none of these, after the breeding, seemed possible for the boy, and Miss Mandy was heartsore accordingly. Harry was away at school when the blow came. Miss Mandy cried awhile to herself, and then sent for Unc' Fount. The old negro bowed himself into her presence, listened with uncovered head to what she had to say, and then bowed himself out again. A new responsibility had come to him.

With pride in his heart at having Miss Mandy consult him upon so important a matter as Mister Harry's future, he sat himself down on the shady side of the barn and gave himself up to deep thought. A solution of the difficulty came to him as an inspiration.

"Now thah's thu ole mar. Marse Armstrong nevah had uh po' hoss. Thu ole mar is carryin' roun' uh faw-tune dis berry minit, an' Miss Mandy don' know hit. She's so chu'ch-like she don' lak tuh know we'se got race hosses on thu fawm, but I reckon I des lay low tell spring an' see whut thu ole mar do faw us. Mistah Har'y he kin keep on gwine tuh school on thu cawn crap tell com' time faw college, an' den we see 'bout thu ole mar."

Assuring Miss Mandy that he

thought the farm might pull Mister Harry through somehow, Unc' Fount went diligently to work and apparently forgot the incident. But all through the winter months, he kept a careful and interested watch on the old mare. She got mighty good care that season, and some of the agility of her younger racing days came back to her. Miss Mandy, with supreme confidence in Unc' Fount's managerial capacity, passed her widowhood in sweet resignation and waited for the home-coming of Harry. The lad himself knew nothing of the turn in

his affairs brought about by the death of his father.

If you never saw the break of winter in Kentucky, then you have missed one of the dearest pleasures which Nature can give you. Spring leaps right out of the clutches of winter as a doe out of the lush grass. One day, the drear clouds hang low down over brown and gray fields, and the whole earth seems to moan in dull anguish; then up springs the sun of

another day, and the world laughs like a child at play. Through the soft soil peeps the blue grass; the woods begin to color with green; the fencerows are tenanted with a thousand starting shoots, and before you know it, the frost has gone out of the ground, and spring is reigning. Kentucky seems a land of sunshine without shadow.

One morning when the dawn had just begun to gray the east and the air had that redolence which comes with the early hours of April, Unc' Fount, buoyant as spring itself,



UNC' FOUNT GAVE HIMSELF UP TO
DEEP THOUGHT.

tripped softly onto the front porch, and knocked at Miss Mandy's door.

"Begg yo' pawdon, Miss Mandy, but I'se wantin' tuh tell yuh thu news. The Lawd hes bin good tuh us this night, ma'm, an' thu ole mar hes brung us uh colt." There was gladness in his tone.

"I'm very much obliged to the old mare, Unc' Fount," she replied, "but I'm afraid the Lord didn't have much to do with it; He doesn't care for race horses."

"No, ma'm, don' reckon He does 'bout mos' race hosses, but He sho' hed sumpin' tuh do wiv dis un. Mightn't yuh come an' look at 'im? He's mighty putty."

With little interest, Miss Mandy put on her hat, and went out to the barn where the old mare was nosing around the new-born, a long-limbed, big-eared, awkward thing which Unc' Fount, with practised eye, called "uh race hoss fum tip tuh tip, ma'm; bay wiv black pints, an' uh powah uv muscle." Miss Mandy took it all for granted and left Unc' Fount to his raptures.

"Dat colt 'ud sho' tickle Marse Armstrong," the old darky ruminated. "He's all hoss; by Longbow outen Fleetwing, she outen Tallflower by Bob Lee, an' she outen Bluebell by ole Gray Eagle. The ole marster sho' did know whut uh pedigree wus. Ef Miss Mandy des let me 'lone, Unc' Fount 'ill be aftah somebody's coonskins wiv dat colt."

Corn was worth just about enough for the bare necessities of the household and something on the side to keep Mister Harry at school. But the time was drawing very near when Unc' Fount would have to make good his promise to Miss Mandy that the farm would send Mister Harry to college. Miss Mandy worried some, prayed a great deal, and left the disposition of affairs to God and Unc' Fount. And both proved faithful.

The colt grew into a horse of that type which you see jogging along the Kentucky turnpikes, thin as to nostril,

slender as to limb, square as to quarter, round as to barrel, and sleek as to coat—thoroughbred every inch and good-looking all over. Unc' Fount never slept without seeing him bedded; never ate without seeing the rack filled with hay and the manger with oats. When the calendar had given him two years of life, the colt was a perfect specimen of the high-bred American racer.

There was one thorn in Unc' Fount's side. Miss Mandy regarded the colt with small favor. She and her church had many times remonstrated with the Major for his love for racing and his ownership of that kind of stock. It was probably on this account that the Major had permitted his once-fine stud to dwindle away to nothing. The old mare had been kept because of some sentiment attached to her as an "Oaks winner," and Miss Mandy had become reconciled to her. But to this new one, nothing could attach her. He was bred for a race horse, had sin in him by heritage, and was therefore a thing to be sold as soon as salable. Unc' Fount had other ideas, however.

"Ef Miss Mandy 'ill des let me 'lone," he would say. That was the thorn! Unc' Fount studied it all out, but kept his plans to himself.

Along in the fall of the second year, he went to Miss Mandy with a suggestion that as the colt was getting big and eating a great deal, he might be sold. He thought that if he might take him down to Lexington, he could find a gentleman who would buy him. Miss Mandy gave him funds and told him to go. So it came that Unc' Fount rode away on the old mare, leading the colt alongside.

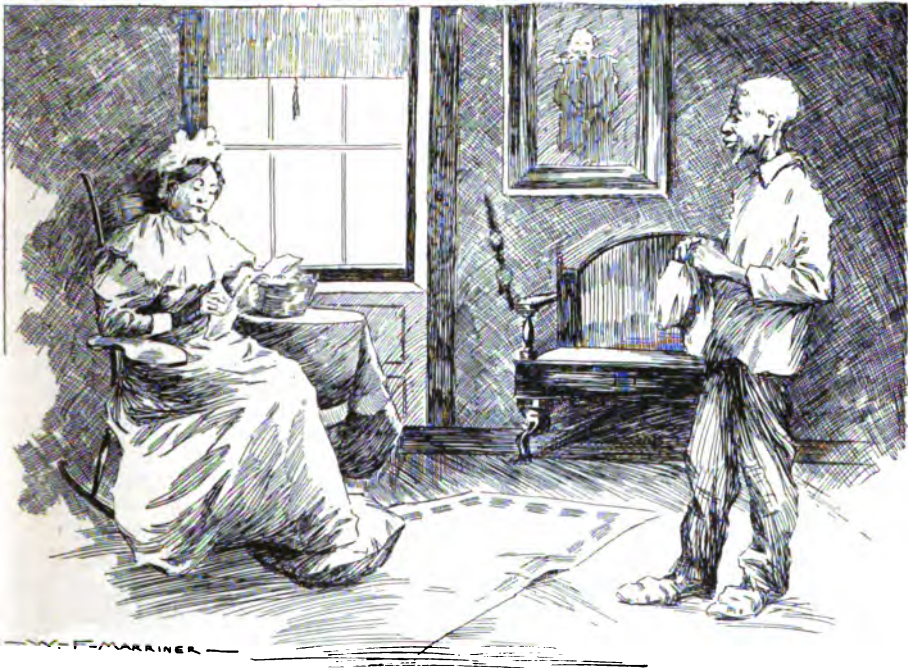
When he came back, the old man explained that a gentleman in Lexington had bought the colt, but he could not pay until he sold his tobacco crop the following summer. Miss Mandy left it to Unc' Fount and said nothing.

Then Unc' Fount began to develop an interest in Lexington. He would

ask and obtain frequent permission to absent himself from the farm for a week or more, pleading hard work, illness, or anything to get away. Miss Mandy wondered but refrained from comment. The spring came on and the planting began. Unc' Fount grew visibly restless, like the nest-building birds in the fencerows. Still the journeys to Lexington. One day, he came home with the solemn announcement to Miss Mandy that the gentleman who had purchased the colt was unable to pay for him, and they would have to take him back. Miss

"Traded thu colt, Miss Mandy; got a mewl an' sumpin' tuh boot. Gwine back in uh few days tuh sell thu mewl."

Confiding Miss Mandy, with small knowledge of values, took the two-hundred-dollar certificate and laid it away to the lad's school credit. Unc' Fount looked the farm over, got things into working shape, and went off on the old mare to sell the mule. It took him three weeks to do it. When he came home, he had another certificate. It called for five hundred dollars.



HAT IN HAND, UNC' FOUNT WATCHED HER WITH EAGER, EXPECTANT EYES.

Mandy was disappointed, and when Unc' Fount suggested that he might be able to trade the youngster for a pair of farm mules, Miss Mandy acquiesced. Unc' Fount hired a man to look after the planting, and departed, nobody knew where, on a horse trade. He was gone two weeks. When he again knocked at Miss Mandy's door, he handed her a certificate of deposit from a Lexington bank.

"Yuh see, Miss Mandy," the old man explained, "mewls is wuth uh heap mo' dan dey hev been faw uh long time, an' hit wus uh pow'ful good un I got faw thu colt."

Miss Mandy thanked him and put the certificate with the other. The spring had got into her heart with these signs of prosperity, and she sang a soft song of hope when she thought of the lad. Unc' Fount paid his respects to the farm, and

then requested Miss Mandy to permit him to take a few dollars accumulated from the trading, and go out after more mules. Miss Mandy gave him her confidence and the money, and away he went.

Not for many days after that did there come any word from Unc' Fount. Miss Mandy wondered often what had become of the faithful old negro, but patiently awaited his return. Could she have seen him during those weeks, however, her astonishment would have been too great for words. Could she have peeped in at the great Lexington race course and seen old Unc' Fount at work in the paddock, rubbing down the finest-looking race horse at the track, after one of its great stake races; had she noticed the remarkable resemblance between that young thoroughbred and the old "Oaks winner" left her by Major Armstrong; could she have seen the old negro hurrying around the betting ring with a roll of bills in his hands; could she have heard his proud chuckle after the big race, as he divided the profits of the horse's wonderful speed with a raw-boned Kentucky turfman;—could Miss Mandy have seen all these things as they happened in Lexington during Unc' Fount's absence, some faint suspicion of the real state of affairs might have reached her mind.

The summer grew into the August days before the woolly head of the old negro was again protruded through Miss Mandy's sitting-room door. When, one bright afternoon, the sun silhouetted Unc' Fount's shadow against the door-jamb, Miss Mandy looked up to see a transformed negro. The lines of thought and responsibility had disappeared; the old eyes had found the twinkle of their youth; the teeth were scintillant in a grin that spread itself across his big face.

"Miss Mandy, I'se come," he said.

"Glad to see you back, Unc' Fount."

"Hyah's sumpin' I brung yuh." He laid a paper in her lap. As she

unfolded it, he stood, hat in hand, and watched her with eager, expectant eyes. Miss Mandy glanced at the wording, gasped, trembled and looked up at Unc' Fount. Then a shadow of pain came over her face.

"Unc' Fount," she said, gravely, "this says that there are ten thousand dollars in the Lexington Bank to my credit."

"Yas, ma'm."

"How did they get there?"

"Thu colt done hit ma'm."

"The colt?" wonderingly.

"Yas, ma'm, thu colt. Ain' no use me tryin' tuh tell yuh no mo' lies, Miss Mandy. Thu colt done hit all. Thu old mar's baby dun been 'bout thu bes' race hoss in Kaintucky, an' him an' Unc' Fount hev been out collectin' faw yuh an' Mistah Har'y. I knows hit's 'gin yo' religion, an' ef yo' knowed I'm gwine train dat colt yuh say 'no,' so I des sen' 'im down tuh Lexington an' dar he been tell thu races all over. Sometimes dey beat us—sometimes—but mos' all thu time, thu colt is busy collectin' faw Miss Mandy. He go on collectin' tell by-an'-by they ain' no mo' racin' gwine on, an' then I go back tuh Lexington, an' me an' thu colt settle up wiv thu bank.

"It's all sin money, Miss Mandy, sin money," he went on, "but I reckon they ain' uh collige in thu lan' whut won' be grabbin' faw uh chancet tuh git hit, an' I reckon Mistah Har'y 'ill larn des es much on hit es on any othah kin'. Hit's mighty slow wuk tryin' to dig uh edicashon outen uh co'n row, specially when uh colt lak that un is des uh beggin' tuh he'p. So yuh musn't git mad at Unc' Fount, Miss Mandy. Ennyhow, me an' thu colt wus thu sinnahs, an' thu Lawd won' be countin' yuh in 't all."

It was all so pathetic, this appeal for forgiveness. Miss Mandy saw her way clear. She held out a trembling hand to the old negro.

"Unc' Fount," she said, "let's lay all the blame on the colt's natural tendencies. He was born that way."



HOW LADY FRANCES WON HER FIRST RACE.

By E. J. Tranter.

WHERE did I get Lady Frances? Why, my boy, I bought her as a yearling, and with her, won both fame and fortune. Her victories, and they have been many, have brought joy to my heart; while her defeats—few, thank Heaven!—cut deeper than all other sorrows in my not uneventful life.

How well I remember the first time I saw her! It was in the spring of eighty-seven. I was traveling in Kentucky, and chanced to drop into the sale mart at Lexington. An auction was in progress, and I have never ceased to thank the Fates for leading me there. Like the majority of other horsemen, I was always on the lookout for something good. When a bright bay filly was brought into the ring, and I saw her step, my fancy was taken and I resolved that she must be mine. It was a case of love at first sight, and like a man in love, I counted not the cost—for what was life without that filly? What a marvellous gait she had, and how she could step! With that low, deceptive stride characteristic of some trotters, she fairly flew over the ground with little seeming effort. She was a lithe, clean-cut,

nervy little creature, and looked every inch a race horse. Through her veins coursed the blood of the most famous studs of the century, and her looks did not belie her breeding.

After some spirited competition, a bid of \$1,200 made her mine, and I shipped her home. From that time on I was a busy man; it seemed as if I could not bear to trust her with anyone else, but must do all for her myself. That summer, I broke her thoroughly, and jogging along in the cool of the evening, we soon became the best of friends. I had made no mistake; she was a trotter of the first order. She was turned out for the winter, and when the ice had disappeared and the frost had left the ground, I began her training with a definite object in view.

How many races did she win? Well, my boy, you had better take a "Year Book" and look them up; for they were numerous, far too numerous to dilate upon. You will find that she "earned brackets" in a large majority of her starts. I will tell you of her first race, however; for, to me, that was the greatest

race of her career, though she has since won larger stakes on larger tracks and before larger audiences.

Well do I remember the morning I journeyed to see her work the last time before that race, and with what satisfaction I witnessed the trial. In company with an older horse, she scored down the stretch, her gallant little head straining like a yacht before the wind, eager to be off and doing. On the second score, they got away, my watch clicked, and with perfect ease she stepped the full mile in 2:19—pretty fair for a three-year-old early in July.

At last the morning of the race dawned, and you can imagine my condition. I had passed a sleepless night; had rolled and tossed in bed imagining all sorts of strange things. What if Lady Frances should be beaten? How could I endure that? What if she should win? Would there be a town large enough to hold me that night? Hardly!

As often happens when a man is in a hurry, I was kept waiting, for the filly was not to start until the third race of the day, and the two preceding races seemed endless to me, though at any other time, I should probably have gone into ecstasies over the sport. Finding my way to the betting ring, I determined to risk a little on the chances of my Frances; for I knew that she was game to the core and would die hard, at any rate. True, I did not know much of the other starters, but "2:19" was ringing in my ears, and I knew what they would have to beat. Bet, did you say? I should say I did bet. When they went to the post, I had staked on Lady Frances more than I could well afford to lose.

When the bell rang for the three-year-old trot, my poor nerves tingled, and my head seemed to whirl; but as the colts lined up for the word, I could see that Lady Frances had the pole. That seemed to my excited brain an omen of success, and I felt as light-hearted as a schoolboy just

released from his daily tasks. Five better colts could not have been found in the county, and I knew that the filly was in for a tussle.

A minute later, they scored for the word, Brown Kitty's driver keeping well to the front. The bell rang, and back they came, and again they scored. This time they got the word for a splendid start, Lady Frances maintaining her position at the pole to the turn; there she gave way to Brown Kitty. At the quarter, Lady Frances was at the brown mare's side, and this position was held to the stretch; and then I knew that it was over, for Brown Kitty could not hold the magnificent pace set by my mare; and that heat was ours.

Again they came out, and again they scored and left the wire. The heat was a repetition of the first. Lady Frances won easily, stepping the mile in twenty flat. After the second victory, a feeling of exultation came over me, for it seemed as good as settled. My head was twice its natural size, and still swelling, but it soon came down, not gradually, but suddenly.

When the third heat was called, I took hardly enough interest in the event to climb the stairs to the grand stand, believing that Lady Frances would win in a walk. But in my confidence, I had overlooked Cortland Girl. Even when she crowded well to the front on the first score, I thought of the two poor heats she had done, and did not believe she would cause us any trouble. But the grey filly was after that heat, and she thundered down the first quarter at a pace which it did not seem possible she could hold for the mile. But she did, and won the heat, though Lady Frances gave her a hot fight in the stretch.

That made three rattling heats for our filly, and we were in a dilemma. Whether to go out for the next heat or to lay up for the last, was the question, and we pondered over it deeply. At last we decided to try

again, knowing that the race would be over if we won, and that it would require only one more heat if we did not. The result came as a second shock; for Cortland Girl stepped off another fast mile, too fast for Lady Frances. The reaction was terrible, from victory to apparent defeat. My heart stood still, and I could scarcely think. Then came hope; for there was still a fighting chance, and I would not believe that all my watchful care and training of the little filly that I understood so well, had been misplaced. No, it could not be! She must win! I felt better and stronger as the spirit of the fighter again stirred my blood.

Lady Frances had trotted four hard heats, while the grey had been driven but two at her limit. However, our filly was in good trim; for she had cooled out nicely and was apparently fit for the heat of her life—but so was the grey. At the word, Cortland Girl took the lead, her driver being afraid to take any chances. She maintained a slight advantage to the quarter, to the half, and to the three-quarter pole, while Lady Frances was in the bunch some lengths behind. The stretch was reached, and all seemed over. With one accord the crowd rose, and the shouts of, "The grey wins!" were heard from every side. I closed my eyes, and sank into a lethargy from which I was wakened by a cry of surprise.

With renewed interest, I look once

more. Out of the bunch has sprung a bright bay filly. With every muscle strained, she sets sail after the grey as if determined to overtake her yet. Even now I hear the perfect rhythm of her hoof-beats on the track, every stroke corresponding to the wild beating of my heart; in fancy, I can hear my own cry of "Lady Frances! Come on girly—Lady Frances! Lady Frances!" The whole scene is pictured before me as I describe it. The great grand-stand and its black hordes of excited people, with the sea of faces straining forward in the intensity of the race; the flying sulkies, their drivers urging forward the struggling horses, all add to the excitement of the moment. And now the great crowd takes up my cry, as the bay cuts down the lead of her faltering rival.

"Come on, Frances! Lady Frances! Lady Frances wins!" is echoed from every part of the grand stand.

At the distance stand, she is but a length behind and is gradually gaining, gaining. Inch by inch she closes up the breach—now at her rival's sulky-wheel, now at the side of the grey's driver, whose face grows white in despair. Now she is at the grey's saddlegirth—and the wire only a few rods away. We must win! Neck and neck they fly along, both drivers straining as if their very lives depend upon victory. The wire is reached at last; Lady Frances is a nose to the good, and the race is won.

A TENDERFOOT AFTER BUFFALO.

By Rodney A. Rollins.

THE last of the buffalo is an oft-told tale, but my part in the extermination of the American bison has, until now, remained hidden from the world. And it should continue to be hidden, too, but that long years have somewhat dulled the sensitiveness of youth. It is with no feeling of self-laudation that the story

is now told; but rather that it may have an honored place in the history of the departed buffalo.

It was the year of the last massacre of any considerable numbers of buffalo, that I joined the pilgrimage of adventurous spirits moving westward to Montana, that land of expected wonders. At that time, the

only railroad from the East, terminated at Miles City, well towards the eastern part of the state.

I was young and a tenderfoot—very young to hunt buffalo, and exceedingly tender for Montana. But I learned rapidly, both from observation and experience, and the lessons gathered from the latter were sometimes “rubbed in”—at any rate, they got in and remained. And so it was with my first buffalo hunt: an experience that was well rubbed in.

Almost from infancy, I had been passionately fond of shooting and stories of adventure, and had been permitted to indulge this weakness to the fullest. My ambition did not run toward killing Indians, but no game was too big for me. This trip to the frontier had been planned for months, and suitable, as I thought, preparations were accordingly made. My rifle was not so bad; but the ammunition! There were fully twelve hundred rounds! My blankets were good, though they were not sufficient; my clothing was too good and by far too sufficient.

The trip across the prairies of Dakota was not without interest, for it was the season for ducks and geese; but they were rather too small to be an attraction, for I was after bigger game. Further along, near Bismark, an occasional bunch of antelope heightened my interest for what I knew must be still further west. Then came the fantastic wonders of the Bad Lands, the home of many kinds of big game, and when we reached Miles City, I was prepared for anything in the hunting line. The week I stayed there was made memorable by hunters' tales of mountain sheep, antelope and buffalo; and I saw a load of antlered heads brought in for mounting, one day while several loads of dried buffalo skins, each wagon drawn by six horses, also came into town.

These things gave me a right to believe that no mistake had been

made in going West, and, of course, my enthusiasm was at flood tide. I made the acquaintance of two young men, some years older than myself, and one, Ralph Boyd, had a ranch fifty miles from town. He was visiting his friend Charley Gordon, and they were preparing to go to the ranch when I met them. Ralph invited me to accompany them, and when my new friends hinted that buffalo were to be found but a few miles from the ranch, I gladly accepted their invitation, and we started the next day.

Our road to Ralph's ranch lay for some miles along the Yellowstone River, then it diverged to the southwest. We had not gone more than a dozen miles from town before, here and there, were seen skeletons of buffalo killed a year or so before. The great animals had been stripped of their skins and left where they had fallen. As we traveled further, the skeletons became more numerous until, in some places, the plain was dotted with them. Occasionally, some particularly large skull attracted our attention, and then Charley grew eloquent in describing the various methods of hunting buffalo, telling of wild hunts on ponies, where the hunters rode into the herd and poured destruction right and left with heavy revolvers at short range. Charley was a pleasing talker, and easily led my fancy to extravagant expectations. Everything he said was corroborated by Ralph.

At noon the next day, we reached our destination, a squatty, little one-room “shack” with earth roof, among the bare hills. A small stream flowed near by, and that seemed to be the only excuse there was for having a ranch in that place; but Ralph lived in town most of the time, and let his few cattle look after their own welfare. It was a novel experience for me, but I had come out for big game, and it was rather scarce there. When I complained of this, however, one evening, Charley said:

"Well, Rod, there's a small bunch of buffalo about twenty miles south of us. I saw Dan Kinsey, who has a ranch down that way, and he says they are in the hills a few miles from his place."

"Can't we go down there and try to get one?" I asked.

"Why, that's the trouble," said Ralph. "I've got to go back to town day after to-morrow, and you know we have Charley's team, so Charley must go with me."

"It wouldn't do for you to miss such a chance, Rod," Charley chimed in. "Now, why can't you ride down there, and have a buffalo hunt by yourself, and then you can easily find your way back to town."

It was soon settled, and I started on my pony the next morning for a twenty-mile ride to the ranch of Dan Kinsey. The dry, cool air was very invigorating that morning, and my pony seemed as anxious as her rider for a dash over the hills and plains. And when I crossed a small stream where the mud was marked by many fresh tracks that seemed to me like those of buffalo drinking, I thought the game might be started at any minute. It did not appear, however, and the ranch was reached at noon without incident.

Dan and two or three of his men were standing in front of the "shack" when I rode up and dismounted. He asked what he could do for me, and I confided to him my passionate desire for buffalo, and told him that Charley Gordon had sent me down there to partake of his well-known hospitality, while I was indulging my propensity for big-game hunting. I noticed that the cowboys suddenly had business over at the stable, and I heard something that resembled laughter—hilarious, whole-lunged merriment, coming from that direction, but of course, I did not guess the cause of their mirth. Dan, however, greeted me cordially and asked me to stay over night.

"Certainly, certainly," he said,

heartily, "plenty of buffalo three or four miles from here. Just wait till morning, and I'll show you where you can kill plenty."

At last! At last! Could it really be that I was about to meet and conquer this greatest of American game? Should I have heads and robes to hand down as heirlooms even unto the third and fourth generation, that my descendants might point to them with pride, as the tokens of my great prowess? The coarse ranch fare that night was as honey; my rough blankets were as silken robes, and as for dreams—well, no opium-fiend ever had pleasanter.

The cowboys helped me to get ready in the morning, and many were their encouraging words and suggestions. Dan sent a young fellow with me to act as guide, and we rode away amid the well-wishes of the crowd. For three miles, our course lay over low, rolling hills, devoid of vegetation other than bunch grass. Then we came to a stream leading into a broad valley, and a mile away I saw a number of large dark-colored animals—buffalo, my guide said they were.

"Now, I'll wait here," he said, "and you ride down the gulch a piece, and then you can see more of 'em out in the valley. You'll have to circle around the hills a bit, but you can get at 'em dead easy."

I rode on as he suggested, and soon saw the valley more fully. I was surprised and delighted, for not less than a hundred of the big animals were quietly and unsuspectingly feeding on the plain. Circling over a hill to the left, I found a narrow valley running parallel to the one I had left, that would take me within shooting distance of the game, and without danger of being seen. I rode down as far as it seemed safe, and then staked my pony, for I intended to stalk the quarry. Cautiously I crawled toward the top of the low hill that separated them from me, and carefully I examined my revolver and rifle, with

suppressed excitement. The hill descended quite abruptly on the farther side, and I remembered that some of my buffalo had been near the embankment. I felt sure of a very close shot.

Slowly and noiselessly I pushed the last bunches of sage-brush aside, and peered down upon the plain. My eager gaze rested on half a dozen huge, black animals but a hundred feet away. Surprise held me motionless, and the faintest puff of breeze would have blown me, helpless, down among them — among a half-dozen fine, big Montana steers. A hundred others of their kind roamed dreamily over the prairie before me.

Would you know the sequel? My blankets had been left at Dan Kinsey's. They are there yet, for aught I know. The day was still young, and by a wide circuit, I found my way to the Miles City road. That night I stayed at a ranch twenty miles toward town from Kinsey's; the next night I was within ten miles of town, and there was murder in my heart all those weary hours.

It was probably well for me that so much time elapsed before I could

interview Charley, but I had sworn that he should not go unpunished. At the ranch where I put up that night, the family was a jovial one, and the old rancher worked me into a much better state of mind during the course of the evening. By questioning him, I found that my experience was not an unusual one, though he was not taken into my confidence. The Westerner delights, he said, in sending innocent young fellows from the East on such chases; and then as soon as the victim recovers from the laugh which follows, he is naturally very anxious to perpetrate a like joke on the next comer. This was all very well, but I vowed vengeance.

My friend Charley must have suspected these feelings, for he tried to escape my notice as I rode into town; but I saw him standing in front of the post-office and he was compelled to face the storm. Charley remembers what followed, and so do I. When the crowd finally separated us out of sympathy for both, they all agreed, as they clinked their glasses at my expense, that for a rank tenderfoot, I was rapidly becoming acclimated.

TRINITY DICK AND THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

By Robert H. Davis.

MUCH has been written of a semi-historical character regarding the fearlessness of the Pitt River and Trinity Indians of the Northwestern Coast States. A great many of their most interesting adventures in this particular have never appeared in print, and no doubt the majority of their courageous performances will never become history.

Previous to the settlement of the Pacific States, the very existence of these tribes depended in a great measure upon their ability in overcoming their numerous enemies, which included not only wild beasts,

but many other Indians. There are but few instances related where any of the Pitt River or Trinity Indians ever stopped to parley when sustenance, to say nothing of personal safety, depended upon immediate action. With them, danger was a matter of little thought. I recall one instance in particular that illustrates the bravery of these children of the wilderness.

Shortly after the Modoc Indian outbreak in California, in 1871, a young law student, broken down in health, decided to join a party of campers, and seek recuperation in

the mountains of Mendocino County. A few weeks of hard traveling in the pure air brought back health and strength, and he was able to shoulder his rifle for long tramps over the hills. Grizzly bear were plentiful there at that time, and can still be found in numbers quite too abundant for the owners of cattle and sheep.

One morning, in wandering over the hills, he came to a valley that was new to him, near the middle fork of the Eel River. He was keeping a sharp lookout for big game in order not to come too close upon it without first preparing for trouble.

"I had gone down the canyon in a zig-zag course," to let the hunter tell the story in his own words, "when I came upon fresh bear tracks near the edge of a small stream. I followed them for half a mile with every indication that the animal was only a short distance ahead. On looking carefully around, I saw a large grizzly calmly eating manzanita berries on the brow of a small hill. His broad back was toward me, and he was unconscious of my presence. Not caring to run the risk of merely wounding him, I cautiously dropped on my hands and knees with the intention of working considerably nearer, and was making good headway when he suddenly dropped on all-fours and went swinging off into the brush. After listening attentively for a few minutes, I decided that he was making a line for the west side of the valley where it abruptly ended against a perpendicular cliff nearly a thousand feet high—a well-known landmark in that vicinity. I immediately took up the trail and started after him, but with due caution, having decided to run him to cover if I could not get a shot. When close to the base of the cliff, nearly an hour afterward, I was about a hundred yards behind the bear as he clambered over boulders and fallen trees. He offered several good shots, but my muzzle-loading rifle was of small bore and not capable of administering

the death-stroke to such a bear at that distance, unless the ball should penetrate the heart or brains; for that reason I hesitated. As I stood looking at the grizzly from a clump of chaparral, he started toward the entrance of a cave not far from the boulders, and disappeared within.

"I thought the matter over carefully and concluded that I did not fight bears in caves; but still I had run this one to earth and I might drive him out and get a shot. But as for going into the cave and finishing him there—no, that was not down in my list of sports! I did not know how extensive the cave was, but if not too large, doubtless a few huge boulders rolled down from the cliff above would cause him to seek a safer retreat, and then my chance would come. Climbing two or three hundred feet above the entrance of the cave, where the rocks were large and poorly supported so that a slight push would start them downward, I began the bombardment of bruin's cave. Many tons of rock I started rolling and thundering down into the gulch, and though I succeeded in tearing my hands and exhausting myself, the bear might have been calmly slumbering in the heart of the mountain for all the sign he gave. Discouraged, I was on the point of giving up the hunt, when the thought occurred to me that some peaceful Pitt River Indians were camped near the south end of the valley.

Acting on an impulse, I started for their assistance. The camp was deserted with the exception of one Pitt River Indian and another Indian known as Trinity Dick. When these men learned the nature of my errand, they were anxious to start for the cave at once; but informed me that since the outbreak the year before, the Government had deprived them of fire arms. I offered my rifle, and we then took the back track for the cave. *En route*, we came across some prospectors from whom I borrowed another rifle for the second Indian.

"As we slowly made our way up the canyon, my companions, though eager for the fight, were very deliberate and took time to tell me of the bears they had killed and the fights they had had with some particularly ugly ones. Trinity Dick proudly showed a huge scar across his brawny chest, made he said, by a bear. I had heard much of the immense size of the California grizzly, and asked him if he ever heard of one weighing twelve hundred pounds. He laughed as he marked out on the ground the size of the largest skin he had ever seen. It was the size of an ox-hide.

"When we neared the cave, I told the men just where the bear went in. They bid me wait there, and without further discussion, prepared a torch and hurried up to the entrance. I saw them enter without hesitation and could distinctly discern Trinity Dick in the lead with the Pitt River Indian trying to get by him. I was astonished at the attempts of those fearless fellows to each be the first in the encounter. However, Trinity Dick, who was the elder, asserted his authority and kept the lead.

"I waited anxiously for the low rumble of a shot, expecting it every moment. There I stood, scarcely breathing, listening for anything that would indicate the beginning of the trouble within the cavern. Five minutes, ten minutes passed. All sorts of thoughts occurred to me. Then suddenly the low roar of an explosion came from the rocks, then another, and silence followed. For several minutes I waited in great excitement when Trinity Dick appeared at the entrance, beckoned me to come up, and then turned back into the cave. Something in that waving hand told me they had succeeded, and in a very short time I was inside and had the gratification and relief of seeing a very large bear stretched out on the floor of the cave, shot through the head and body.

The Pitt River Indian was calmly skinning the creature and the fresh warm blood covered his hands and arms.

"While I had been waiting outside, two cool-headed redskins were enacting a drama within. Immediately on entering, they had lighted the torch; the Pitt River Indian holding the flame above his head, while Trinity Dick took the lead, ready to shoot at sight of the bear. In traversing the main channel of the cave, nearly three hundred feet, the hunters saw many off-shoot caverns where the bear might have hidden, but they reserved the inspection of these until later. Not finding the bear in the big cave, they turned back. On the way Trinity Dick still kept the lead, the Pitt River Indian following closely and throwing the light above and in front of him. When they were within twenty feet of the entrance, the bear suddenly sprang out from one of the side tunnels and sat up before them. It was a dangerous moment, but Trinity Dick was equal to the occasion. Instantly he swung his gun to his shoulder, at the same time telling his companion to hold the torch steady so that he could see the sights. The next instant a ball went through the grizzly's brain. Reaching for the extra rifle, Trinity sent the reserve bullet into his body. The two men immediately turned and made for the other end of the cave, reloading as quickly as possible. The shots had completed the work, however, and after waiting a few minutes and hearing no sound, the hunters went back and found their bear quite dead.

"As I was very desirous of possessing the skin, I paid the Indians well for their services, and they of course had the carcass, but that could hardly be called a delicacy, even for them. The prospectors also came in for a remembrance for the use of their rifle; though such men grant favors readily without expecting reward. When I carried the story to the

nearest settlement, the hunters and trappers doubted its truth, but a visit to the cave convinced them.

"Trinity Dick told me afterward, that he thought no more of killing a bear than a man. I hunted bear with him several times after this adventure with the grizzly, and I found him almost an ideal redman, from a hunter's standpoint. Unlike

most Indians, he was not boastful, but his deeds of daring had been many. Among the tribes that had warred against the Trinities when he was a young man, he was known as a mighty warrior; and report said that tokens of his bravery were numerous. But the brave and worthy are not always the ones whose names are best known in history."

THE LAST CHARGE OF "OLD HALO."

By R. E. SNOW.

SIX years have now elapsed since my strange adventure, yet it is still fresh in my memory. I was then but a lad of eighteen, strong, muscular and fond of the rod and gun, and longed to become a mighty hunter. Imagine my delight one day, when I received a note from Dell McDowell, a friend of long standing, and an enthusiastic sportsman, inviting me to join him and a companion on a trip to the upper portion of the lower peninsula of Michigan, for a two weeks' deer hunt. I began preparations at once, and we were soon on our way to the northern part of the state. In due time we were landed at the little town of W——, among lofty hills covered with a dense forest, consisting of pine, hemlock, beech, maple and other timber. Here, by previous arrangement, we were met by Will Strait, a famous guide of that section, noted on account of his prowess as a hunter, and altogether, an exceedingly interesting and useful companion. He had lived in that part of the country for years, and knew it thoroughly.

The open season began on November first, but we could do little hunting without snow on the ground. Our wishes were gratified a week or so later, however, by a fall of six inches. This was the opportunity we had been waiting for, and we set out at

once for our hunt. Our party divided, Strait going with me.

We had gone but a short distance from camp when we came upon the fresh trail of a deer. After closely examining it for several seconds, Strait said, in a very earnest manner: "Them tracks was made by Old Halo."

"And pray tell me who or what Old Halo is," said I.

"You don't pretend to say that you never heard of Old Halo," he replied, in a tone of genuine surprise.

"Why, certainly not. What is there so wonderful or mysterious about this Old Halo that I should have heard of him?" I inquired. And this is the substance of the story he related to me:

Recently, a buck of gigantic form had roamed the adjacent forests, and whenever seen, always appeared with a circle of white above his head, which had given him the name of Old Halo. This colossal deer had been shot at many times by hunters, but as far as was known, had always escaped unscathed. However, his would-be slayers had not fared as well; for they had all come to grief in some way or another. One man who had tried to kill this mysterious deer, while trailing over a piece of morass, became mired in the sticky soil, where he sank to his arm-pits. He was unable to extricate himself,

and remained there until lingering death put an end to his sufferings. Another, after following Old Halo for hours, gave up the chase, and on attempting to return, became lost in the woods, it was supposed, for he was never seen again.

And so he related numerous instances where dire calamity had befallen one hunter after another who had had the courage to attempt the life of this antlered monarch of the woods. So superstitious had become the inhabitants thereabouts that they gave him a wide berth, nor could they be induced to follow or shoot at him.

Strait shared their fanaticism to the fullest extent. When I suggested that we follow on the trail until we succeeded in killing this buck, he refused point blank to do so, and turned to leave. I determined to solve the mystery, however, and continued on the track of Old Halo, watching every fallen tree-top and clump of bushes that came into view. Strait, meanwhile, departed back toward camp.

It must have been nearly four o'clock, when, descending from the hilly country over which I had been trailing the greater portion of the day, I found myself upon a low plain. Continuing for perhaps a mile, I at length reached a spot where a large elm-tree lay directly across Old Halo's course. Turning to the right, he had gone around and continued on his course. Here I halted and sat down on a projecting limb of the fallen tree, and bewailed my foolishness for going on such a wild goose chase so many miles from camp.

Having finally decided it was better to give up the pursuit, I was taking a last glance in the direction the track still tended, when my gaze was arrested by something moving about, and which proved to be an enormous deer leisurely browsing on the young and tender shrubs. While I watched him, the descending sun, peeping from behind a bank of clouds, lit up the woods about and vividly revealed

above his head an unmistakable halo. I confess, the sight gave me a peculiar sensation, but for a moment only; then quickly raising my gun to my shoulder, and taking careful aim, I fired. To my chagrin, the buck bounded away apparently unharmed.

I was not long in reaching the spot where he had stood, and was elated when the crimson stains upon the snow told me that I had at least hit the mark. Following along the trail for about five hundred yards, I suddenly came to the deer lying in a clump of elder, head outstretched, and apparently dead. Firmly impaled upon his huge antlers was the bleached and grinning skull of a human head with its hollow eyes staring up at me. Thus the mystery was explained. Such an uncanny sight I hope never to see again.

When first discovered, the buck was nearly twenty-five yards from me. Resting my gun against a tree, I hastened toward him. When within a few feet, as though infused with new life, he suddenly sprang up and charged, with his huge antlers lowered. Fortunately, I chanced to be standing near a large tree that had been uprooted by the wind. Its huge, fallen trunk curved upward so that it cleared the ground where I stood by about a foot and a half. I had barely time to throw myself down and roll under it, before he reached the spot; and had it not been for the protection of the tree, he would undoubtedly have made short work of me.

Thus he stood, his fine eyes flashing fire, alternately trying to prod me with his antlers, and strike me with his sharp hoofs; beating the brush down and tearing the earth in his frenzy, and with that symbol of death, hollow-eyed and gruesome, ever staring down at me.

He soon relaxed his aggressiveness, however, and lay down. Thinking that he had become weakened from loss of blood, and that he could no longer be dangerous, I concluded

to hazard an attempt to reach my gun. Slowly I worked around to the opposite side of the log, and sprang to my feet; then with all the speed I possessed, dashed for the rifle ten rods distant. I had just succeeded in grasping it firmly in my left hand when I was struck and knocked down, falling on my face in the snow. A moment more and the mammoth buck stood over me, prodding at me with his horns and pounding at me with his hoofs. During this brief assault, I managed to retain possession of my gun and in some way—I never knew just how—I got the muzzle against him, and pulled the trigger. Something heavy fell across my body, a sense of dizziness came over me, and I became unconscious.

It was dark when I revived and a great weight was almost crushing my life out. The dead buck was lying across my legs and the lower part of my body, and it required a painful struggle to relieve myself of the terrible pressure. I was chilled and bleeding from a number of ugly wounds, and when I moved, every muscle and bone seemed to be bruised and lame.

Getting together a huge pile of hemlock and birch-bark, I built a fire; but with its genial warmth, came acute suffering from every wound. The wind had freshened until a storm raged through the forest, and my

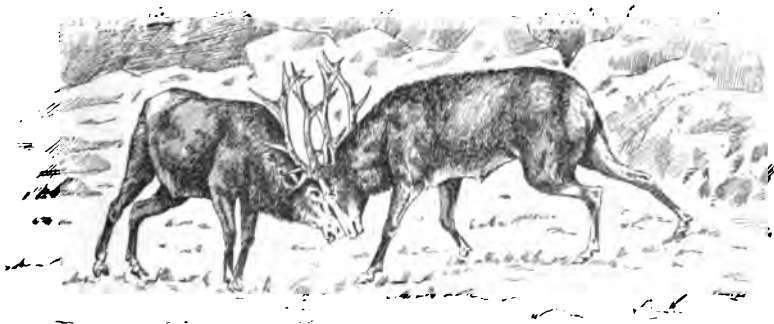
fire was scattered, making strange figures—uncanny and wild—before the last flame expired, leaving me in darkness. After the terrible struggle my nerves were unstrung, and a gloom that was impossible to shake off settled over me. But I roused myself enough to light a torch made of birch bark, when the storm had subsided; for I was not sure, in the troubled condition of my mind, that the deer was not supernatural.

No, he was surely dead!

Finally, I lay down against the body; for it was some protection against the cold. Fatigue overcame anxiety and pain, and I again became unconscious, though it could hardly be called sleep.

Long after midnight, I was roused from the stupor that had overcome me, by the sound of familiar voices, and was soon surrounded by welcome companions. They had become alarmed at my long absence, and had followed my trail in the snow, lighting their way with burning pine-knots. In the early dawn, we took up the return march to camp, I, half carried, half walking.

As I write this, the mounted head of the old buck looks down upon me from his lofty position on my wall, but the grinning symbol of death from which he got his name, is no longer entangled among the prongs of his huge antlers.



A MONTH IN THE LAKE ST. JOHN COUNTRY

By Herbert N. Curtis.

"And the last puff of the day-wind brought from the unseen villages the scent of damp wood-smoke, hot cakes, dripping undergrowth and rotting pine cones. That is the true smell of the Himalayas, and if once it creeps into the blood of a man, that man will, at the last, forgetting all else, return to the hills to die."—*Namgay Doola.*



SO it is written, and so shall it be to the end of time. Given a whiff of the humblest burning brush-heap, and in an instant, I am far away in the woods, wandering in spirit over portages; shooting rapids in the graceful birch-bark; casting flies at some deep pool in the stream or spring-hole in the lily pads; or surging across the darkening lake under sturdy paddle strokes, campward, to trout, bacon and hot coffee, preliminaries to the lazy, dreamy pipe by the fireside—backward thus my spirit flies, while around and about the scene, like the breath of the wood spirit, floats the pungent reek of the ever-cheerful fire.

Fire without smoke is the great desideratum of civilization; fire with smoke is, at certain seasons, a necessity of un-civilization. It is a sovereign spell against the little demon of the woods, the *mouche noire*, who "bites out piece, go away and devour it on log, then come back for more." Therefore, all hail to the smoke!

I am conscious of a strong temptation to write a homily on smoke, but, we are at the depot in Quebec, and the Lake St. John train about to start. At thirty miles, we are out of the settlements, and at noon, we climb down at the Triton Club preserve, comprising in its seven hundred square miles, some of the finest trout country in that famous region. A

hearty welcome from its president and secretary, a capital dinner, and then packs are arranged and we plunge into the beyond.

Oh, that first carry! It seemed twenty miles for muscles softened by city life, and lungs nurtured on the breath of the pavement. Three of our guides carried as many canoes, while three others were loaded up with all that could be perched on their backs or carried in their hands, and there still remained several packs, besides our guns, rods and cameras. We each shouldered a heavy load, and staggered down to the first lake shore with tongues lolling like tired hounds, dripping wet with the sweat of honest toil.

Three more carries, and the sinking sun reminded us that it was time to pitch camp while yet there was light; so, while half the party were getting things into shape, about "two acres" from the head of the fourth lake, we paddled out to catch our supper. After supper and a short smoke and chat with the guides, we turned in. "Mc" and I were old hands, and knew that "smooth lying makes soft sleeping," so we lied to D., whom we carefully placed in the middle, and sank into fitful and audible slumber.

By noon the next day we reached our home-camp, a new twenty-foot square log shanty, with birch-bark roof nearly six inches thick. The afternoon was spent in getting things into homelike condition, and spasmodic fishing about sundown, while an "hibou" across the lake hooted ominously.

"That feller say wind and rain," remarked Felix Gros-louis, Huron and good man.

Sure enough, the breeze freshened the next morning, until paddling down the lake became difficult, so we "tarred up," loafed and photo-



CARRYING AROUND THE FALLS.

graphed, killing time generally, until afternoon, when we started out to explore. Slipping through a narrow stream at the foot of the big lake, we came into a smaller one, where trout were jumping, and where we had fair sport for an hour, although we caught no fish over a pound in weight.

That night it rained, as had been predicted; also the next night, and the night following, and nearly every other day or night for the entire month. The owl hooted constantly, and after four days of his dismal warnings, we conferred together, and armed with rifle, shotgun and axe, were about to start across the lake "with malice and intent aforethought," when it rained.

"If we could only have killed that blankety owl!" said "Mc," but Fate seemed to preserve its life.

The first night in the shanty, with a stifling, muggy atmosphere and swarms of bloodthirsty "maranguine" was a prolonged torture from which the rising sun brought a welcome release but the second night found us prepared for the worst. We had built a cage of smooth, arched saplings over the head of our brush "shake-down," covering it with mosquito-netting carefully arranged,

leaving enough loose to throw down over the blankets after we had crawled in. Thus fortified, we lay content, lulled by the indignant protests of assaulting mosquitoes that wasted the long hours in fruitless attacks.

Life in these woods in July, means mosquitoes by night and black flies by day, against both of which, a constant warfare must be waged. A mixture of tar and vaseline, about as thick as paint, well rubbed in, will deter the hungriest of black flies ever bred, but needless to remark, does not improve one's personal beauty. This is particularly the case, as the beard grows and the finer points of etiquette, such as "a regular soap wash," are airily ignored. We washed of course — old habits will cling — but it was generally sufficient to take a dip in the cold water just for the feel of it. A good substantial sub-stratum of tar is not lightly to be interfered with. D—— failed to appreciate the necessity of filling both hands and rubbing it impartially over his face and neck. His finer instincts revolted against this method as unladylike, so he put it on carefully with his finger tips, by the aid of a two-inch mirror, and, very naturally, in patches, for it does not spread easily.

After several days of exploring and fishing, we broke camp and went out across more lakes, and down the Batiscan River. Bad weather again pursued us, for after crossing Lake St. John for a few days with the *ouananiche*, we found the water too roily for any chance of success. So back we came next day, *en route* for Lac de Belle Rivière.

The evening of the second day found us in camp at the outlet. While the guides pitched our tents on a little bluff, we caught enough trout for supper, small but of fine flavor. It rained all night, but in the morning we paddled down to the first spring-hole, four miles below.

It was clear and hot, and not at all a trout day, so "Mc" said that he would simply show me the place as an evidence of good faith, being somewhat annoyed at my non-committal reception of his tales of fine catches there the previous year.

A great patch of lily-pads half filled a little bay at the mouth of the stream, with a channel making a right-angle turn through them, at about the middle. At the angle was

a clear pool, perhaps thirty feet across. In its burnished centre, "Mc" carelessly dropped a fly. There was a rush and a splash, and he beamed across at me with a look that clearly expressed the thought he was too courteous to put into words: "There, poor fool, look and die." His capture was a beauty of two and one-half pounds. He hooked and landed five before one responded to my most scientific seductions. Of course it could not last, at noon and under a burning sky, but we landed sixteen, eight of which weighed over two pounds each.

It was an ideal spot. From the pool to the edge of the pads, perhaps two hundred feet, ran the channel, with an average width of fifteen feet. The best spots were the pool and the edge of the pads, but when the trout were at home, we could pick them up all along. We made a good catch there the next afternoon between five and half-past seven o'clock, the fish weighing from one to two and three-quarter pounds, and none of them under half a pound. What few little fellows



A FAST STREAM IN THE LAKE ST. JOHN COUNTRY.

struck, we simply allowed to spit out the fly, or if fast, as occasionally happened, they were carefully disengaged and put back. I shall long remember that day for its catch.

After sundown, it grew dark very rapidly, while there was a perceptible chill in the air, making the camp fires look particularly cheerful as we rounded the last point. After supper, we sat telling stories and chatting with the guides, two of whom understood English fairly well. I know of hardly anything funnier than their telling of stories, with the

ing been left standing in charge of one of the guides, it became incumbent upon us, in view of the threatening weather, to run up shelters for the night. We landed in a growth of magnificent birches, whose silver livery gave promise of many comforts. The word being given, "all hands peel bark," the heavy knives cut deep, perpendicular gashes through the tough rind, and off came the great sheets, six or eight feet long by two to five feet broad.

Within an hour, the lean-to was put up and roofed over with this



OUR CAMP ON THE EDGE OF THE LAKE.

labored endeavor to make the joke clear to rather mystified listeners; and then, after it finally soaks in, to hear the rapid translation in idiomatic patois, and the loud guffaws of the racially-mixed auditors. How those fellows laughed! Full-lunged, without restraint, and tempered by no drawing-room prejudices.

The next day we decided on a canoe trip to Lac des Cèdres (Cedar Lake), about eight miles distant, through smaller lakes with connecting streams, the carries being very short and easy. Our tents hav-

ing been left standing in charge of one of the guides, it became incumbent upon us, in view of the threatening weather, to run up shelters for the night. We landed in a growth of magnificent birches, whose silver livery gave promise of many comforts. The word being given, "all hands peel bark," the heavy knives cut deep, perpendicular gashes through the tough rind, and off came the great sheets, six or eight feet long by two to five feet broad. Within an hour, the lean-to was put up and roofed over with this

birch-bark, and we were in possession of a camp, to my mind, far more comfortable than any tent, or even log shanty. Our fire was built against a huge fallen tree, about six feet in front, and when we had completed a birch-bark hood of about four feet overhang, we were ready to bid defiance to any storm. The principal inlet was only forty rods from our camp, and in two hours' fishing we took as many trout as we needed, but none of them over one and three-quarter pounds. It was too easy. I fished only about half

the time, paddling up stream to look for caribou, and to inspect some beaver dams still in good preservation. It is only six years since beaver were caught there; one of our Indians having made this his trapping-ground in winter.

The trout we caught in the Lac de Belle Rivière were the strongest fighters I ever saw, pound for pound. They were very red with brilliant spots; short, heavy-bodied fish, and game every time. The largest one I caught jumped four times clean out

against the swift current, we went into camp about four miles below the fifth falls, our objective point. A stirring episode of our up trip was an hour's run under sail before an incipient cyclone. It came up behind us, so the men rigged a blanket on two poles in the bow of the canoe, and one man held the lower corners of the sail, while the other steered.

After four short carries around small falls the next morning, we camped in an ideal spot. The main fall is about two hundred feet wide,



FISHING A POOL AT A BEND IN THE RIVER.

of the water, shaking his head like a bass or *ouananiche*. In all our trips no fish were wasted. What were not eaten, were packed in ice-cold swamp moss and carried to the hotel, where they were at once a glory to us and a delight to others.

After two days back in civilization again, we set out for a week with the *ouananiche* up the Mistassini, a river which is over four hundred miles long and a mile wide at its mouth. After an all-day paddle

and thirty high, while the smaller is perhaps twenty feet wide and broken into two benches with a deep, narrow pool between. On the little rocky island at its brink, grew just enough spruces for shade, while a sand-spit at its foot made a landing for canoes. Fishing from the rocks in the rapid water at the foot of this fall, I took five *ouananiche* while camp was being pitched. The fish were there and so was our luck, and for three days we caught *ouananiche* until our



BELOW THE FALLS.

arms ached, poles broke or received a permanent "set" from long continued strain, and leaders and flies parted with discouraging frequency.

These *ouananiche* are powerful fighters. A land-locked salmon, without a cross, heavy-bodied, broad-tailed, frequenting the swiftest waters, they have every fighting quality of their salt-sea progenitor, except his weight. Running from two to ten pounds as they do, this will scarcely count against them when the character of the tackle is considered. A four-pound fish on a seven-ounce split-bamboo rod, needs careful handling. He rolls up to strike, seldom jumping for the fly, but when the hook is set, stand by for trouble. A plunge to the bottom and a moment's sulk; then a swift rush toward the rocks, which calls for quick work with the reel; a short circle or two, and a break away for perhaps twenty yards, while the reel sings; and then, leap after leap, seldom less than three feet, often ten or a dozen, clear out of water, every fibre of his body quivering with constant effort to dislodge the hook.

Frequently they would rush right under the falls, tearing out the hook with the strain, for here they must be given the butt, or good-bye fish! Many are lost—no amount of skill can keep just the proper tension—and

the tricks and rushes are too varied and rapid. Then again, they seldom take the fly well down. It is usually hooked near the edge of the jaw, where, unless it is held against the bone, it will tear out through the soft skin. No true fisherman who ever fought an *ouananiche* will place him in the same class with any other fish that swims.

I caught several in the narrow pool half way up the little fall. One in particular was a star. After a leap or two, he made a break for the fall, and in spite of my effort to check him, I saw him go over the edge, tail first, as is their custom. I slacked away to save tackle, hoping that I could scramble down and still hold him, but in a moment the slack line was cutting about in the pool again. He had gone over, how far down I cannot say, but I certainly saw him below the brink, and then above it again. He leaped two or three times, and the last time clean over the head of my netsman, who stood up to his knees in the water, landing in a cleft of the rock fully four feet above the water, where Prosper grabbed him.

This was witnessed by four of us, and is a plain, unvarnished statement of fact, not a fairy tale. I have seen one of these fish leap clear over a canoe; and many have I watched as they jumped the fifteen-foot fall, gliding up like a flash in the roaring water.

Around the camp fire at night, we listened to stories of the Hudson Bay Territory, the Arctic Circle, Lake Mistassini (two hundred miles north of us, and one hundred and fifty miles long), which has been known for only a few years, except to Indian hunters, and all the wild region in whose outskirts we were encamped. One of our guides had been a Hudson Bay Company man for fifteen years, and in his deliberate fashion, with a quiet touch of humor, he related many a stirring adventure and funny incident. These "voyageurs" are a race by themselves, almost child-like in their views of life; hardy, strong, patient and resourceful; tremendous eaters and tremendous workers. I have never yet found one dishonest.

In a discussion about the loads they could carry, I was surprised before we had started on our trip, at the assertion of a well-known explorer who stated that he had often seen an Iroquois canoe-man carry a full barrel of pork weighing three hundred pounds, and had seen twenty or more in a train, each with such a load, on the old Red Rock trail. I asked our guide about the story, and he said: "Yes, that so; Hudson Bay piece weigh one hundred pounds; two piece regular load for man, but sometimes carry three, four, five."

I asked if he could carry five pieces. He was a short, sturdy chap, but he laughed as he said "Yes, I have before now." "How far?" I asked.

"Oh, about two acres."

An acre is a measure of linear distance with these French Indians, equal to about two hundred and ten feet. They carry by a "porter strap," a broad leather band across the forehead, the weight resting on the back and hips.

They eat as well as they carry, too. I remember one meal at which "Mc" and I were assisted by four guides. No one was very hungry, but we got away with three large loaves of bread, a three-pound can of corned beef, about two pounds of bacon, a four-pound pickerel, and four quarts of coffee, with butter, sugar and condensed milk in proportion. These guides eat without thanks, and hunger without complaint.

This week with the *ouananiche* finished the outing, and I doubt if better sport or a pleasanter trip ever rewarded any seeker of relief from care. The Lake St. John country is a glorious region for sport of all kinds. It is easily accessible; not particularly expensive, and practically inexhaustible by reason of its vast extent.



KANGAROO HUNTING IN AUSTRALIA.

By Arthur C. Stevens.



I WAS sitting in the Byculla Club, in Bombay, one sultry afternoon, smoking a soothing Trichinopoly cheroot, and sipping a cooling drink between puffs, when a *chuprassie* entered noiselessly and handed me a package of letters, with a low salaam. I took them from the man, and after carelessly glancing at the superscriptions, was about to put them into my pocket to read in the evening, when one letter at the bottom of the package, bearing an Australian postmark, caught my eye. The handwriting was unfamiliar, and I spent some time in wondering who my correspondent from the Antipodes could be, instead of opening the letter at once and solving the riddle. When the seal was broken, however, I found the communication was from a distant cousin, a wealthy physician who had settled in New South Wales in the early "forties." It contained a cordial invitation to visit him for a change of scene, and to see if the voyage would not restore my shattered health. I had just been granted a furlough of eighteen months, with permission to go to England, so there was no difficulty about getting leave. Should I accept my relative's invitation, or should I go to England? I had seen England and the Continent; there was nothing new for me there. I looked again at the letter as it lay open on my

lap, and one clause in it decided me. It read: "You are fond of sport. Now, you have no kangaroos in India, and if you conclude to come, I can show you some exciting sport hunting them. You must be somewhat *blasé* as regards sport, but this will be a new sensation for you."

Yes, this would be the very thing for me, and the longer sea voyage would do me good! It did not take long to make the necessary arrangements, and I wrote to my cousin, accepting the invitation. In a week's time, I was on board the good ship *Dakaliah*, bound for the land of the kangaroo.

When I arrived in Melbourne, I was met by my cousin, and after a few days spent in seeing that beautiful city, we started for my cousin's principal sheep-run, "Haverfield," which was situated between Sandhurst and Goulburn, on the Murchison River. At a place called Campbellton, we had to leave the train and mount the horses, which we found awaiting our arrival, to proceed to his station, some fifty miles distant.

On the road we met a lot of rough, sun-browned, hairy men, with packs on their backs, who go by the name of "sundowners," because they time themselves so as to arrive at a station, or run, just as the sun sets. Here, they are sure of shelter and food. With the first rays of the rising sun, they are again *en route*, or as they term it, "on the wallaby." They are of the same genus as the tramp in this country, living on their fellow men, and are never known to work except at sheep-shearing time, after which they adjourn with their earnings to the nearest public house, where they remain drinking and treating all comers until their funds are exhausted. Then they con-

tentedly resume their never-ending tramp. We also saw several mobs of kangaroos feeding in the distance, but they invariably made off at full speed as soon as they saw us.

After a ride of two days over bush paths, we arrived at Haverfield, where I received a hearty welcome from my cousin's numerous family, some of whom had ridden out to escort us to the station. And now, before describing our kangaroo hunt, it may be well to give some account of this strange animal, which has become rarer and rarer every year, until it is now in danger of extinction.

The kangaroo was first discovered by the great navigator Cook, when he landed on the coast of New South Wales. It is the only marsupial, with the exception of the opossum of North America, known to naturalists. It is not gregarious, although families of kangaroos may be seen feeding together in the bush. Each family usually consists of one large male and from five to six females with their young. On the approach of danger, the male, known in colonial parlance as a "boomer," or "old man," immediately gives the alarm by stamping his hind-foot on the ground; then the young leap into the safe shelter of the mother's pouch, and off the whole mob starts at full speed, often going twenty or thirty miles, until they reach a place of safety. They are exceedingly timid animals, and often die of sheer fright when suddenly confronted with some unusual sight or sound; especially is this the case with the females.

The males, though timid, are very formidable antagonists when cornered or driven to bay, defending themselves desperately with their terrible hind-legs, with which they have been known to disembowel a man, a dog or even a horse, with a single blow. They are between seven and eight feet in height, and weigh from one hundred to one hundred and seventy

pounds, while the females are about one-third smaller. The head and body of the males exceed four feet in length, while the tail is about three feet long. In color, the animals are brown, mingled with gray, while the forefeet and tail are black.

The natives hunt the animals by forming a circle around them, and then gradually closing in until escape is cut off; then they dispatch them with their spears and "waddies," or clubs. The whites, however, hunt the kangaroo with dogs bred and trained especially for the purpose. These dogs somewhat resemble the foxhound, but are larger and powerful enough to pull down a buck. They are a cross between the greyhound, mastiff and bulldog, and like the greyhound, hunt by sight. In color, they are generally a dark brindle.

My cousin possessed a noted pack of these useful animals, and about a week after my arrival at Haverfield, on a hot, bright December morning, two days before Christmas, we left the station bound on my first kangaroo hunt. A number of ladies and gentlemen, some of whom had ridden over a hundred miles to participate in the sport, and had stayed at the station over night, swelled our party until it reminded me of a meet of foxhounds in England. Added to these were a dozen stock-riders belonging to the station, with their terrible twelve-foot whips made of rawhide and in some cases of rhinoceros hide imported from the Cape of Good Hope, and with handles fourteen inches in length. The men all wore "solar topees," or broad-brimmed soft hats, with *pugarees*, (or curtains hanging from the back edge of the hat's rim to protect the neck from the sun), Bedford cord or moleskin riding breeches, top boots with spurs, and red or blue flannel shirts with the sleeves rolled up to the elbows. The fair riders were attired in short riding habits and coquettish, Derby hats with the



AUSTRALIAN BUSHMEN WITH A KANGAROO.

indispensable *pugaree*. The hounds were in charge of three semi-civilized natives, who acted as huntsmen and whippers-in, while a crowd of blacks armed with waddies and spears, and accompanied by their wives, brought up the rear.

At length, all being in readiness, my cousin gave the signal for the start, and off we went at an easy canter over the sunburnt brown plain,

the huntsmen keeping the dogs well in hand. From the station, we took an easterly direction towards some thick bush, where the black trackers said they had seen a mob of kangaroos feeding, the day before. The riding was pleasant so long as we were on the plain, but when we came to the bush, it was not such an easy matter, consisting as it did of the ubiquitous ti-trees and tree ferns,

growing so close together as to make it a somewhat difficult task to avoid being ignominiously thrown from the saddle by the overhanging branches of the scrub, as the squatters term the bush. However, no one came to grief, and at last the scrub became thinner until we came out on an open plain interspersed with scattered clumps of low-growing shrubs, over which our trained horses galloped easily.

About noon, as no kangaroos had been seen, a halt was called for the double purpose of having lunch and holding consultation with the trackers. The latter assured us that we were then quite near the spot where they had seen the animals on the previous day.

"Now," said my cousin, "we must proceed with the greatest caution in order not to alarm the animals — not a word must be spoken; remember, ladies!"

Very soon after, one of the party who had climbed a tree near by, and was sweeping the horizon with a field glass, descended from his perch, and reported that he could see some animals feeding about three miles off, which he thought were kangaroos. A black was sent up to see if he was correct, and confirmed the report. Fortunately, the light breeze was blowing toward us, so there was no danger of the wary animals scenting our party. The horses, refreshed with their short rest, were urged into a sharp gallop; the dogs were called in, and in three-quarters of an hour, we came full upon the animals quietly feeding, and unsuspecting of danger. As we emerged from the bush, the wary sentinel saw us, however, and gave the alarm. In a moment, the whole mob was off at breakneck speed, with the dogs in hot pursuit.

It was exciting to see the animals as they broke away in this desperate flight from their merciless pursuers. A kangaroo does not run. To do so would be an impossibility, as they use only their hind-legs while

attempting to escape from their enemies. When they are alarmed, the animals gather up their fore-legs close to the breast, and proceed in a series of tremendous leaps, which often exceed thirty feet by actual measurement, and are never less than twenty feet. When not alarmed, the ordinary leap is from eight to ten feet. I verified these facts myself by actual measurement, stepping off the tracks of the kangaroos. Their gait looks awkward, and at first excites laughter from the onlooker, but there can be no doubt as to its speed. No obstacle is sufficient to stop them in their headlong career. They sail over impediments, clumps of shrubs and elevations of the ground, nine, ten and even twelve feet in height, as though they did not exist; and so great are their endurance and staying powers that they can continue their tremendous exertions for miles or even a whole day without apparently tiring. The swiftest horse cannot run down a kangaroo on his own grounds. In the open, the animals are at a disadvantage, especially if the ground be of a hilly nature. They can go very fast up-hill. Down-hill, on the contrary, the dogs have the advantage, and kangaroos have been frequently known to break their necks by turning head-over-heels in their headlong impetuosity to escape the clamorous pack at their heels.

The fun now began in earnest. The horses caught the excitement of the riders; the blacks gave their "coo-ee," the Australian bush cry, and even the ladies caught the infection. But the kangaroos were gaining on us, and in order to prevent their escape, a number of blacks made a circuit to turn them if possible. The dogs were handicapped by the difficult nature of the ground, broken as it was by clumps of shrubs, over which the kangaroos gracefully sailed, while the dogs had to push their way through. The does of the mob diverged in different

directions with their young ones and two young "boomers," leaving only two magnificent males to make the running.

By this time, many members of the hunt, their horses unable to stand the terrific pace, had tailed off and were far in the rear, leaving my cousin, myself, the huntsmen and whippers-in, and half a dozen stock-riders in the field. Excited as I was, I had given my horse his head, and let him take his own course, congratulating myself upon the fact that I was still likely to see the finish. The kangaroos made a sudden turn a few rods further on, and seemed about to slip away from us in a new direction.

"I am afraid we shall lose them," said my cousin despondently.

"No, sir," said one of the stock-riders, "they are heading for a water-hole, for the does have been 'dinging their joeys,'" (Australian slang for throwing their young out of their pouches, which is done by the does when hard pressed); at the same time taking a scared-looking little creature out of the bosom of his shirt, and holding it up for our inspection.

"Ah! then we shall catch them, for the does have evidently made a circuit to meet the 'boomers' at the water-hole," said my cousin, and we put spurs to our steeds once more.

In a few minutes, we caught up with the dogs where they had formed a circle around the two

"boomers," who were standing in the water and holding the dogs at bay. We quickly dismounted and drew our knives, waiting for an opportunity to rush in upon the kangaroos and "hamstring" them, when they could be easily dispatched. Just at this juncture, one of the hounds, carried away by his zeal, sprang at the bigger of the "boomers." Like a flash, the terrible hind-leg shot out, and in a second, the unfortunate dog was in the water and held under until he was drowned. An old dog, which had been anxiously awaiting a chance, seized the kangaroo by the other hind-leg, bringing him down on his back.

Quick as a flash, my cousin jumped forward and hamstring him with his knife, while I gave him the *coup de grace* by striking him with my riding whip a sharp blow on the nose—a kangaroo's most vulnerable point. The other kangaroo, seeing the fall of his companion, gave up fighting, and was easily disposed of by the black fellows.

The larger of the animals measured seven feet, eight inches, from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail; while the smaller was close upon seven feet in length. The blacks said they had never seen such a big kangaroo, and the white men agreed with them. We had kangaroo-tail soup for dinner, and kangaroo steaks for several days afterward, both of which I can recommend to epicures.



SOME VERACIOUS YARNS BY THE "JEDGE."

By Edward W. Newcomb.



OLD Bill Saunders, the "Jedge," was a popular and highly-esteemed man in a certain Adirondack community, where he had lived, as he put it, "nigh on to seventy years, as they run." I call him "Jedge"—well, old Bill was mayor, judge, sheriff and everything else but constable in the small township where he reigned. He held court, swore in deputies to pursue offenders, owned an antiquated volume of "Blackstone" and administered "horse-sense law" in the old school-house. Before settling down as the chief, and, in fact, the only dignitary of the township, the Jedge had put in forty years of solid work in active service, trapping in winter and guiding during the hunting and fishing seasons.

Old Bill was extravagantly fond of telling marvellous stories of his many experiences, and his yarns were original and interesting, even if he did not always confine himself to bare facts and meager details. These he sometimes embellished, and the actual truth suffered, from time to time, according to the amount of rum-and-water that was mixed with it. Bill claimed that he never broke any of the commandments, but, if not, he certainly *bent* one of them as far as could be expected at reasonable tension.

It was easy to start the Jedge on his reminiscences, if one knew him, and once started, he would narrate one story after another from his

seemingly - endless stock — always, however, providing that no comment was offered as to the improbability of his yarns. It always had a soothing effect on the old fellow to see that his toddy glass was refilled occasionally, and a judicious amount of flattery did not go amiss; but let any listener show doubt or a disposition to cross-question him, and the Jedge would put his short pipe into his almost toothless mouth, give a few powerful whiffs, throw a scornful and almost pitiful look at the skeptic, and walk away in the most dignified manner his shaky old frame would permit.

One stormy winter day, the usual assembly of idlers was gathered about the stove in the village post-office; old Bill was of the number. After some mild persuasion, and a few glasses of his customary toddy, he began with his favorite — the story of the trout and the pipe :

"I wuz up to Chazy Lake last May, 'baout the fourteenth, I reckon — no, 'twan't quite thet airly becuz I hed t' try Jed Atwater fer stealin' a saow daown t' th' corners 'baout then. Reckon it must a bin 'baout th' seventeenth. Anyway, 'twuz sum'ers 'long then, cuz the skeeters an' black flies an' punkies wuz all tormentation on th' lake, an' y' all know by thet, 't must a bin long 'baout then.

"Waal, I got some shiners fer bait, way up th' inlet, an' paddled daown an' set aout t' fish a spell, off Bar Pint. Things set in a trifle easy fer quite some time, an' I didn't hev' too much t' do, so I jist lit my pipe, an' set t' thinkin'. All of a sudden, I got a tarnation bite thet set my maouth agape sum'et, an' I'm durned 'f I didn't lose thet 'ar pipe plumb aout over th' side o' th' boat. Waal, thet riled me pretty bad. 'Twan't much of a pipe, but 'twuz all I hed with me t' smoke, an' I needed it durn bad.

Th' water's 'baout four hundred fut deep off th' pint, as y' all know, so 't wan't no use my reachin' fer it with th' oar."

Bill eyed his audience over with considerable asperity right here, but seeing no outward sign of disbelief, he borrowed a large chew of tobacco, expectorated copiously and with precision at the sawdust box, and continued:

"Waal, I giv' th' line a terrible jerk, an' sot th' hook putty deep in

story was at an end. Not so, however, for Bill hadn't finished.

"Waal, thet may be sum'at aout o' th' way," he went on, "but 'taint th' most remark'ble part of it, by a durn sight—not by no means. What 'pears t' me t' be th' remark'ble an' onusyl circumstance, is thet thet thar pipe wuz still lit!"

Bill tilted his chair back, expectorated once more with considerable vehemence, and prepared for incredulous looks or remarks right there;



"THET THAR PIPE WUZ STILL LIT!"

his maouth, an' begun a-haulin' of th' old cuss up. As he cum' up t' th' surface of th' water, I seed thet he wuz a whopper; reckon he weighed clus' onto thirty pounds. Naow, I s'pose you fellers think I'm tellin' what aint so, jest cuz it never happened t' none o' you, but, b'gosh, th' fust thing I see wuz my pipe. Th' critter hed it in his maouth!"

Here we all broke into exclamations of "wonderful!" "remarkable!" and the like, thinking the

but as we all knew what would be lost by offering suggestions as to the apparent impossibility of such a thing, we simply ordered more toddy, and carefully avoided any criticisms. A general conversation ensued until Bill showed a disposition toward our further edification. When the talk drifted toward an approaching turkey shoot, a reminiscent light seemed to illumine the Jedge's countenance. We all kept still and waited. After lighting his short pipe, and puffing

contemplatively awhile, the old man began again:

"Talkin' 'baout tirkey shutes reminds me of th' last un' I went to. 'Twuz over t' French Baptiste's place, on the line, 'baout ten year ago. Me an' Ira Pegram wuz barred from shutin' 'cuz the durn Canuck, he wuz too mean t' let anyone shute that stud any chance o' gittin' a bird. He tied th' gobblers behind a big log, so's ye could jest see ther heads above it, an' charged a shillin' a shot, at forty rods, off-hand shutin'.

"Waal, a'ter a spell, th' boys got kinder tired shut-in', an' bein' mid-dlin' full of Baptiste's wine, they sot t' eggin' on Ira t' dare me t' shute a match with him. Ira an' me allus hed harbored some little feelin's 'baout th' guns we hed, but someway we hedn't hed no reel satisfaction, o'ne agin t' other. Ira, he had a britch-luddin' wepin, an' I hed my long bar-r'l gun thet, as ye know, is muzzle-luddin', an' shutes a pinte bullet durn nigh an inch thick, an' hefty 'nuff t' batter daown Dannemora jail.

"Th' upshot on't was, thet Ira, he dared me t' shute agin 'im at any distance, any style, an' any mark. I hed bin drinkin' more sperrits 'n what wuz good fer me, but course, when he done thet, I hed t' take 'im up er git aout. I thought quick, I tell ye, an' I told 'im that we'd shute at a mark thet would be wuth th' while o' such ez him an' me—a taller dip, at a hundred yards; an' I'd bet my gun agin his'n. Each wuz t'

shute ten shots, the highest score t' win, an' draw cuts fer fust shot or choice.

"Gosh, you'd oughter seen Ira's eyes stick aout. He thought I wuz tipsy, I guess. 'Ye' durn eejit,' sez he, 'ye can't see no dip at thet distance.' I made aout t' be riled and sez: 'See here, Ira, I kin easy see a dip at thet distance, an' shute it aout, tew, fer thet matter, but ef you can't, I s'pose I'll hev' t' make it easier.' Course he was pesky riled at thet remark, an' said he reckoned he c'd

shute ez well, an' see ez fur ez me, any day, so he'd jest take th' bet.

"We went in th' haouse t' git er taller dip, an' I went aout by th' woodshed a spell. Baptiste and Deuteronomy Jackson measured off th' distance, an' put th' lighted dip on er stump way aout in the clearin', an' stood over t' one side. There wan't a speck o' wind a-blowin' an' she burned all right, but ye' couldn't reely see 'er good, noway nigh good 'nuff t' sight onto fine.

"Waal, we drewed cuts, an' Ira, he drewed th' short one, an' I tole 'im t' shute fust. He set aout t' shute. Onct, twict, three times he drewed er bead, an' fired, but naterally missed. He wuz beginnin' t' worry, and no mistake. He throwed up 'is sight 'nother notch, an' lay daown on his belly, an' tried her thet way three times, but th' old dip kep' on a-flickerin'. A'ter thet he rubbed his front sight shiny with dirt, an' tried thet an' every other conniption he cud think on,



"I GOT TH' SPONGE INTER TH' BARR'L
EASY 'NOUGH 'CAUSE 'T WAS WET."

till his ten shots wuz gone, an' no score.

"'Ira,' sez I, 'I dunno what I'm a-goin' t' do with thet gun o' your'n; either 'taint no good or you ain't th' shot you bin braggin' t' be.' Ira, he grinned an' sez, 'go ahead, durn ye,' let's see yo' put it aout.' 'I'm a-goin' tew,' sez I, an' lay daown on my back restin' the barr'l on my butes. I took my time gittin' a sight, an' when I hed jest th' bead I wanted, I pulled. Jimminy Cripps! what a yell th' boys give when they seen Baptiste an' Deut grab th' dip an' cum a-runnin' up from th' stump, wavin' ther caps. 'Put 'er aout without ever bustin' th' dip,' sez Deut. 'Course,' sez I, 'I reckoned tew.' Ira, he looked too durn flabbergasted t' live, but putty soon he cum' over t' me, an' give me his gun 'thout a word. 'Ira,' I sez, 'this gun is mine sure 'nough, but I don't want no sich a gun as thet, an' I'll len' it t' ye' fer life.'"

"But, Jedge," asked one of his listeners, "what made you so confident that you could make such a difficult shot?"

"Waal, I tell ye', I'm gettin' most too old t' dew sech a thing naow, an' I would'n hev' then ef I hedn't bin at a disadvantage, so t' speak, but if yo'd a done what I done when I went aout behind th' woodshed, ye' cud a made th' shot ye'self. Ye' see while no one seen me, I bored a hole sideways threw th' bullet, an' jest tied a wet sponge t' it by a string 'baout three fut long. Then I rammed a good tight wad onto th' powder t' keep it dry, an' I got th' sponge inter th' barr'l easy 'nough 'cause 'twas

wet. Course I didn't hev' to shute very close t' th' taller dip, 'cause th' water flew right smart, an' when I shot, th' blamed sponge jest swiped th' glim right aout."

A general silence followed this remarkable yarn, but not one of the Jedge's listeners dared to suggest any possible exaggeration or inaccuracy in the details.

After what appeared to be considerable studied meditation on the old man's part, he vouchsafed the information that if he "wuzn't so durn dry," he could relate another little

occurrence that might interest us. We wet the Jedge's throat with more toddy, and then he proceeded with this snake story:

"I wuz up back of th' maountin las' year, nigh th' ol' b'ar cave, tryin' to lay sight onto a ol' she-b'ar thet hed lugged off one o' my best traps. She left a putty plain trail, an' 'twan't no use takin' a dorg along, so I let ol' Tige an' th' pups git fer hum', an' follered up th' trail alone.

'Baout then, a b'ar of decent weight wuz wuth c'nsid'ble.

"Waal, th' tracks led t' th' cave, ez I expected, an' I kinder clim' daown inter it. 'Twuz a sorter big hole like in th' rocks, 'baout a rod square, when ye' got daown. I sat lookin' round a spell, an' didn't seem t' see nothin' fer quite some time. Then, all of a suddin, I heered a noise I knew putty well, right in front of me, tew. 'Jimminy Cripps,' sez I, 'a rattler, and a dum big one, tew, fer this time o' year.' Waal, I up with my gun, an' wuz a-goin' to slam it t' him, but th' cuss never



"RATTLIN' HIS TAIL AOUT TH' WINDER
FER TH' TAOWN CONSTABLE."

moved. He jest sot up on his tail somethin' like a big corkscrew, an' sized me up with a sorrerful look in his eyes, like ye' see in a yearlin' doe. I sez, 'Judge, this ain't no ornery snake 'tall, an' I'm goin' to examine a time or tew ontill I kin see what he's up ter anyway.'

"I jest reckoned I cud talk t' him 'bout th' same ez a dorg, an' I set aout t' dew it. I sez, sez I, 'snake, ye' look hungry, an' ez tho' ye' hed no hum er fambly. In fact, don't 'pear t' me ye' got no visible means o' support,' me feelin' toler'ble facetious-like an' havin' the son-of-a-gun covered with my wepin. Snake kep' a-lookin' at me kinder humble-like, an' waggin' his tail quiet an' decent, an' b'gosh, I hadn't th' heart t' kill him 'tall; so, sez I, 'here, snake, tell ye' what I'll dew; I never hed no snake of my own, an' ef yew'll kinder nose aout thet 'ar she-b'ar thet's got my trap, an' in gin'ral help me aout t'day with my huntin', I'll take ye' hum', an' giv' ye' bed, board an' lodgin' 's long 's ye' behave yerself.'

"So, 'thout no further instructions from this here court, snake, he went into a big hole on th' right of th' cave, an' ez sure ez I hope fer Hevin, gentlemen, I never hear sich growlin' an' snarlin' an' hiss'n an' Billy-be-durned racket in gin'ral,

durin' my life afore. Th' snake wuz a-raoustin' th' b'ar aout'n her cave, an' I'm durned ef he didn't dew it. I plugged th' b'ar p'utty consid'able dead soon ez she came aout, tew.

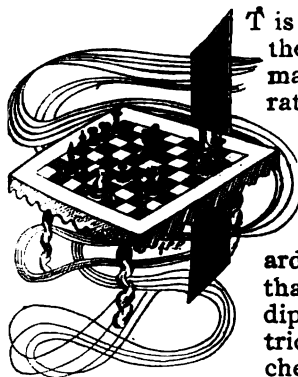
"Waal, I sot quite some store by thet rattler, an' ye' bet I let him foller me hum, an' I give him a good feed, an' showed him where t' go t' bed thet night. After a spell, we got middlin' fond of each other, an' hunted consid'ble together, an' finally, I got t' likin' th' cuss so well thet bein' t'wuz winter an' all-fired cold, I used t' let him sleep in bed 'long with me.

"Waal, come one night, I wuz abed an' asleep, when all of a suddin, I wuz waked up by th' gol-durndest, most galumptious rattlin' ye' ever hearn tell 'baout. I poked 'raound in th' bed fer my snake, but he wan't there 'tall. A'ter consid'ble spell of rattlin' hed took place, I reckoned t' go daown stairs an' see what in thunder wuz a-goin' on; so I dressed myself a bit an' lit er dip an' went daown. Waal, ef thar wan't thet durn sneakin' Si' Hubbard broke inter my haouse. Snake hed heered him, an' went daown stairs an' waound hissself raound Si's neck, an' wuz holdin' on putty good, same time rattlin' his tail aout th' winder fer th' taown constable, like all hell possessed!"



CHESS CLUBS OF THE METROPOLIS.

By Plowdon Stevens, Jr.



It is a trite saying that the average educated male citizen would rather confess ignorance of the nebular hypothesis, or the respective merits of the gold and silver standards, than to confess that he has never dipped into the intricate game of chess. He learned the moves at college

long before the war, probably, and speaks knowingly of Morphy, whose name is the "household word" both of the learned and the unlearned in the game. Once in a thousand times, he is a chess flower which has been born to blush unseen, but far oftener he displays that sure sign of "dufferdom," a tendency to speak of "my queen's castle."

Still, the number of people in and about the Metropolis who belong to no regular club, and yet possess a fair knowledge of the game, is really remarkable. The East Side of New York contains a large majority of these players. The cafés of this district, especially those of Russian or Hungarian aspect, and generally anarchistic appearance, often swarm with good players. Whether over-indulgence in chess breeds wildly speculative folk, or discontent with society fosters a yearning for chess, is a matter of opinion, but it seems to be a fact that a strikingly large number of chess cranks, both amateur and professional, are much given to "isms" of the most eccentric kind, ordinary socialism being the mildest.

In this part of the town, the garrulous and the dreamy types of players are found side by side. The first has whiskers, the second hair

and whiskers, and occasionally spectacles to boot. But the talker and the thinker seldom play at the same board, for obvious reasons. Steins at regular intervals and clouds of tobacco smoke are the accessories of the game. The non-combatants take an intense interest in the struggle, and the absence of that code of etiquette which in a chess club would sternly forbid comment, leads to exciting debate on all sides of actual players when the position becomes exciting.

But it is only in the distinctly Teutonic, Slavonic or Magyar drinking places that chess has a foothold. The denizens of "Hell's Kitchen" and the Italian quarters do not play chess; and the New Yorker proper is a person of definite aims. He goes to saloons to drink, and plays chess at clubs. Still, a sign in a Fourteenth-street cigar store states that chess tables are to be found within, and this may be the entering wedge. Nearly all the metropolitan newspapers print chess columns, and the solvers of the weekly batches of problems do not all hail from chess clubs. In fact, a very successful tournament was promoted last spring in which no member of a chess club was permitted to compete.

A more important body of Dame Caissa's irregular troops is composed of members of clubs not devoted to chess. As an instance may be cited the Tuxedo Club, in one of the metropolitan suburbs. A goodly number of the members here indulge in the game, and exhibitions by well-known players have been given with success. The New York Athletic Club holds chess tournaments at times, open only to members, of course, and there is probably no club of any pretensions within the metropolitan circle that does not boast of

a table or two and a small body of enthusiasts, who, sitting silently for hours around some well-fought game, excite the wonder of their uninitiated clubmates. Even campaign clubs have been known to become infected with a desire to play chess, and the writer has seen more than one pair of "district captains" matching wits over the only game the intricacy of which rivalled that of their politics.

As a rule, the colleges have their chess clubs, a class room or a corner in the library being their usual home. Columbia has played no mean part in the annals of intercollegiate chess, the Labourdonnais Club of the college having furnished tournament winners several years. Its efforts were at first limited mainly to correspondence games and occasional matches with the second teams of the local clubs, but the formation of the annual quadrangular contest between players from Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia has given a great impulse to college chess. The handsome championship trophy was provided by the liberality of various graduates, and New York is the scene of the annual contest which takes place during the Christmas holidays. This greatly stimulated chess interest at Columbia, and for a year or two she was supreme, as Hymes, a real chess genius, carried everything before him; but since his graduation, Harvard and Yale have rather surpassed her.

The chess clubs pure and simple contain, of course, the vast majority of those whose interest in the game is permanent, and a catalogue of "Greater New York" would probably show several dozen of such clubs. Most of these maintain a fitful existence, as the average chess player is not wealthy. Many a club is supported by the liberality of a few members, and their withdrawal would mean ruin. There still exist a few whose glory is all in the past, and the roll of extinct clubs is growing.

Centralization is gradually reducing the numbers, but increasing the wealth and influence of the survivors.

The Brooklyn and the Manhattan Chess clubs are the most prominent, the two containing almost all of the powerful amateurs and professionals, though the frequent squabbling of the last year has resulted in the exit of some of the professionals from each. The Manhattan club is the proud possessor of a snug surplus, and the professionals, backed by some of the members, claimed that the management was neglecting to give prizes for chess contests, and was allowing the club to become purely social. Of course a counter-cry of professionalism was raised, and a lively battle in the club and in the newspapers resulted in an overwhelming triumph for the directors. But the end had not yet come, for the contest finally wrecked an organization known as the Metropolitan Chess League which, by holding team matches between its various members, was doing real good to the game.

Nearly all the professional players and semi-professionals are, naturally enough, members of several clubs, and could therefore choose either side in the team matches. As the teams never exceeded a dozen players, the transfer of the allegiance of a few strong representatives from one club to another could easily decide the battle. The sulky Manhattanites then played for the Brooklyn and other clubs. They were within their rights, but the rest of the members did not like it, and as the Manhattanites were beaten in the next series of matches by clubs supposed to be weaker, an uproar took place and the club resigned from the league, which presently broke up.

Team matches between the premier clubs are not likely to take place until the present feeling of bitterness disappears, though the clubs not concerned in the recent squabble occasionally meet in friendly contests. Raising the number of players on each team, however, might do away

with the cause of the trouble. The English clubs play with big teams, and their inter-county matches, with fifty men on each side, are a feature which might well be imitated on this side of the Atlantic.

Though in inter-club matches we are behind our British cousins, New York clubs offer a remarkably interesting lot of contests during the season. World's championship matches are of course rare, but we have had our share; portions of the Steinitz-Zukertort and the Steinitz-Lasker matches, and the whole of the Steinitz-Gunsberg contest having been played here. Our professionals, too, are as strong as any. Steinitz, Pillsbury and Showalter are the stars, and nearly every player of great fame visits us sooner or later. The wide experience of some of the New York club players includes games with Morphy, the hero of the past, as well as Lasker, Steinitz, Zukertort, Bird, Blackburne, Burn, Tschigorin, Weiss, Walbrodt and a host of celebrities of more recent date. The lamented Captain Mackenzie was a New Yorker during his later days. Of course, a star professional's visit means impromptu matches with the local experts, simultaneous performances against all comers, blindfold exhibitions, and consultation games galore. Lacking these, there is the unfailling club championship, or the handicap contest in which the despised "rook player" sometimes astonishes the best.

The very latest novelty is the "rapid transit" tournament. This is conducted on the "knock-out" plan, the players being paired off by lot. A timekeeper is appointed, and a limit for moves, usually thirty seconds or one minute, is fixed. Three seconds before the expiration of the period for each move, "ready" is called; and then at the command "move," each of the players whose turn it is to play, must make a move or resign his game. The moves on the board are of course made simultaneously to

avoid the necessity of having a lot of timekeepers, and no player may move before the signal is given. The results of this system are amusing, weak but quick-witted players often defeating their much more powerful antagonists.

Matches by telegraph are occasionally played, and the cable has twice been used for international team contests. The large difference in time between New York and London, however, makes the arrangement of suitable hours for cable play very difficult. The first match was played by the Manhattan club against the Britishers, but draws were agreed on in all of the games, no result being possible in a one-day match. The Brooklyn club then accepted the task of getting together a team of players to compete for the Newnes trophy last spring. Profiting by the experience of the 1895 match, the arrangements were thoroughly perfected, and the two-days' battle resulted in a victory for the Americans by the odd game, though the battle seemed to be slightly in favor of the British players at the end of the first day. The victory gave a big boom to the Brooklyn club, and although there have been threats that certain members of their 1896 team will not play again, it is hoped that all differences will be adjusted in time for the next contest this year. The Manhattan club defeated the New Orleans players in a telegraphic contest, and a trip to Philadelphia last Memorial Day resulted in their wiping out a former defeat by the Franklin club, Philadelphia's crack chess organization.

For some obscure reason, George Washington has been selected as the patron saint of New York chess enthusiasts. February 22 is his day, and on that anniversary all real chess cranks assemble in the Metropolis for the winter championship contest of the New York State Chess Association. This organization also holds a summer contest, usually at some

up-state watering place in August. The contest is a one-day affair, and as it has to be rushed through on the "knock-out" system, there is usually a disgruntled crowd of experts standing around at midnight to watch the survivors do battle.

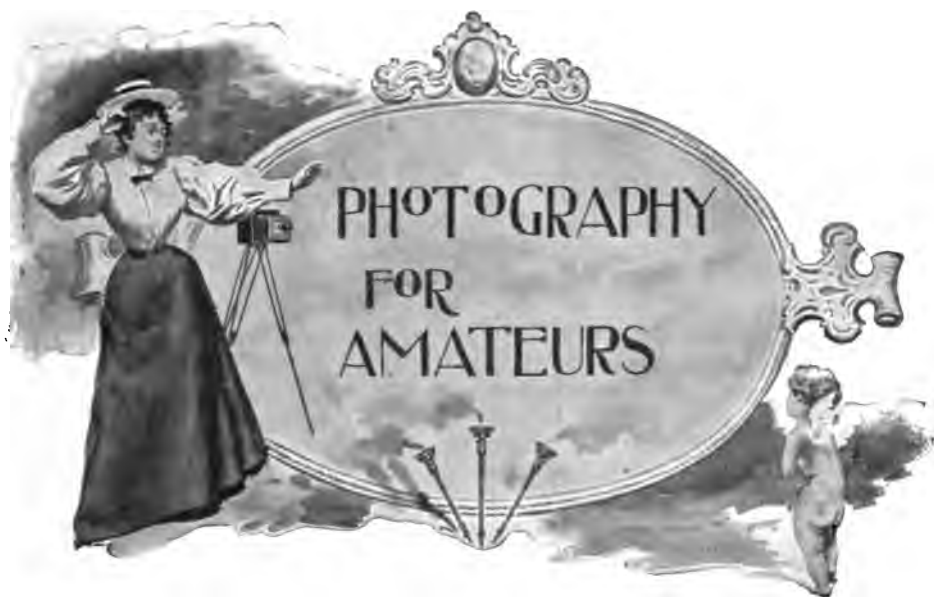
Besides the more famous Manhattans and Brooklyns, the Staten Island, Metropolitan and City clubs are also prominent in metropolitan chess circles. The Newark club might also be included, and perhaps Paterson, which boasts of Governor Griggs as a fine player.

The comforts of club life are beginning to be seen in metropolitan chess clubs which, years ago, were rather uninviting places. The Manhattan club boasts of the most finely-appointed rooms for chess playing in the world, and it may perhaps be selected as the typical chess club of the next century, though old members shake their heads pessimistically and complain that chess is forgotten. The club has over two hundred members and games are in full blast daily from about two o'clock, when the early birds begin to turn up, until the engineer shuts off the electric light eleven hours later.

With two dozen games going on at once, as is usually the case on Satur-

day afternoons, and a sprinkling of lookers-on wandering from table to table, or standing in double rows around one of the boards where a stout fight is being waged, the rooms present an animated appearance. Delmar's witty remarks at the expense of his antagonists, and his dashing style of play at odds, usually draw the biggest crowd, for despite the theories of the plodding "modern school," the average player dearly loves a brilliant "combine." Curiously enough, many of the regular attendants never touch a piece themselves, and one amiable old gentleman made it a practice to come early every afternoon for years, seat himself at a table to watch some game, and then promptly fall into a peaceful slumber which usually lasted until supper time. Laughing and joking is not barred by any means, unless a big match game is going on, and the casual visitor, after sitting for an hour in the "noisy room," and listening to the debates of the club "coroners" busy with the post-mortem examination of some recent contest, departs convinced that metropolitan chess players, at least, are enjoying life to the utmost in their own way, however unattractive that might prove to others.





MORE SELECTED PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Critical Comment by the "Professor."

ANOTHER group of selected photographs submitted for the cash prizes offered by THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, is printed herewith. The entries in the first class, that for snow scenes, have been both numerous and creditable, and when the committee of judges makes its announcement of the prize-winners next month, the fortunate amateur photographers may congratulate themselves upon having fairly earned their honors from a field of many worthy competitors.

December's heavy falls of snow in the western and northern states have given many opportunities for exposures for snowy negatives. Three of those received for the first class lie before me, and one for Class III.

All indicate a good knowledge of the general principles underlying photography, and Mr. Boyd C. Packer's two photographs show the great value of the camera to sportsmen as a

means of bringing home a record of a hunting trip.

The snow picture entered by him in Class I., is admirably treated as regards the snow effects; the foreground is well broken, and

the eye naturally follows the path to the standing figure, thence to the camp and finally to the trophies. The print has been carefully made, and the principal defect lies in the sacrifice of the shadows or figures to the snow. The detail in the figures is largely lost, only the lightest parts of them being readily distinguishable. A developer slightly stronger in alkali would have brought out the detail in the shadows, and given to the whole picture less of the appearance of a summer scene. Had the negative been developed as suggested, the



CLASS I.—DOWN THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE.
BY GEORGE R. MOSLE.

(Exposure: One-tenth of a second, in bright morning sunlight.)

printing might have been carried further with beneficial effects. The gun carried by the standing figure looks strangely like an



CLASS I. — A HUNTERS' WINTER CAMP IN COLORADO.

BY BOYD C. PACKER.

(Exposure: One-half second, under cloudy sky.)

extension of the subject's arm, and the whole picture presents an aspect of preparation. A better result with the material at hand would have been obtained had the subjects been engaged in some regular camp routine, as cooking, skinning the game, or any other occupation showing action and unconsciousness of the presence of the camera.

In making snow pictures, it is advisable to expose for the shadows, and in development, to work for detail first, obtaining density later by the addition of more of the developing agent proper—pyro, hydroquinone, etc.—or a little potassium bromide.

The "Toronto Churchyard" entered by Mr. W. H. Moss is rather gruesome, but is of a subject that offered great possibilities. Made late in the afternoon, against the sun and on a fast plate, it has the appearance of a moonlight picture with rather a strong moon. To the ordinary observer, it will at first seem as though the whole picture is too bright to have been produced by a moon so screened behind clouds that its general outline is indistinguishable. The point of view chosen is hardly the best; the straight lines formed by the front row of tombstones, and the church and the trees being accentuated by the unbroken snow. By shifting the camera beyond this front row of stones, and breaking up the expanse of snow by footprints, the general result would probably have been better. Being devoid of figures, it lacks considerable in interest. The bent figure of an old sexton or minister returning

home, would have given life to it and redeemed it.

Of the chemical treatment—the development and printing—there is little to say in the line of criticism. The dull effect of the snow may be considered a result of the cloudy sky. The absence of detail is of course necessary to the moonlight effect, and a result of photographing directly against the sun. The print itself is the work of a master hand.

"A Camp in California Park, Colorado," entered in Class III. by Mr. Packer, is another example of the value of the camera to sportsmen. It shows the effect of the clear atmosphere and strong light of Colorado, in the sharp contrasts and lack of half-tones. Again we note a studied effect; the men, animals, skins and antlers being arranged for the camera. Action is wanting, and yet could easily have been obtained. Watering the horses, a wash-down, and a dozen other scenes suggest themselves in which the sturdy subjects would have appeared to better advantage.

A noticeable defect, and one for which the photographer is only indirectly to blame, is the blurring and indistinctness of the trees forming the background. This is due to what is technically known as halation, a blurring caused by the reflection of light from the back of the plate. The strong light reflected from the sky has passed right through the sensitive coating on the plate, has been partially reflected back by the

second glass surface of the plate, and, striking the underside of the film at an angle, has obliterated the fine details in the twigs and branches outlined against the sky.

The remedy for this trouble is obvious ; either the light must be filtered during its passage through the plate, so that only non-actinic light is reflected by the back of the plate, or the reflection of light from the back surface must be stopped entirely. So-called "non-halation" plates that are prepared so as to obviate halation, are to be found on the market. Some have non-actinic dye incorporated in the emulsion, and the light reflected from the under surface of the

either absorbs all the light, or permits the reflection of non-actinic light only. Such a backing is sold under the name of "Anti-Halo ;" or it may be made by mixing caramel with water. It is applied to the back of the plate with the finger or a soft sponge. Halation can also be prevented by a piece of dull black paper pasted on the back of the plate. It must be remembered that a backing is entirely useless unless in optical contact with the glass surface.

In some cases, the effect of halation may be minimized by a subsequent local reduction of the plate, either by rubbing down with a tuft of cotton soaked in alcohol, or



CLASS I. — A TORONTO CHURCHYARD AT SUNSET.

By W. H. MOSS.

(Exposure : One second, toward the clouded sun.)

glass thus rendered is harmless. The dye washes out in the developer, and the development may be conducted as usual. Other plates are coated with two or even three emulsions of varying sensitiveness, the most rapid emulsion being that nearest the lens. Such a plate is almost opaque, and the small amount of actinic light reflected from the plate acts only on the slow emulsion furthest from the image.

A really practicable method of preventing halation, and at the same time of using the plate to which one has become accustomed, consists in applying to the back of the plate a so-called "non-halation" backing. This

by the application of a reducing solution made by dissolving a small crystal of red prussiate of potash in a solution of hypo. Better still,—and here is where Mr. Packer might have remedied the omission of some backing to prevent halation—those parts which show the effect of halation may be restrained during development, by the application of a weak solution of potassium bromide with a camel's-hair pencil.

This camp scene, on the whole, is a brilliant one, but might have been improved : first, by the use of the backing alluded to ; and secondly, by the use of still more alkali in the development. Where the

contrasts are great and the shadows are heavy, density is too easily obtainable. A smaller proportion of reducing agent would have given a negative of far greater delicacy.

Of no little interest is the picture by Mr. George R. Mosle, entitled "Down the Toboggan Slide." It is photographically excellent. The snow is well brought out, appearing as snow, and the shadows show that both exposure and development were suited the one to the other. The subject is, of course, one peculiarly appropriate for this class of our competition, and the exhilarating sport is capitally presented. It is well to note that the snow has photographed considerably whiter than the sky; this is absolutely correct. The handling of the plate in development has resulted in obtaining the two qualities for which I have been urging—namely, printing quality in the snow, and detail in the shadows. This print shows masses of snow on either side of the toboggan slide, and there is about it a distinctive quality that one could mistake for nothing but snow. The bare, white patch usually representative of snow is entirely wanting, being replaced by a well-broken image that is of considerable value

in the general formation of the picture. The whole idea is well carried out; the temporary abandonment of the snowshoes, the muffled up figures, and the general air of "now we are ready!" stamp the picture as the work of one who has devoted no little care and experience to its production.

We commend this photograph to our readers as one well worthy of imitation.

PHOTOGRAPHY for Amateurs will be made a special feature of *THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE* during the coming year. In this department will be printed from time to time during 1897, not only selected pictures submitted for the cash prizes offered below, but also interesting and instructive articles on amateur photography and photographic societies. Our *Professor's* "Notes from the Dark-room" will also be continued as a regular feature of this department. The second volume of *THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE* begins with our April number, and as a special inducement to those who subscribe at once, we will send the handsome Mid-Winter Number (February) as well as the March issue free. See our *special offer* on page LXXX.

RULES AND CONDITIONS OF THE COMPETITION.

THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS in gold are offered by *THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE* for the best amateur photographs submitted. The competition is divided into four classes, as follows:

CLASS I. *Winter Scenes.* Prizes: Forty dollars in gold for the best photograph; twenty-five dollars in gold for the second best, and ten dollars in gold for the third. In this class are eligible all photographs made outdoors in winter, and which show the season of the year. Particularly desirable are camp scenes in the winter woods, views of figure-skating, ice-hockey, curling, snow-shoeing, sleighing, fishing through the ice, and all other photographs of winter sports with their accompanying frost, snow and ice. Entries for this class closed January 1. The prizes will be announced in our February issue.

CLASS II. *Flashlight Interiors and Groups.* Prizes: Forty dollars in gold for the best photograph; twenty-five dollars in gold for the second best, and ten dollars in gold for the third. This class is intended to include all negatives made by flashlight or any other form of artificial light. While interiors and picturesque portraits and groups seem most appropriate for this class, its limits are drawn to exclude only photographs made by sunlight—all others are eligible. Entries will close March 1. The prizes will be announced in our April issue.

CLASS III. *Hunting, Fishing and Camping.* Prizes: Forty dollars in gold for the best photograph; twenty-five dollars in gold for the second best, and ten dollars in gold for the third. In this class are wanted pictures of general interest to sportsmen of the rod and gun. Views of hunters or fishermen with the "tools of their trade" in hand; of their camps in the woods; of their favorite haunts; of their game;—in short, any photograph that appeals directly to the hunter, the fisherman or the camper. Entries will close June 1. The prize-winning photographs will appear in our July issue.

CLASS IV. *Competitive Sports.* Prizes: Forty dollars in gold for the best photograph; twenty-five dollars in gold for the second best, and ten dollars in gold for the third. For these prizes are eligible all photographs taken of sports on the track, in the field or on the water. Instantaneous or time exposures of racing—by men, horses, yachts or bicycles; of field sports in progress—baseball, football, cricket, lawn tennis, golf—all are within the limits of this class. Entries will close September 1, and the prizes will be announced in our October issue.

A few general rules for this competition are necessary: (1) All competitors must be amateur photographers, and must prove their standing, if called upon, before they receive any prizes awarded to them. (2) Only finished prints (though not necessarily mounted) will be considered;—no negatives, blue prints or untuned proofs should be sent in. (3) Details of subject and exposure (date, place, subject, condition of light and length of exposure) must be furnished in each case, with the full name and address of the photographer. (4) The right to reproduce and print in *THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE* all photographs entered in the competition must go with the prints, and the exclusive copyright on those to which prizes are awarded.

Photographs may be entered in advance for any of the classes, but it should be distinctly stated if they are intended for any other than the class which closes next. A competitor may enter as many prints in each class as desired, but we cannot undertake to return photographs. No entrance fee will be charged and no other conditions than those stated here must be complied with.

Photographs and communications regarding this competition should be addressed to the **PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR, THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, 377 and 379 Broadway, New York.**



CLASS III.—A CAMP IN CALIFORNIA PARK, COLORADO.

BY BOYD C. PACKER.

(Exposure: One-fifth of a second, in bright sunlight.)

THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

By Frank La Manna.

THE Brooklyn Academy of Photography was organized and incorporated in February, 1887. Its promoters had in view the advancement of photography, and wisely thought that cooperation and the interchange of ideas and experiences would be a benefit to those devoted to the art. By "Academy" it is not to be understood as a school for instruction, but is intended to promote the science of photography. The club rooms of the organization are at 176 Montague street, and they are fully equipped with the usual dark-rooms, enlarging and reducing cameras and every other appliance necessary in the art.

One object of the club has been to broaden the application of photography by making pictorial records of important events. This idea has been applied in views of such historic occurrences as the Columbian festivities, the Washington Centennial, and the famous blizzard of 1888. The club rooms are rich in scenes of more than passing interest, and the members' intention has always been to work for something more than merely to please the fancy.

Monday is the meeting night of the Academy, and there is something going on almost every week. Regular meetings are held the first Monday of each month; on the second Monday, the members meet for the exhibition and criticism of prints;

the third is given up to the exhibition of lantern slides; while the fourth Monday of each month is devoted to talks by experts on exposure, development, photographic optics, chemistry and other subjects of general interest to the amateur. The club also holds an occasional "smoker," when the humorous and the eccentric in photography are prominently brought out by the use of the lantern.

The Academy has been very fortunate in having among its members many men who have delved deep into their art, and some clever work has been the result. W. G. Levison devised a way of measuring the time of instantaneous exposure, by means of a vibrating beam of light recording the interval on the exposed plate. He also experimented successfully in taking pictures of self-luminous bodies, Giessler tubes, and fireworks. The late C. G. Brainard, a charter member and pioneer in photography, was among the first to use the detective or concealed camera, and on one occasion, at the Philadelphia Centennial, he had an experience both amusing and successful. It seems that amateur photographers were then under the ban, and the lives of the Exposition policemen were made miserable by trying to suppress the "nuisance." Mr. Brainard, while listening to the lamentations of one of the officers, was at the same

time busily engaged in taking a picture of one of the buildings with a camera disguised as a paper parcel.

Among other club investigators, is Dr. French, a medical specialist, who, with Mr. Brainard, devised a camera for photographing the throat, vocal cords, and even the bronchial tubes. S. W. Lewis has won numerous prizes as a maker of lantern slides. W. Arnold has had unusual success in the mysteries of plate making. W. T. Wintringham, another charter member, holds many prizes for prints and lantern slides, and has also invented an ingenious shutter for very quick exposures. A. A. Goubert has experimented successfully in over-exposure development to produce reversal of image. Many of the members have become especially expert in "snap-shot" pictures, while H. B. Fullerton's flower studies are gems of art.

In the club's collection of the rare and curious, is one of the first plates developed by Professor Lippman of Paris, in his experiments in photographic color. This plate shows all the colors of the spectrum of an arc electric light.

The Academy is very progressive and always ready to seize upon any new idea or device that may be the means of advancing photography. Many of its members have adopted the bicycle, and club runs are frequently made to places of interest; so that to the Brooklynite it is no uncommon sight to see a procession of wheelmen photographers on their way to the country, laden with their cameras. This division of the Academy, in uniting with their devotion to photography a proclivity for wheels, have called themselves the "Whirling Dervishes," and have a wheelman's organization of their own.

NOTES FROM THE DARK-ROOM

AN electric lamp for the dark room has many advantages, not the least being that it requires practically no attention and there is little liability of its cracking or breaking. When gas or oil lamps are used there is continual danger of breakage, and a new globe is never of exactly the same shade as the old one. A constant source of light assists largely in obtaining uniform results.

When a strong flash-light is desired, as when a large audience is being photographed, the ordinary hand flash-lamps will not furnish sufficient illumination. Flash cotton should be spread out on an iron shovel or plate, dusted over with magnesium powder and ignited with a taper.

Developing trays should be of black material. Porcelain trays sometimes become slightly phosphorescent by continual

exposure to white light and may produce a slight veiling or fog. Besides, a black tray enables the negative to be watched more easily. The white margins of a plate should be noted carefully as they serve as a sure indication of foggingness.

The following formula will yield a splendid developer for lantern slides:

Sodium sulphite....	480 grains
Sodium carbonate...	960 grains
Hydroquinone....	96 grains
Water.....	16 ounces

After using, return to the bottle and use repeatedly until exhausted.

Those of our readers who indulge in lantern-slide making should pay considerable attention to the matting of their slides. Only that part of the slide should be included that is necessary to the formation of the picture. A print should be made from the negative, and then by covering up various portions, the size and shape necessary to form the picture should be determined. The lantern mat should be cut to conform to the shape of this selected portion and then adjusted on the slide. Mats in which openings of any size and shape may be cut with a pocket-knife, are sold by photo-stock dealers.

"Rational flash sheets" afford a means of artificial illumination that may be said to be theoretically and practically perfect. The flash-light material is in the form of a thin sheet, and may be suspended at any desired point by the aid of a pin, and fired by a match. A brilliant, rapid flash results; very little smoke is produced, and practically every grain of powder is efficient.

The past year has witnessed many notable photographic achievements. The problem of photography in colors still remains unsolved, but there is some indication that in the near future we may see the dreams of the early workers realized. Meanwhile, photo-mechanical workers are perfecting the three-color-printing process.

Exposure meters furnish a means of correctly estimating exposures on all subjects and under all conditions. By the simplest method, the actual power of the light is measured by the time taken for a piece of prepared paper to darken to a standard tint. The number corresponding to the number of seconds, is placed opposite the plate-number obtained from a card furnished with the instrument, and the correct exposure for any stop read off at once. Many plates may be saved, and the general quality of the work raised by correct exposure.

Professor.



Horse Sales and Trotting "Ringers."

THE month just ended has naturally been rather lacking in happenings in the horse world; for racing, whether running or trotting, is virtually dead by the middle of November, so far as the Eastern states are concerned. But many matters of interest have matured, especially in connection with the sale ring and the meeting of the Board of Review of the National Trotting Association. The sales of note have included both thoroughbreds and trotting horses, and have on the whole, produced satisfactory results, though at that, it is difficult to see how any good can come from predicting that we are on the threshold of another bonanza period, merely because there has been some reaction from bottom prices.

Whether we consider the thoroughbred sales at Lexington, Ky., or the big dispersal of trotting stock in New York City, there is only one conclusion to be arrived at. The best will always sell well, but people no longer care to buy poor stock even at low prices. This condition presupposes an entire "change of heart," to which breeders and auctioneers must accustom themselves. The former are realizing that times are changed; but the latter are still inclined to attempt to foist on the public "any old" collections of stock that may be offered to them for sale. In other words, consignments of horses that are advertised as high-class studs are mere cullings. The effect is bound to be demoralizing; since the public supposes that the horses selling for a few five-dollar bills, are up to the standard that their pedigrees on paper would seem to indicate. This fault exists among sellers of all classes of horses, and with some publics it might be no serious matter; but ours is a very inquiring public without any great degree of innate horse sense. To

it, a thoroughbred is a thoroughbred whether he be by the most fashionable stallion in the land, or some old half-miler standing in the "bushes."

The Lexington sales brought big prices for good horses, and fair values for all the lots sold. Even the mares of the McGrathiana Stud, that Mr. Milton Young sold at a moment's notice and without advertisement, found ready buyers at reasonable figures. The crack stallions, imp. Order and imp. Candlemas—the former the sire of that good two-year-old Ornament, and the latter full brother to St. Blaise, and sire of Dr. Catlett, Carnero, Lady Mitchell, etc., in his first crop—brought \$25,000 and \$15,000 respectively. In neither case did Mr. J. B. Haggin, owner of the great Rancho del Paso Stud, Cal., pay too much, but the figures are reassuring. But most encouraging of all perhaps was the fact that developed that Mr. E. C. Cowdin is going in extensively for breeding thoroughbreds. There is always room at the top, and not only is Mr. Cowdin of the class that is most welcome in thoroughbred affair, but he showed that he means to have good stock or none. He secured that grand matron, Spinaway, and though she is nineteen years old she seemed to be in such fine fettle that she was cheap at \$3,500. While no one interested in the turf can fail to be pleased at the symptoms of revived vigor in the market, a certain amount of danger attaches to the efforts that have been made to have this sale appear in the most roseate colors. In other words, trashy stallions and mares may in consequence of this apparent boom, be bred from during the coming season, that would otherwise probably have been relegated to such use as they are really fitted. Such experiments will only entail certain failure; for the days are gone when breeders could pick up mares for one or two hundred dollars at the winter tracks, and

sell their first produce as yearlings for prices ranging up to ten times the amount paid for the dams.

But to leave the sale and breeding question, though it is of broad enough scope to fill an entire issue of *THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE*, and to touch upon the meeting of the Board of Review of the National Trotting Association: It is not too much to say that while the board's methods have not escaped criticism in previous years, as being altogether archaic and out of date, there was far more awakening on this point this year than ever before. The simple fact is that the affairs of the National Trotting Association are managed in the most amateurish fashion, without a particle of method, and with an indifference to punctuality and precision that is startling to anyone who has not become inured to these traits by long experience. And this is said with absolutely no desire to disparage the amateur. For example, the members of the board are gentlemen of position whose worth is increased by their willingness to devote a week to the consideration of tedious and uninteresting cases, and administer on them to the best of their ability.

The management of trotting meetings is left to men who know nothing of their business. Of the officers of a meeting, only one can be paid under the rules, viz., the starter. It is more than difficult to get anyone to accept a position as judge; because of the very probable share of odium that such an official may have to shoulder. Neither the officials nor the judges are, as a rule, conversant with either the spirit or the letter of the rules, or the appearance and surroundings of the horses they are to see race. Hence, all the trouble, "ringers," absurd decisions and the like. "Ringing" cases that are discovered are like the sand on the seashore, and no one would be bold enough to say how many go through without discovery. And at that, the majority of these cases come from the New England states, the home and nursery of trotting sport. It would be comparatively easy to straighten out all these tangled skeins if advantage were taken of the permission accorded by the constitution of the National Trotting Association to have five local boards; but only one of these ever meets—that which adjudicates on the affairs of the Pacific Coast. In all other instances, principals and witnesses are hauled on to New York or Chicago to take their chances of getting a hearing from the board. And the affairs of this board are managed in so haphazard a manner as to make it doubtful whether the man who travels two or three thousand miles may be represented when his case comes up. Trotting is a healthy institution, but beyond a doubt it needs entire reorganization as to the methods of maintaining and administering discipline.

Francis Trevelyan.

Small-Bore Rifles for Big Game.

NOW that the hunting season has closed, sportsmen are naturally interested in the effect of the new small-bore, smokeless-powder cartridges on big game; and information from the game fields will therefore be gladly received. Heretofore, very little has been known of the capabilities of the small-bore as a hunting rifle, but the past season has partially supplied the deficiency.

Though nearly all of the standard rifle cartridges are now sold with either smokeless or black powder, the only advantage yet apparent for the former is its lack of smoke. But the thirty-calibre smokeless cartridge, with its long metal-cased bullet, and its high-pressure powder, as adopted by the United States Government, and applied in somewhat modified forms to sporting rifles, has been watched with much interest by sportsmen who hunt big game. Owing to the enormous pressure on the barrels and the great friction of the metal-cased bullet, it was found necessary to use barrels of nickel-steel; but the manufacturers finally succeeded in making light and accurate rifles adapted for these cartridges. The velocity of the bullet was found to be remarkable, being about two thousand feet a second; the penetration is enormous, while the trajectory is necessarily very flat. Many hunters of big game jumped at the hasty conclusion that the perfect hunting cartridge was found at last, for they argued, "Here is a rifle that will penetrate thirty or more inches of solid timber; surely its effect on game will be frightful." They tried it, and great was their surprise to see elk and other big animals, when shot through the body, go off apparently unhurt, only to die some miles away. The wounds made by the bullets, when no large bones were hit, were no larger than the bullet itself; it was like running a small, sharp-pointed rod through the animal, for the force of the bullet was not expended when inside the animal as it should be.

Many sportsmen gave up the use of the thirty-caliber cartridge after a few trials; but others began experimenting, and removed the metal case at the point of the bullet, leaving the soft lead exposed. Their idea was that this would cause the bullet to upset, or "mushroom," on impact against any large animal; and so cause a wound as great as from a much larger bullet, while the advantage of the enormous velocity and flat trajectory would be retained. Of course the penetration would be reduced, but the full force of the blow would be expended on the game. On trying these soft-pointed bullets, some sportsmen who had not before used the thirty-caliber rifles, were disappointed in not finding the wonderful penetration of

which they had heard; apparently clinging to the erroneous belief that penetration and killing power are synonymous.

This was the condition of things at the beginning of the hunting season just closed. Sportsmen saw the many advantages of the light rifle, lighter ammunition, flat trajectory and absence of smoke. But the conservative sportsmen, in preparing for their hunting trips, did not discard the old well-tried rifle, rather carrying two—the old to fall back on in case of necessity, and the new one to experiment with. Many thirty-caliber rifles were sent to hunters in the regions of big game, and sportsmen waited eagerly for reports from the woods and mountains. Unfortunately, very few were successful in trying them on bear and moose. Some antelope, a number of deer, and a few elk and caribou were killed, however.

The effect of the soft-pointed bullet on antelope was quite deadly; and this animal, though small, is much harder to kill than the deer. In most accounts of deer killed, where the wound was described by hunters of intelligence, the effect was similar to the hollow-pointed express bullet, and the deer fell quickly, though most of them had been hit near a vital spot. Bear and elk, when hit in the head, neck or heart, fell at once, as they would if shot with any other rifle with which big game should be hunted. When large bones were struck, the effect was to cause a great shock and a frightful wound; but in some cases where elk were shot through the body and no large bones hit, the bullet mushroomed very little.

The thirty-caliber smokeless-powder cartridge, though used in 1895, was in the hands of but few hunters until the season just ended, so that it has, in fact, but completed its first year on big game. But without question, the record it has made, has placed it high in the favor of progressive and intelligent sportsmen; and a new era has begun in big-game sporting. Although many advantages are gained by the use of the high-velocity cartridges, there is a danger which should be guarded against, and that is the great range of the bullets. It is so much greater than with black powder and leaden bullets, that many lives will be endangered unless, in their use, sportsmen observe the utmost caution.

Rollin E. Smith.

National Fox Hunters' Field Trials.

THE November meet of the National Fox Hunters' Association, held at Bardstown, Ky., brought together prominent sportsmen and lovers of dogs from all over the country. Foxes were numerous, and fairer fields or more inviting territory could not be found. Much was expected of the trials, and the results were in no way

disappointing. The meet possessed many attractive features, but its picturesqueness and the element of sociability, after all, afforded its greatest charms. Perhaps the most attractive sight to the visitors, were the horsewomen, whose charming grace when mounted on favorite Kentucky thoroughbreds, whether in the open field, ascending the mountain side, charging a fence or leaping a dangerous ditch, was greatly admired. They were made honorary members of the Association too; and enjoy the distinction of being, I believe, the only feminine members of any like organization in the United States.

Many visitors attended the meet with the expectation of carrying home numerous trophies, in the shape of pelts, but they were disappointed; notwithstanding that some of the fastest and gamest hounds that ever followed a horn, gave many a fox the race of his life. In the Derby trials, for instance, when Reynard ran through the open field in full view of a hundred people, with Col. Trigg's Lou almost riding his brush, and the rest of the pack in hot pursuit; a wooded ravine gave temporary shelter to the red rascal, and enabled him to get a good lead. Finally, after a grand race for fame and the purse, Spencer's Prudy succeeded in holing the fox within a quarter of a mile of the spectators.

There is one trouble in killing the fox in Kentucky which is experienced in no other state to the same extent. He is familiar with every burrow in his territory, and Kentucky is so honey-combed with these safe retreats that the fox is almost always within reach of some one of them. During the late meet, more than one fox saved his life by taking refuge in one of these numerous holes in the ground, after being fairly beaten in the open. It is impossible too, to take up hounds at random, and run them in large packs with satisfactory results; this was clearly demonstrated in the All-age Stakes. The entries had closed with a total of thirty-seven, and the judges ordered the hounds to be hunted in one pack, but the experiment proved of doubtful success. Small wonder then that when the official report for the All-age Stake was submitted to the directors, it was given a cool reception. The judges had succeeded as well as they could be expected to. It was the same old story of hounds breaking up, and packs dividing, and the hunt that was to have been general became half a dozen minor ones, each with its several dogs and its running fox, and oftentimes with no one of the judges near enough to bear testimony to the work done. Hagan's Osie and Fincks' Blackbird, to whom the honors in the All-age Stake were given, are litter mates to Jay Bird, who won the Derby at the Brunswick trials over a field which represented both Northern and Southern hounds,

There is much divergence of opinion as to what qualities go to make up the ideal foxhound, and the Southerner has been accused of cultivating speed at the expense of the necessary qualities of the nose and head. No fair-minded judge who attended the national meet, however, and saw such representative hounds as Trigg's Turney, Strodes Valley Kennel Club's Mary Brown, Chinn's Scout, Finck's Blackbird, Walker's Moll, Spencer's Prudy, Williams's Sport, Halstead's Reece, Hagan's Flash, Gregg's Modesty, and Walker's Rock, will support this accusation. Fresh from his victory at the Brunswick Fur Club trials, many had thought Flash would win the National Derby, but the honors in this event were won by Spencer's Prudy, first; Walker's Rock, second, and Trigg's Longfellow, third. All three representatives of as many of the most noted kennels in the South.

The National Fox Hunters' Association has recently adopted a standard for the American foxhound, but as nearly all the best packs in this country are owned and maintained by individuals, it may be years before they can hope to breed with any certainty of establishing this standard. The success of the Association is assured, however. Its list of members embraces representative fox hunters from the North, South, East and West, who feel determined to make the Association a permanent benefit to the manly sport it represents.

Emma Walker-Herr.

Knickerbocker Revolver Tourney.

CONSIDERABLE interest was created in pistol and revolver shooting circles, particularly in the East, by the announcement in November that an open competition for the revolver championship of America, would be held under the auspices of the Knickerbocker Revolver Club, in New York. The conditions were, that any revolver of which the barrel and cylinder did not exceed $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, might be used; and any ammunition and any trigger pull were allowable. The distances were ten and twenty yards, and the total of the best two six-shot targets at each distance to count, but re-entries were unlimited for each contestant.

The Knickerbocker Revolver Club is composed of enthusiastic gentlemen, and their tournament was a success. Visitors were treated with marked attention, and especially is this true of those who come from a distance. But before the competition had fairly started, it was evident that someone had blundered, and a storm was raised over the single word "championship" in the announcement. The first shock received by the club was when W. E. Petty, the New York police-sergeant, entered a protest,

claiming that he was the champion amateur revolver shot of the United States, and that the club had no authority to arrange a championship competition. Sergeant Petty is widely known as an expert revolver shot, and he won the Winans' trophy and a "championship" which has never been acknowledged by revolver clubs throughout the country. He has never received a challenge for his trophy nor his title. The only championship match ever acknowledged by revolver clubs was shot in 1888 between Ira Paine and F. E. Bennet, both professionals, when Bennett, the winner, was admitted by all to be champion, and his title has never been questioned since.

I have said that the Knickerbocker tournament was a success, and this is true from more standpoints than one; and although many protests were made over the so-called "championship," yet more real good to the cause of the sport of revolver shooting will ensue than if the friction had not occurred. The Knickerbocker Revolver Club builded better than they knew, for without this error of judgment—which they have gracefully acknowledged—the tournament would have aroused no more than local interest. But as it is, there has been a good, healthy enthusiasm stirred in revolver clubs, which may result in a meeting of national importance.

It will be seen by the scores of Guy E. Robinson, who took first prize, that some excellent shooting was done. At ten yards, his best two scores were fifty-eight and fifty-nine (possible sixty), while his best two at twenty yards were fifty-seven and fifty-eight, on Standard American target, reduced for the distances.

But an unlimited re-entry match does not and cannot show a marksman's average work, and the ten yard range is ridiculously short for revolver shooting. Moreover, a revolver with an unlimited trigger pull should not, on the score of safety, be permitted on any range. In event of a national meeting, the distance would probably be fifty yards, and the ammunition full factory charge. Let us speed the day of its coming!

Rodney A. Rollins.

The Coming Sportsmen's Exposition.

THE Sportsmen's Association, as a result of the hard and earnest work done by its active members and its energetic Secretary-treasurer, Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, has grown so rapidly in membership during the last year, that the organization is now represented by prominent sportsmen in every state in the Union and throughout Canada. It is the aim of the Association to become as powerful an organization among sportsmen as is the League of American Wheelmen among cyclists; and with ap-

plications for membership increasing in number with every week that passes, there is little question that this aim will be attained, and sooner perhaps than even its friends anticipated.

Just at present the officers of the Association are busily engaged in taking possession of their new and handsome headquarters in the recently-completed Williams' Building, at 377-379 Broadway. The suite consists of a spacious reception room 20 x 40 feet in dimensions, while adjoining are the executive offices. That members will be pleased with the change from their old quarters in the Potter Building, may be safely predicted.

Preparations for the third annual Sportsmen's Exposition have been under way for the past two months, and during January and February will be vigorously pushed to completion. Plans for this exhibition have been laid upon somewhat different lines than those followed by the Association in past years, and judging from what we have been able to learn of them, the change will place the coming Exposition in the same rank of public interest and popularity as the Horse Show, the Cycle Show and other annual events of similar character. We are informed that the number of exhibits this year will be even greater than those of last March. In addition to the regular programme the Association will introduce a series of competitions, such as rifle and revolver shooting, fly-casting and the like. One section of the Garden will be given up to an exhibit of hunting dogs. Among them will be shown some celebrated field-trial winners. There will also be exhibited, if the Association carries out its plans, live specimens of American big-game animals; as, buffalo, moose, caribou, elk, bear and the different varieties of American deer. Also small-game animals, and many varieties of water fowl; as, the mallard, canvas-back, black, teal and red-head duck.

The loan and trophy exhibit will be one of the big features of the Exposition, and in addition, it is stated that an extensive display will be made of oil paintings, water colors, tapestries, photographs and original drawings of a character that will appeal most strongly to sportsmen. All of these special features are in the hands of committees composed of sportsmen prominent in their respective fields and amply qualified to command for them a high measure of success.

The Association announces that all sportsmen who file their application for membership prior to March 13, will be entitled to free admission to Madison Square Garden during Exposition week; to the reduced fare extended to members over all railway lines leading to New York, and to the many other substantial benefits offered to sportsmen by the organization. The annual dues

of the Association are two dollars. There is no initiation fee. Applications should be addressed to the Sportsmen's Association, P. O. Box 2325, New York.

Good Stories Told by Sportsmen.

AN amusing story is told of an eastern sportsman who was on a hunting tour through the West. He had put up for the night at a miner's hotel, where he became acquainted with a peculiar individual who evidently posed among his acquaintances as a man of education and a Latin scholar. The fellow took every opportunity to exhibit his learning, and when a man came in with a bag of small game, just killed, he began to spout some lines that were intended for Latin, but which, in truth, were such meaningless gibberish that the traveler burst into a hearty laugh. This roused the would-be scholar's ire, and he turned furiously toward the offender, and growled: "What ye laughin' at, ye ignoramus? Maybe ye know Latin better'n I do!"

"I surely have some knowledge of that language," said the traveler.

"Ye have, have ye," he snapped out, and turning around, he seized a prairie hen from the hunter's bag, and, holding it up, shouted: "Well, then, what's the Latin for this bird? Quick!" and the traveler found himself covered with an ugly-looking revolver.

He was cornered. Not being a naturalist, he was not acquainted with the scientific name of the bird; but rising to the occasion, he replied: "Why, certainly, that's the species *airiepra enha*," which being interpreted from what the boys call "hog Latin," was just plain prairie hen with its syllables transposed.

At this the fellow put up his gun, and growled: "Well, it's a d—d good thing ye did know," and shuffled out of the room, discomfited.

* * *

More technical knowledge than is popularly supposed, is required in reporting many branches of sport for the big daily papers. Only a few years ago, a baseball reporter was "assigned to cover" a championship tennis tournament in progress in one of the suburbs of Philadelphia. His was an afternoon journal, and went to press before the day's play was completed. After half an hour's deep study of the score-board on the porch of the little clubhouse, he had collected copious notes on the day's matches in men's singles, ladies' singles, men's doubles, ladies' doubles and mixed doubles.

A number of other newspaper men, whose knowledge of tennis was less limited, had watched his work with suppressed merriment, and as he hurried away to catch the

train into town, one of them called after the flying journalist:

"Sure you got all the scores?"

Stopping in his mad flight, the ignorant one glanced hastily over his notes, and turned back.

"I knew I'd forgotten something," he declared, "I haven't got any mixed singles here."

The chorus of amusement that greeted this break, convinced the cause of it that he must hurry to catch his train, and he disappeared rapidly from the grounds. Another man was assigned from his paper to cover the matches the next day.

* *

While hunting deer in one of the western states one fall, the writer came to a road through the timber just as a woodman with a load of lumber drove by. Accepting the invitation of a "lift," I was soon resting my weary limbs under the man's comfortable lap robes. We had gone less than a mile when we saw an Indian sitting on the shore of a small lake watching for deer. We stopped and spoke to him for a few moments, and I noticed that he had a 40-82 rifle.

Driving on we were scarcely out of sight, when we heard a rifle-shot, and a shrill "who-oo-oop"—the last note long-drawn-out—echoed through the forest, while a wild-looking Indian burst through the bushes, his long hair flying, and his arms waving frantically as he came down the road. The driver pulled up to wait for him.

"Who-oo-oop! 40-82 son-of-a-gun! I shoot myself! I shoot myself! Who-oo-oop!"

He was a truthful Indian; for as we helped him on the load—he was too frightened to climb without help—I discovered that there was a hole through his left hand from which the blood flowed freely. As the team started, his lamentations broke out afresh:

"Who-oo-oop! 40-82 son-of-a-gun! I shoot myself! I shoot myself! Who-oo-oop!"

The "shivers" caused by the last "oop" had not ceased to chase one another down my spinal column, when answering "oops" came from a camp near by, and a flock of sympathetic squaws swarmed down upon us, carried off our patient without a "thank you," and disappeared campward. But as we passed a turn in the road, a final "who-oo-oop! 40-82 son-of-a-gun! Who-oo-oop!" came faintly to us, and the forest stillness closed over the semi-tragedy.

* *

After the big Yale-Princeton football game in New York last November, the city streets were filled with howling Princeton sympathizers and dismal-looking Yale men. Up and down Broadway they promenaded, arm-in-arm, the sympathizers of the orange-and-black hilarious over their victory, and

the Yale men correspondingly disconsolate. One large store for men's furnishing goods was kept open all the evening, and its show windows were decorated with the colors of the rival colleges. Just before the salesmen put away their goods for the night, two semi-sober college students wobbled into the store, the wearer of the orange rosette in a very gay frame of mind and his companion correspondingly dejected.

"Got any crêpe?" asked the Princeton sympathizer.

"Certainly," replied the affable salesman, and he produced a roll of mourning goods.

The Princeton man glanced at the cloth shown him, and turned away in disgust.

"No, no, not that," he exclaimed. "I want blue crêpe. All mourning goods will be made in blue hereafter, and as soon as some of the new style comes in you can ship a dozen pieces to New Haven for my Yale friend here."

The salesman appreciated the joke, and good-naturedly put his goods back on the shelf, while the humorous students went on up Broadway.

* *

Many of the lakes in Central Wisconsin afford excellent opportunities for spearing fish, having around their edges a peculiar shelf or ledge where the water is from two to five feet deep, over a bottom of white sand.

Early last spring, two enthusiastic fishermen, father and son, were out for sport. The pond they were fishing in was very deep, but had the usual ledge running around its edge. It ended, however, very abruptly, and the practice was to paddle along just beyond the edge of the shelf. The son was paddling while the father stood erect in the bow of the boat, intently searching the bottom for fish.

The fishermen were so deeply interested that neither noticed a pine-tree that had fallen at the edge of the pond, its top in the water. The gradual process of decay had stripped the small branches off, leaving the long, slender stem of the tree lying slightly under the surface of the water. In following the course indicated, the bow of the boat came in contact with the extreme end of this stem. It bent readily until the increasing strain overcame the momentum of the boat, when the reaction took place, and the boat shot backward like an arrow from a bow. The spearman took a beautiful header into the water, disappearing completely from the view of the astonished son. Instead of betraying any excitement or solicitude for his lost parent, the latter calmly awaited his reappearance.

In the course of time, the gray head bobbed up, spouting and blowing, and teeth chattering. Whereupon, the dutiful son calmly greeted the head with a fisherman's anxious query: "Did you git 'im, pa?"

EDITORIAL MENTION

THE UNUSUAL SLAUGHTER of game in several states during the season just ended makes it evident that more stringent measures are imperative if we would prevent the complete extermination of many game birds and animals, now rapidly decreasing in numbers. While it may seem like a hardship to the epicure to prevent absolutely the sale of game, yet if it is done, the pot-hunter and the epicures who encourage his depredations on the game, will have brought it about. If the hotels and restaurants in the large cities served game only in its lawful season, half the occupation of the market-hunter would be gone. If no other remedy is discovered, an absolute prohibition of the sale of game will be necessary for its preservation, as has already been legislated in Michigan, Ohio and Montana, where the sale of quail and grouse is unlawful; in Illinois and Wyoming, where only such game as is killed in other states may be sold; and in Florida, where game cannot be sold outside of the county in which it is killed. Since the methods of those who cater to men who will pay any price at any season for game, threaten an extermination that would be a national loss, then it is time for some action to be taken that will preserve for coming generations some token that we did not think only of ourselves and our appetites.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO CONCEIVE how men of intelligence, who have had the advantage of civilized and enlightened surroundings, should find sport in what seems too despicable for any but the most degraded savages. Even among them, it is doubtful if any but boys would find excitement in punching two tame and spiritless bears out of cages, and shooting them down before the helpless creatures could attempt to escape. Yet six men, "gentlemen of sporting proclivities," one account calls them, assembled at Schuetzen Park, Union Hill, N. J., about a month ago, to take part in a "hunt" of this description. Deer were also caged, and in readiness for a similar slaughter. Fortunately, the au-

thorities broke up the "sport" after only one of the bears had been killed by the valorous "hunters." Such disgraceful amusements do more to bring honest sport into bad repute than can possibly be estimated. No words are strong enough to express the contempt in which such men are held by true sportsmen.

VERILY, THESE ARE DAYS of wonder for the devotee of competitive sports! Records seem to fall like grain before the reaper's scythe, and old Father Time is rapidly being distanced in his endless race with humanity. The very latest sensations are Wefers' reported $9\frac{1}{2}$ and $30\frac{1}{2}$ seconds for one and three-hundred-yard dashes respectively, and Barrow's astounding claim for a mile by bicycle in $58\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. With the two-minute trotting horse down to within a fraction of a second of his ambition; the one-minute wheelman rapidly approaching his ideal, and the even-time sprinter apparently outclassing himself, even these phenomenal claims receive some credence, though the conservative are not unreasonable in being somewhat skeptical—particularly as to the bicycle mile—in regard to the accuracy of the performances reported.

THROUGH THE RECENT DEATH of William Lyman, of Middlefield, Conn., the fraternity of sportsmen throughout the world, has lost a kindly friend and generous patron. While visiting New York on business just prior to the holidays, Mr. Lyman was stricken at his hotel with pneumonia, and survived the attack only a day or two. He was a man of wealth, culture and refinement, and an ardent sportsman. As a manufacturer of rifle and revolver sights, his name is known in every country on the globe where firearms are used, and certainly no man has given to sportsmen a greater number of valuable devices and inventions in these delicately-constructed articles of a sportsman's equipment, than has he. Mr. Lyman

was buried in his family lot at Middlefield. Many of his old-time friends were present to pay their last respects to a firm friend and an estimable gentleman. There are few, if any, who have gone before, that sportsmen will miss more, or whose demise they will more sincerely regret, than that of William Lyman.

ANOTHER FEATURE has been added this month to the columns of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, and we hope it will prove a welcome one to our friends. In this new department, all books for sportsmen will be reviewed "by sportsmen and for sportsmen." It is not intended that this column shall be conducted in the interest of the book publisher, but rather for the reader; and our special staff of writers will critically consider each book received by us for exactly what it is worth. We shall not hesitate to give an honest opinion on any book, good or bad, and the sportsman who reads this column regularly will get a faithful impression of all new books before adding any of them to his library. There are altogether too many poor books on sports and too few good ones, and it is the mission of this department to help sportsmen to discriminate between the good and the bad.

"To See Ourselves as Others See Us."

IT IS ALWAYS flattering to be complimented on good work, and THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE has been particularly favored in this respect. Readers from all over the country have sent in letters of approbation, and the press has been equally kind in reviewing our Christmas Number. We would like to have all our readers "see ourselves as others see us," and we quote here extracts from a few of these letters:

"I think the Christmas Number of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE is far ahead of anything in the line of sporting magazines that has yet appeared. It is on good paper, carefully printed, and the reading matter is of a character calculated to thoroughly interest all who pursue any branch of sport. The articles are diverse in character and are written in an easy, popular style that cannot fail to win you many friends. Your cover is indeed, an attractive one."—FREDERICK J. HARRISON, New York City.

"Yesterday I saw for the first time your magazine, the November number. It is as neat looking, and the most interesting of its kind, I ever have seen."—C. B. LANDLETT, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

"You send us but one copy of the magazine, and we think we are entitled to two, else you should not make it so attractive. The writer enjoys reading the number very

much, but Mr. Smith does also, and the writer did not have a chance to glance at the last number."—GEORGE LIVERMORE, of the Ithaca Gun Co., Ithaca, N. Y.

"Your Christmas Number is a beautiful book. I thank you for it. It gives me pleasure to think that my brothers will find time to do this monthly justice, so I wish you would let them each have a six-months taste of your goods. I enclose two dollars for the meal."—F. TILDEN BROWN, M. D., New York City.

"I ran up against your splendidly-written magazine this month for the first time, and really it is a treat to read such excellent stories on sporting matters."—THOS. H. BULLOCK, Chicago, Ill.

"I am very much pleased with your magazine. I am sure no sportsman will be without it, after reading one number. I anticipate a bright future for you."—A. B. F. KINNEY, Worcester, Mass.

"I have read your last two issues, and now think I have found what I have always wanted—an ideal paper."—HEATLY GREEN, Syracuse, N. Y.

"I have received the sample copy sent me, and would say that I am buying every number as issued. I do not wish to flatter you, but must say that to my mind yours is without exception, the best magazine published."—EDWARD P. KREMER, Lebanon, Pa.

"The congratulatory hand is too seldom extended in this world, no matter how deserving of praise an individual or an undertaking may be; and when you and your associates place before the sporting community of the country, such a clean work as is the magazine which you are conducting, I, for one, think that you deserve the thanks of every man who is a lover of legitimate sport, and therefore, take this opportunity for extending mine, with the hope that all the success to which a purely sporting journal is entitled, may be yours."—JOHN D. PEABODY, M. D., Omaha, Neb.

"I received some few days ago a copy of your magazine from a friend, and was so much interested in it that I read it *all through* (something unusual). I shall wait the arrival of your Christmas Number and all the others with deep interest."—R. H. G. MURPHY, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"In my estimation, THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE is the best publication of its kind, and will certainly make friends wherever it is seen. It can't help it with its present high standard."—F. P. SMITH, Spokane, Wash.

If all these people think so well of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, it really must have some merits. Don't you think so? See our *special offer* on page LXXX, in which fourteen issues of the MAGAZINE are offered for the price of one year's subscription.

SPORTSMEN'S BOOKS REVIEWED



By Sportsmen and for Sportsmen.

"Ocean Ichthyology," the Deep Sea Fishes.

THE Government Printing office in Washington, has recently published a most elaborate volume on *Ocean Ichthyology*, a treatise on the deep sea and pelagic fishes of the world (with an atlas containing 417 figures), by George Brown Goode, Ph. D., L. L. D., assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institute and in charge of U. S. National Museum; and Tarleton H. Bean, M. D., M. S., director of the New York Aquarium. This profound work must ever be a fitting monument to the late Professor Goode, whose recent death has so deeply affected the world of science. From 1871 until 1895, this patient investigator, assisted by the late Professor Baird, Dr. Bean and numerous others, fished, studied, compared, annotated; and the result of his years of labor is given to the world in the vast mass of valuable information contained in this special bulletin.

The authors do not claim to have brought forward in this volume any conclusions new to science, though a great number of facts are doubtless recorded there for the first time. They endeavored, and with gratifying success, to bring the information they themselves possessed into its proper relationship with the mass of similar knowledge already recorded.

The study of ocean ichthyology is only beginning; yet many remarkable results have been reached. Though not more than six hundred kinds of fishes have been obtained from depths greater than one thousand feet, it would seem as if a very good idea of the character of the *fauna* has already been acquired. It appears that fishes are constantly being rediscovered in most widely-separated localities.

The book of plates that accompanies this treatise is a masterpiece of its kind. It will be invaluable not alone to methodical men of science, for a glance through its pages shows that the enterprising newspaper "space writer" has already drawn upon it for material with which to illustrate his sea-serpent stories, and there are yet great possibilities in that field. The cut of

the *Regalecus*, or the "oar fish," figured last summer in a sensational Metropolitan Sunday journal as "the great original sea serpent."

Charles A. Bramble.

"Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail."

From the press of the Century Company comes *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail*, by Theodore Roosevelt. This is a republication, but coming from a sportsman and author so well-known, it will receive much attention from hunters, and those who are interested in the novel and picturesque character of the cowboy and the cattlemen, will find much that is pleasing in Mr. Roosevelt's faithful description. The cattle country has been treated in an almost historic manner; the author carries the reader into the quaint ranch life of the West with an ease that makes him revel, for the time, in the glories of the mud-chinked cabins and humble fare, until the song of the meadow lark is the sweetest sound in the world. It is to be regretted, however, that some tales of "bad men," together with one or two illustrations of their escapades, all of which would be more appropriate in a history of the early days of Deadwood or Helena, were not omitted.

But the sportsman will be more interested in following Mr. Roosevelt in pursuit of the big-horn sheep, the white goat or the pronghorn; and no reader who has hunted in the West will question the accuracy of scene or incident. The author has gone even further than merely to narrate his hunting experiences, for the game that he hunts is also classified from the standpoint of the naturalist. In his big-game hunting, Mr. Roosevelt used a 45-90-300 rifle, but as to make, he wisely remarks: "The truth is that all good modern rifles are efficient weapons; it is the man behind the gun that makes the difference."

The book is pleasing to the eye, and special efforts in this direction have been made in having it illustrated by Frederick Remington, but it will be regretted by those familiar with the later work of this clever

artist, to note that the illustrations are from his earlier drawings made many years ago, and do not approach his present standard.

This book is worthy of a place in any sportsman's library. *Rollin E. Smith.*

* *

Sport "In and Beyond the Himalayas."

In and Beyond the Himalayas, by S. J. Stone, is a very readable work on sport in a region, and after game animals little known to American sportsmen. The book consists of a number of articles which were originally published in the "Asian," the only sporting paper published in India, and is a record of the adventures of a hard-worked Indian official during his vacations. The writer, starting from Astor, the frontier town of Kashmir, made his way to the haunts of the markhor, (*capra megaceros*) in the most inaccessible fastnesses of the Himalaya mountains. After many narrow escapes and infinite hardships that made even his shikaris wilt, he succeeded in bagging three of these superb brutes. Some idea of this magnificent game may be formed by the dimensions of the horns of one specimen that fell before Mr. Stone's rifle, which are given as follows: Length of horns around curves, forty-seven inches; girth at base, eleven and one-fourth inches; divergence at the tips, twenty-six and three-quarter inches. Several specimens of the ibex were also shot on this expedition, but the brown bears appear to have afforded only indifferent sport.

It is to be regretted that the illustrations are not as good as the text, but as a whole the book is well worth reading. The artist's conception of his subjects is good, but the execution of the work is poor.

Arthur C. Stevens.

* *

"Angling," Magazine Fish Stories Reprinted.

Angling is a republication in book form of articles by Leroy M. Yale, J. G. A. Creighton, A. R. MacDonough, A. Foster Higgins, Robert Grant, Alexander Cargill, and Charles Frederick Holder, all of which appeared originally in the pages of *Scribner's Magazine*. The most disappointing part of the book is its title. This is so comprehensive that the reader is apt to feel that he has been misled, when after a diligent search, he fails to discover much, if any, angling. The articles on the land-locked salmon of Lake St. John and the superb Nipigon, that queen of northern rivers, are interesting, as is also a chapter on the stupid bass, by A. F. Higgins. "Getting Out the Fly Books" and "Izaak Walton" are merely attempts at rehashing worn-out subjects. These articles add bulk to the volume, but hardly increase its value.

The book is not a poor one, but to be worthy of its title, it should be very much better.

Charles A. Bramble.

"The American Boys' Book of Sport."

The love of outdoor sport is deeply imbedded in the hearts of the American youth, and Messrs. Chas. Scribner's Sons have incurred the everlasting gratitude of a legion of little men throughout America who are fond of athletic pastimes, by giving them D. C. Beard's book of games for boys. Those of us who remember "Every Boy's Book" of our youth, will find in the "American Boys' Book of Sport" an excellent substitute for that volume of everlasting youthful delight. It includes concise directions for almost every game and pastime that the ingenuity of boys has invented. The 496 pages of the volume are well printed and intelligently illustrated by diagrams. Once over sixteen years of age, however, and the book is outgrown, for it is intended for schoolboys only.

J. Parmly Paret.

* *

"Hunting," Magazine Articles Reprinted.

Charles Scribner's Sons have recently republished, under the collective title of *Hunting*, a number of articles on big-game sport taken from back numbers of *Scribner's Magazine*. With one or two exceptions, the writers are all practical sportsmen, but while interesting, the lover of big-game shooting will find little in this book that is new, or that will aid him in the pursuit of sport at the present day. The articles on mountain sheep, elk, bear and buffalo are of value only as showing how plentiful these animals were many years ago. Those on sport in New Brunswick, and hunting musk ox are fresh and pleasing; but the conservative reader will be slow to believe that the mounted hunter who pursues the kangaroo is in danger of having the game "leap upon the horse's haunches, seize the rider about the neck from behind, and drag him from his seat."

The general make-up of the book is good, but the illustrations are poor.

Rollin E. Smith.

ANY OF THE BOOKS reviewed in this department can be had through THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE at the regular publisher's prices. On the next page will be found a list of books from which any sportsman could select a complete library. New books for sportsmen will be received and added to this list each month as they are published, and our readers can always secure them at publisher's prices through us. To yearly subscribers of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, we will supply any of these books at 20 per cent. discount from the regular price. See *special offer* on page LXXX.

MID-WINTER NUMBER

THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE COMPANY NEW YORK.

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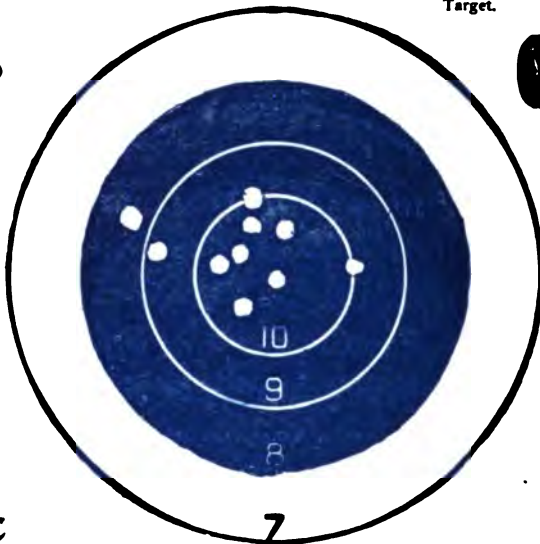
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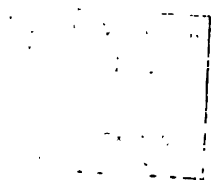
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SHOOTING GEESE OVER THE FROZEN ARKANSAS.

"The barrels were on a line with the snowy bird; no magic could save it, I thought."—PAGE 362.

THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

No. 5.



THE WHITE GOOSE OF THE KANSAS PRAIRIE

By Rollin E. Smith.

SEVERAL years ago I was in Wichita, Kansas, and found it necessary to stay through the winter. While there I was fortunate in being domiciled at the home of a friend. Although he was not a sportsman, he knew the country and every farmer for miles around. He also knew my weakness for a gun, and that I wished to go for a day's shooting as soon as the geese should arrive. To quiet my restlessness, he finally sent word to a farmer living forty miles further west to let us know immediately when the geese began to come in.

"This farmer," my friend said, "is a great hunter; he's always hunting when there's any game around, and he's said to be the best shot in the county. And by the way, he's from up in your country somewhere—came out here years ago."

This was toward the close of Jan-

uary; and a few days later we received a note from him saying:

"Geese here and plenty more coming in. Send your friend out any day—sure of good shooting. P. S.—If he's from the northern part of Minnesota, as you wrote, tell him there's a lone white goose here in a flock of gray ones. He'll know what that means."

At first I paid no attention to the latter part of the note, but on the train that evening I read it again.

"A white goose in a flock of gray ones." What recollections did it recall? Then my mind went back, step by step, many years to childhood days in one of the western states. I recalled vividly the regular spring flight of wild geese on their way northward from their southern winter home, and how we boys used to watch with eagerness for the first flock. It was not many days

then before hundreds of them were seen daily and always at a wonderful height. The sandhill cranes, too, gave an additional interest to the season. Occasionally a flock of snow geese, spotless and pure, could be traced for miles like a big white arrowhead on its annual mission to the land of snow. But there was something for which we watched still more eagerly, and when seen it was the signal for all eyes to wander heavenward; for then we recalled the legend of the white goose of the north land. It was a snow-white goose that never went with its kind, but always with a flock of gray ones. This mysterious bird could never be killed, the legend averred, and we, bless our innocence, believed it. Nor were we the only ones, for many of the ignorant hunters said that they had tried, time after time, to kill the white goose when the flock rested on the waters or fed in the fields, and even when everything favored the hunters, but always without success. Yes, that was many years ago, and the story had long since been forgotten until revived by the hunter's note.

Lee English, he had signed himself, and I remembered him as the youngest of a large family of French Canadians from a state far to the north. Indians by instinct and training, the whole male portion of the family had been known about their old home as great hunters and trappers, and doubtless the traditions and superstitions of early associations with Indians, had followed them through life.

Lee English met me at the station, and we began the ten-mile drive to his home. He did not recognize me, of course, but he was as I remembered his older brothers, of medium height and build, swarthy, reticent, and with anything but a prosperous appearance. Although he greeted me cordially, he was not in a cheerful mood, and when I laughingly asked him about the white goose, he exclaimed:

"The devil is in that goose! I've

had three good chances in two days, and couldn't kill it."

Then I told him who I was and asked if he remembered little Rod, who used to come to their house to see the guns. What a change came over him! and how his tongue, when loosened, ran on about those good old days in a distant state.

"But we have plenty of geese here, Rod," he concluded, as we alighted at his door, "and you'll have as fine shooting as you ever had in your life." When he led the team away, some muttered exclamation about "white goose" came back with the rumble of the wagon.

The house into which I was ushered by Mrs. English was poorly built and poorly furnished, and I knew that the Indian nature of my old acquaintance had been too strong to throw off. When the good woman told with pride of the number of featherbeds—all down—in the house, it was quite perceptible that the management of the farm had been much neglected for the pleasures of the hunt. Moreover, this was confirmed when Lee came in followed by two valuable retrievers and a pointer; and again, after supper, when he showed me his guns and shooting outfit, all of which were quite complete.

In the morning we decided not to hunt until evening, for it had turned very cold during the night. The ground was covered with freshly-fallen snow, and the wind was shrieking down upon us from the North in cutting blasts that the thin walls of the house only partly kept out. The little house, with no trees to protect it, stood on the bleak prairie, a mile from the Arkansas River, and the fringe of scrub willows along the bank were easily seen. It was a dreary view indeed, but as I stood in the lee of the house that morning the landscape was soon forgotten, for the geese were moving from the sandbars along the river to the cornfields, which are legitimate foraging grounds for wild-fowl.



HE STOOD PEERING AROUND THE CORNER OF THE STABLE.

Out in Kansas, the farmers have a way of their own of cutting corn ; and the geese approve of the method. The corn is left standing until the ground is frozen, when heavy poles are dragged by teams crosswise through the fields, breaking the stalks short off near the ground. To be sure, the ears are first plucked ; but enough corn remains scattered about, together with winter wheat sown

among the corn rows, to make good scratching for the geese.

The first flock I saw was making its way toward the house, right in the regular line of flight, and the geese went by almost within gunshot. Flock followed flock until I was tired of watching them, but I had scarcely gone into the house when Lee came rushing in, snatched his heavy ten-bore from its rack, and ran out,

shouting as he went : "Quick, Rod ; it's coming!"

Considerably interested, I followed the excited man to the stable where he stood peering around the corner, and pointing toward the river. Looking where he directed, I saw nothing but a large flock of geese, about twenty-five in number. They were over half a mile away, and were laboring heavily against the gale as they came toward us. They would fly near the ground, then high in the air ; now well bunched and again spread out as the wind struck them with increasing force. When they were scattered I saw what Lee meant by "it's coming!" His spook goose was one of the flock ; and I then watched with much greater interest. The geese little more than held their own against the wind, and sometimes were at its mercy, but they came on until it appeared that the next tack would bring them within easy range. Lee cocked his gun, and my eyes were on the big, snowy goose in the middle of the flock. They made an upward curve that would have brought them well within range, had not the wind caught and drifted them two hundred yards to the leeward ; and they passed us at that distance.

I did my best to cheer Lee up, for he seemed bent on taking the matter to heart, but my encouraging words had no effect ; and when he even refused to be comforted by one of my best cigars, I rashly promised to kill the goose myself, just to show him that it could be done. Though he would not be cheerful, he did begin active preparations for our afternoon hunt ; and when we loaded our traps into his rough, home-made sleigh shortly after noon, he seemed to sniff the battle afar, and really brightened up a little. The dogs frisked about at the sight of the guns, now jumping in and out of the sleigh, and again racing down the road as if to start us the sooner. The retrievers were to go with us, but the pointer

was condemned to solitary confinement in the stable, and when we started his wails were long, loud and pitiful, as he poked his head through a hole and watched us depart.

We drove across the fields and wild lands directly to the river, then down along the bank for a quarter of a mile until opposite a small island out in the middle of the channel. The country was flat and level for miles in every direction, and the river-banks were only a few feet above the water—then frozen over excepting at the head of the island. The fall of snow had been quite heavy, and the fields, river and sandbars were white and glistening as far as the eye could reach. We unloaded our boxes and bags in the snow, and the team was driven away ; the driver was to return with the sleigh at sunset.

"Well, Lee, this isn't a cheerful outlook for goose hunters," I said somewhat dejectedly ; "a goose could see us against this snow a mile away."

"And do you think, Rod, that I have hunted for years on this river to be beaten now by a little snow ? You see that island out there ? Well, just at the head of it, a few yards from the open water, are some pits in the sand. They are probably full of snow now, but that doesn't matter. We'll put out our decoys on the ice around the water, and then get into the holes. We can sit on the cartridge boxes, and then be high enough to see out ; but we'll be out of sight, for the scrub willows grow so close together that we don't need any other blind."

"Yes, but how about the dogs ? I don't see that we need them, anyway."

"Come now, Rod ; I don't believe any man that carries as good a gun as yours is that green. Just wait and see."

While talking we had been carrying our things to the ice, where we shouldered as much as possible and started for the island. Lee found the pits and soon shoveled out the snow. We put everything but the

decoys in, and set about to arrange them on the ice. There were twenty of them, all of galvanized iron, flat and painted. They were made in parts, the heads and legs riveted to the bodies so that they could be folded for carrying. Lee stuck them up on the ice, scattered about in an irregular and natural manner by the edge of the water, where they could be seen from a great distance up the river and from either side.

When everything was arranged to suit us, and we were snugly sheltered in our holes, it was three o'clock and time for the geese to start back toward the sandbars. The dogs were called into the pits, and I found my companion, when he curled up at my feet, very comfortable to have there; for the warmth from his body was agreeable, and it was cold before the sport began. There are many necessary preliminaries that are not sport, but when the geese commence to fly you soon forget the cold and the closeness of your quarters. The wind had moderated, and I was settling myself for a quiet smoke, when Lee called out from his hole a dozen feet to my left:

"Here come the first victims, so get ready. And I want you to do most of the shooting this afternoon; for you know I can kill geese most any time."

The geese that he had seen were still some distance away over the fields, but came on steadily to the river, and then toward the island as if it was their objective point. With eyes just above the edge of the pit, I watched them without danger of being seen. When they saw our decoys they began to settle, the last hundred yards coming down on set wings, and they would have dropped into the water without circling had I given them a chance, but I raised my gun and swung it into line with the leader of the flock. At the sharp report of the nitro powder he doubled up, but before he struck the water I had singled out another from the

demoralized flock, and that one went down on the ice fifty yards away, wing-tipped.

"Very good, Rod, very good," came from Lee, as he stood up in his hole. "After 'em, dogs!" and at the command the retrievers sprang out and over the snow to the water's edge. The first goose had floated ashore and was easily reached. At a word and a wave of the hand from Lee, one of the dogs, after running at an iron goose, caught sight of the live one on the ice. With a dash he was upon it, and after a brief struggle dragged it in by the neck.

In five minutes we were back in our holes, and the dogs were beating merry tattoos of approval with their tails. No more dozing for them; they were awake and expectantly waiting for the signal to be off again. Nor were they kept long in suspense, for another flock followed almost in the path of the first, but veered suspiciously, circled around the island and appeared to be leaving, when a clear, musical "ho-onk" came from my left, and I knew that Lee had given the call at exactly the right instant. It was a perfect imitation; the geese circled and came for the decoys without further hesitation. I was hasty with my first barrel and missed, but as the frightened birds whirled, the second trigger was pulled when the gun covered the nearest goose. It was a clean kill. Both dogs were allowed to go out, and when they returned each was holding a wing while the body of the big bird trailed in the snow.

The keen enjoyment of the shooting and the work of the dogs had entirely banished from my mind all thought of the white goose and my promise, or rather boast, to kill it. But the scene of the morning was soon recalled by an exclamation from Lee.

"Look up the river!" he cried. "It's coming, sure!"

A quarter of a mile away a large flock of geese with the white one among them had just come out over the ice, and they were flying down

toward us, intent on finding a suitable sandbar where they would be safe from approach on all sides. They spread out, as geese often will when following a stream, and came on abreast, the line reaching almost from bank to bank. The white goose was in the middle, and if they kept their course he would pass directly over the island. In imagination I already had him in my hands, stroking the long mysterious wings and smoothing the magic feathers that could not be penetrated by mortal shot. I thought with glee of the laugh that I should have on Lee, and turned my exulting face toward him. His eyes were fixed on the approaching flock, and his face was hard and determined with a do-or-die expression. His seriousness gave me a new idea—he would wait for a close shot, and I determined to shoot first and kill his white goose before his very eyes.

Though they must certainly have seen the decoys, no notice was taken of them, for the geese came on even faster, and not fifty feet from the ice. The long and graceful sweep of their mighty wings brought them at a speed hard to estimate; they were almost within range before I realized it. Hastily I raised my gun, at the same time shifting my foot to gain a firmer position. The barrels were on a line with the snowy bird; no magic could save it, I thought, for it was only forty yards away. As the trigger was pulled I was conscious of an upheaval and a yelp. I had stepped on the dog's foot and my shot had gone wild. In desperation I turned and fired my second barrel as the geese passed over; but they were out of range, though one long, white wing-feather circled and dropped slowly to the snow.

Wondering what Lee had been doing meanwhile, I turned my inquiring eyes toward him. He was engaged in a war-dance, and his gun was sticking in the snow ten feet away, where he had thrown it in his wrath. When he calmed down below

danger-point, he explained why the goose still lived:

"Why, you see, Rod, I hadn't been shooting; hadn't even loaded my gun; forgot all about it; thought of course it was loaded, and I snapped both barrels at that goose with as good aim as I ever had. I tell you the devil is in it."

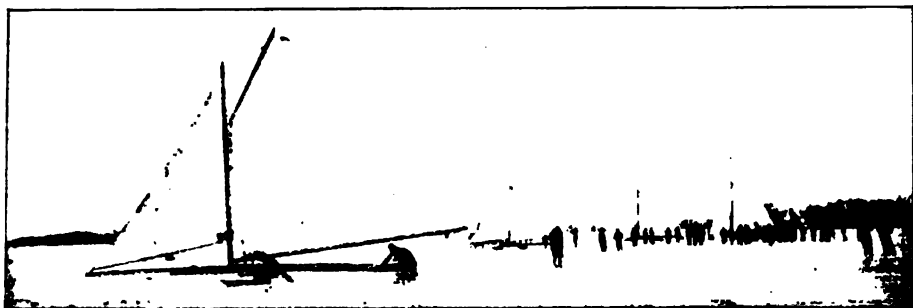
Ordinary gray geese were too tame for us after that. We gathered up our decoys and carried everything to the bank ready for the sleigh. But before it came I went back to the island and found the white feather.

We went to the river again in the morning, and again the next afternoon. The shooting was excellent, but we did not have another chance at the white goose. The third day I went back to town with a good string of game; and the outing would have been a perfect one had there not been a lingering, indescribable feeling of regret.

The white feather was laid away with other souvenirs, such as every sportsman collects—articles of interest to himself and his sympathetic friends, if to no one else. The sportsman who has hunted in different regions, may have a bullet taken from the body of some big-game specimen, to which hangs a story; or a Navajo blanket from the wilds of New Mexico; or possibly an arrow, relic of early buffalo days on the plains. I had many such reminders of eventful hunting trips, but the white feather held an honored place among them. I really began to have some superstition about it myself, and finally hid it away so that my friends could not see it, for I could not endure their idle joking.

I had almost forgotten it, a few years later, when it was suddenly brought back to memory by a letter from Lee. Deciphered, this read as follows:

"The enclosed feather is from the other wing of our white goose. I killed him from the island where we hunted that evening."



ICE YACHTING ON LAKE MINNETONKA.

By Arthur James Pegler.

STRETCHING to dim and shadowy shorelands, gray and sombre in the dawn's pale light; now purpled in the first slanting rays of a tardy sun; anon gilded and glittering as a million gems; silent, ever changing—so spread the ice field o'er Lake Minnetonka. No sound arose save a sighing of the chill wind of the winter dawn, the distant rattle and creak of dry boughs in the woodland, and the morning chirping of the snow-birds. The uprising sun gilded the silver frosting on the tree-tops, and the hard tints gave place to the ruddy glare of a risen sun. The breeze freshened and swept across the glittering plain, pausing anon to seize the loose white flakes of a mid-lake rift; then hastened onward, a flurry of curling snow-clouds in its path.

It was cruising day with the Minnetonka Ice Yacht Club, and the first run of the year. Commodore Wetmore, skipper of the ice yacht *Reindeer*, and Capt. Sampson, owner of *Red Dragon*, were out to take a peep at the weather.

"Going to be a stiff one, Captain?" inquired the Commodore, gazing aloft at the gray, wintry haze which promised soon to obscure the sun's ruddy visage. "Looks like a blow, eh?"

"Good whole-sail breeze," laconically responded the other, and what

Captain Sampson says about the weather, let no man lightly question; for this hardy old yachtsman has lived fully twenty years in the quaint little village of Excelsior, on Minnetonka's southern bay, and well he knows the signs that sailors read.

The Captain's "whole-sail breeze" developed into something that, from a landsman's point of view, was naught else than a howling gale, as it came rushing out of Gideon's Bay with a tremendous sweep and went whirling over the broad, frozen surface with a force that meant double reefing to the cautious ice navigator.

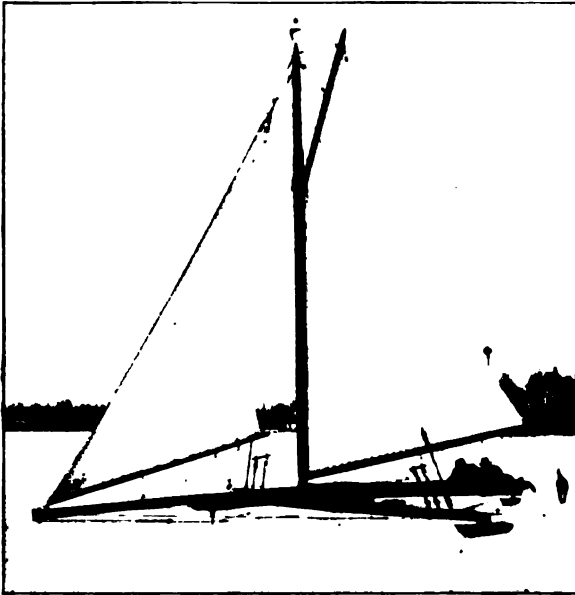
Over at the hotel on Excelsior Heights, two score of hardy sons and daughters of the Minnesota metropolis, twenty miles away, were merrily discussing a country breakfast, while down below under the lee of the hill, might have been seen a score of masts with pennants waving at their heads, and everything taut and trim for the start. There were plenty of spectators, too, and the club breakfast-room was crowded; for a train-load of enthusiasts may always be depended on to accompany the M. I. Y. C. members on their runs from Minneapolis on sailing days, while the inhabitants of the little village of Excelsior, count these incursions of Flour City ice yachtsmen as among the red-letter events of the winter. Then, too, the Minnetonka Ice Yacht

Club numbers as many yacht-owners among the villagers as among Minneapolitans.

An hour after breakfast, giving time for the men to chat and smoke, and the girls in their red mackinaw jackets and toques, to take such additional precautions against the cold as experience had taught them to be necessary, and there was a general turn-out for the ice. Soon the shore line was black with people. Most of them were muffled in fur coats, but some, martyrs to fashion, were in light

done. The boats, newly rigged, all needed a touch here and there before their skippers seemed satisfied. But at last all was ship-shape, and away they went like a flock of immense sea-gulls; while a cheer from the crowd along the shore was carried on the wind far across the ice to where "Liv" Wetmore with the big forty-two-footer *St. Nicholas*, every one of her seven hundred feet of canvas bellied out, was humming along in a series of gigantic swoops toward the Wayzata shore. Close behind

was *Reindeer*, which meant an off-hand duel between these two former celebrities of the Hudson River fleet. As they cleared the headlands that shielded them, and caught the full force of the twenty-knot blow, there was fun enough for everybody concerned. *Broncho*, a curious little craft, named from her extraordinary exhibitions of bucking in anything like heavy weather, no sooner felt the wind than she behaved in a manner that threatened disaster to her doughty skipper, but he managed to hang on. *Reindeer*, too, was up in the air and flying in the wake of *St. Nicholas* with a tremendous burst of speed—certainly nothing less than eighty miles an



IRA FULLER'S "TEMPEST."

(Holder of the Northwestern Championship Pennant.)

outer garments through which the wind whistled gleefully. All appeared to take an equal interest in the preparations for a start, however, and the fellow whose derby hat went skipping across the ice, borrowed someone's extra muffler, and witnessed the aerial flight of his fashionable headgear with fairly well simulated indifference.

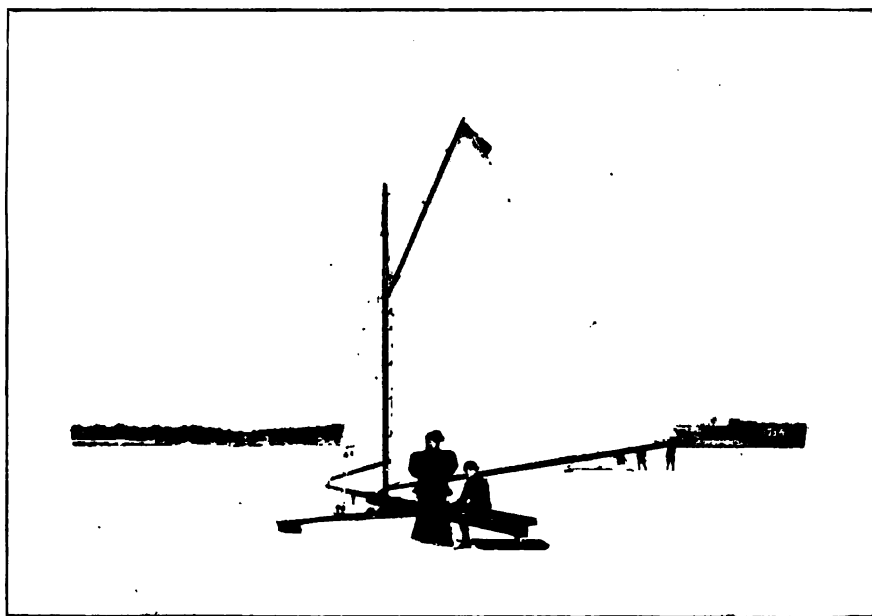
It required a great deal of tightening and hauling and general bustle before the canvases were stretched taut and the proper amount of reefing

hour—while *Red Dragon*, with Captain Sampson holding her to it in earnest, flew along on one runner, chased at very close quarters by *Blitzen*—she of the silken sails—with Captain Walter Milnor in command. As each squall struck them, the whole fleet apparently went clean off the ice, and it seemed remarkable that *Icele*, *Blue Jay*, *Cascade*, *Marguerite* and *Baltimore*, all sailing in a bunch, managed to avoid collisions. These boats, close-reefed though some of them were, traveled faster

than ever express train was driven. At the rate they were going, the full one hundred and twenty miles of Minnetonka's tortuous shore line could be covered in something under two hours.

Reindeer and *St. Nicholas* came about off the Wayzata shore almost simultaneously—seven miles in a little over six minutes—and filled away on the second leg of the triangular course. *Broncho*, for a wonder behaving quite decently, was caught

cruise and not a race; whereupon they headed up the north side of Big Island toward where, in gaunt and wintry solitude, stands the big summer resort, Hotel Lafayette, with its eight hundred windows grinning in dismal emptiness. Most of the boats were hidden behind Big Island, but *Broncho* was still bravely showing her heels to the famous *Reindeer*, when Wetmore pulled the big craft together and started for home with the wind on his starboard bow. With



OUT FOR A SPIN ON LAKE MINNETONKA.

in a squall that took everything but her stern runner off the ice, and literally hurled her through the air. She passed the big ones as though they were tied, and made a tremendous grand-stand spurt, only to lose her lead again a few seconds later when *Reindeer* gathered herself for a driving finish. *Blitzen* came along on even terms with *St. Nicholas*, both making wonderful time; and *Red Dragon* was doing her best a quarter of a mile astern. The rest of the fleet suddenly realized that it was a

one grand spurt she left *Broncho* far astern. Wetmore's boat seemed to be all in the air as she swooped down to the start. *St. Nicholas* also took a crimp out of McMullen's freakish mount, and *Broncho*, beaten and disgusted, bucked sulkily until *Red Dragon* went by her with a swish, and old Captain Sampson's hearty laugh at the expense of his unfortunate brother sailor lingered for an instant on the breeze.

Of course it was not a race—that is, it was only an impromptu affair, for it



LINED UP FOR THE START OF A MINNETONKA RACE.

was cruising day ; but everybody realized that the best of them would never go much faster than they went that first day of the season. The wind freshened with every moment, and very soon cruising was too risky for even the hardest among Minnetonka's feminine devotees of ice yachting, wherefore it may be concluded that a gale was blowing.

"How does it feel to travel sixty or seventy miles an hour over ice?" I have often been asked, but it is difficult for me to describe the sensation. Were you ever, when in one of those terrifying mental disturbances that follow a midnight lobster and trimmings, chased by some great beast until, in a wild race for safety, you stumbled and fell over a precipice? No? Have you ever fallen off a monument, down the shaft of a mine or an elevator? You have not? Do you wish in a brief half-hour to experience all the sensations that would have been yours had you done every one of these things? Very good ; then try ice yachting. But in advance I warn you that an ice boat is next to an infernal machine. It can cut more grotesque capers in a given time than any other device ever conceived in the brain of man. Personally, I

admire the sport of ice boating very much—as a spectator. I tried to stop an ice boat some years ago by throwing the tiller hard over to prevent running ashore, when she was traveling over fifty miles an hour, and I did not get thoroughly unwound for six months. That ice boat spun like a top for several minutes, and I was informed by those ashore that it looked like the base of a storm cloud, and I felt as if it was one.

The first trip on an ice yacht at Minnetonka in a fresh blow, is something that one is never likely to forget. It is not at all like sailing on water. A seat in the cab of a runaway engine is not to be compared to it for excitement ; by comparison, sitting behind a pair of runaway horses with the lines under their heels is placid contentment. To be an ice yachtsman, one must be a fatalist, or supremely trustful in Providence. It is abandonment—utter and absolute renunciation of everything except a desire for more wind.

The only thing that you think of is speed. You want to go faster—faster—faster ! If you do not, you will never make a really thoroughbred ice sailor. I have seen *Reindeer* start in front of *Excelsior* and reach

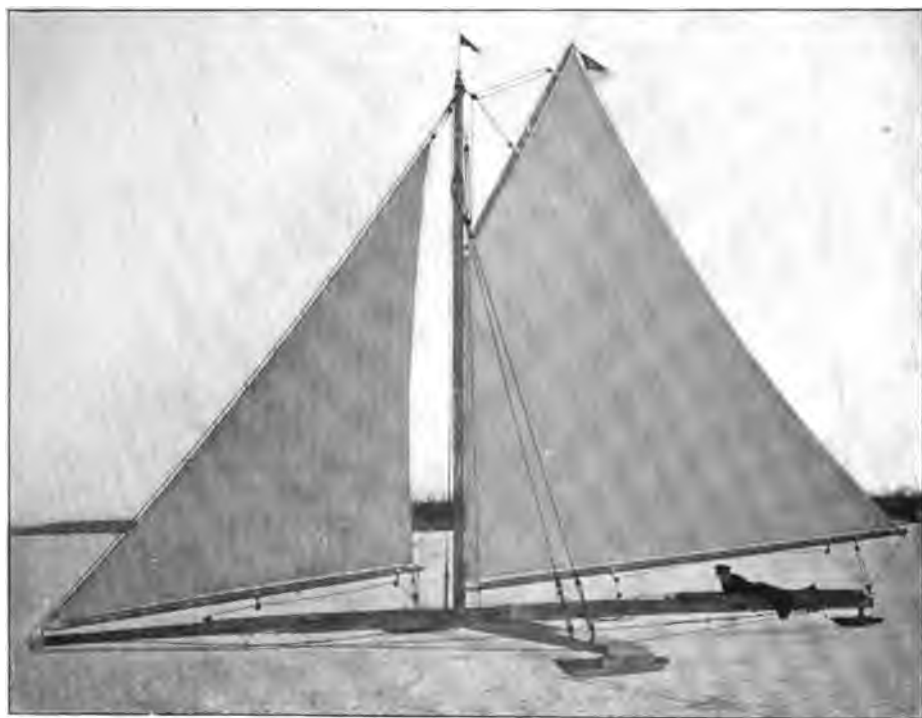
Wayzata, seven miles away, exactly six minutes and ten seconds later. How is that for speed?

Taking it all around, ice yachting is a grand sport, and a moonlight run over the frozen course, with a pretty girl in the cockpit, and a fair breeze to keep the pace warm, is one of the pleasures not to be overlooked.

The present season promises excellent sport on the broad surface of Minnetonka. The principal draw-

can be found in a tour of the globe than that surrounding Minnetonka.

The first modern ice boats were placed on the Lake in 1891, when Theodore Wetmore, now Commodore of the Minnetonka fleet, bought the two boats, *Reindeer* and *St. Nicholas*. Their arrival and subsequent phenomenal performances led to the construction of half a dozen others during the first season, and there have been additions to the fleet every year since



THE "IRENE."

back is the lack of a first-class clubhouse, but a Minneapolis architect is at work on the plans for an elaborate structure to be built next summer, and negotiations are being carried on for the purchase of an island in Bay St. Louis that will afford an excellent site. With good ice four months in the year, Lake Minnetonka affords ice yachting opportunities scarcely to be equalled anywhere else; and certainly no more charming landscape

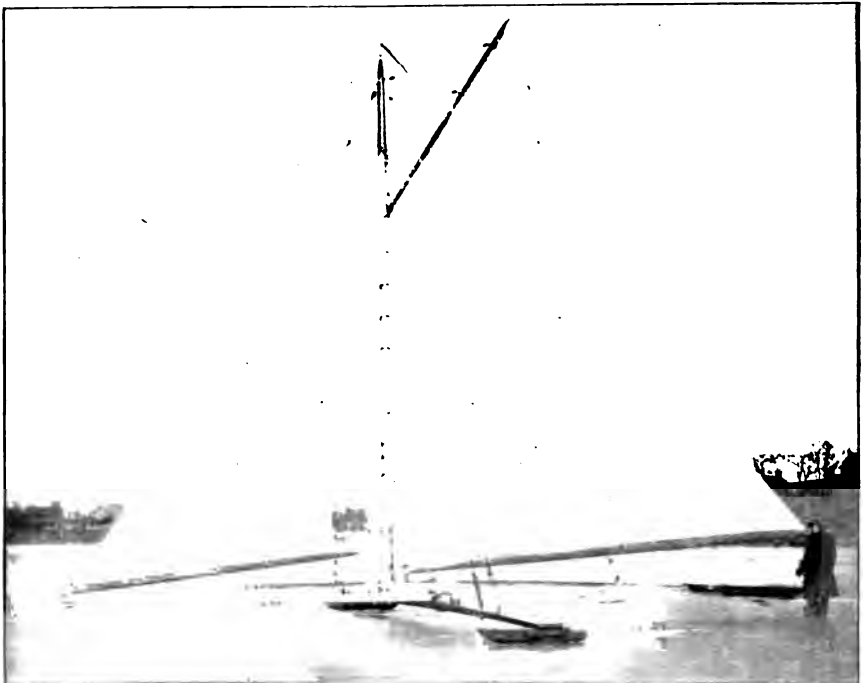
that time. There are now some twenty or more ice yachts, though not all of them are in commission this winter. Peterson, designer of the extraordinary sloop *Tartar*—she of the divided stern that beat Herreshoff's *Alfreda* so soundly last season in the inter-lake regatta—has built two new racing yachts for Minneapolis men.

In the light of some pretty wild experiences at Minnetonka, I believe that the day last winter on which Ira

Fuller, of Lake Pepin, invaded Minnesota with his new boat *Tempest* designed by himself, and won the Northwestern championship pennant from *Reindeer* in an exciting series, was the wildest and most tempestuous weather that ever ice-yachting events were sailed in. As the championship now stands, the pennant has been won once each by *Reindeer*, *Tempest* and *Irene*, the latter being by all odds the handsomest ice craft I ever saw, and unquestionably the best in the Northwest country, where light winds are encountered.

The day of the 1896 inter-lake regatta, a gale was blowing over eighty miles an hour. The twenty-one-footer *Comet* was caught in a squall and lifted clear off the ice except for her steering runner, which appeared to be scarcely touching. She was carried a mile and a half with fearful velocity, and thrown against the south shore of the island with a crash that shook everything

apart. The man aboard escaped with only slight injuries. *Blitzen*, with her owner aboard, went beam on against Gibson's reef, a rocky promontory which should be given a wide berth, summer or winter. Beautiful *Irene* waltzed in the gale for half an hour, and was with great difficulty induced to resume her wonted graceful style of locomotion, while Wetmore lost control of big *Reindeer* and she spun like a top. Great driving clouds of snow were whirled off shore, and it was impossible to see with distinctness further than one hundred yards ahead. *Broncho* capsized and was smashed pretty badly, but that was no more than might have been expected of *Broncho*. It is worthy of note that the only two boats showing themselves able to traverse the lake in that gale were the product of local yards. *All Stock and No Style* sailed from Wayzata to Excelsior on the wings of the furious blizzard and landed safely.



COMMODORE WETMORE'S CRACK RACER "REINDEER."

A NOVEL FOX HUNT WITHOUT HOUNDS.

By Virgil G. Eaton.

SANCHO PANZA'S benediction upon the man who invented sleep, should be extended to include the hunter who found out the way to kill foxes by the "New Hampshire method." Coming as it does between the rifle and the rod, fox hunting is about the only sport that a hunter can follow in midwinter, the very season when business is often duller and time is heaviest with the man of the world.

Slack business combined with the wish to get some photographs of snow scenes, led me to visit an out-of-the-way town in the backwoods of Maine, toward the close of January, a year ago. A great snow-fall followed my arrival, and blocked the roads so that I did not hear from the outside world for five days. As the game of poker was an unknown art there, and as the only whist player in town was down with pneumonia, my imprisonment grew wearisome after two days of checker playing in the hotel office. On the morning of the third day, my opponent across the checker board, who had beaten me five games out of six, came in carrying two pairs of snow-shoes and two old muzzle-loading shotguns.

"Come, old fellow," said he, in a disagreeably familiar tone; "are you game to go with me on a fox hunt? There are lots of tracks in the fields, and we may get a fox or two before sundown."

As a rule, I object to being called old. I am only forty-five, and look much younger—thanks to the almost motherly care of my faithful barber. Still, I could have stood the "old" if he had not added the "fellow." So I evaded the question by asking where his dogs were.

Then it was his turn to look shocked and pained, and I could see by the way he puckered his eyes and mouth

that he was vexed. After a mental struggle he controlled his contempt for my ignorance enough to say:

"I'll act as dog the first time, if you'll do it the second. We can hunt by the New Hampshire method."

Now, if I had not known him for two whole days, and learned that he was a man of sense, as well as a good checker player, I should have thought him crazy. Under the circumstances I could do but one of two things: confess my ignorance and ask for enlightenment, or go with him without hesitation. I decided on the latter, and hastened with assumed cheerfulness to get ready.

We walked down the road for a mile, then putting on our snow-shoes, took to the fields. After crossing a small pond we entered some hilly pasture land where there were several large clumps of evergreens, the smallest covering two or three acres. Stopping in the lee of some thick spruces to rub his ears and pound his fingers together, my companion told me the way we were to hunt:

"You walk along here," said he, "where it's warm, and I'll go round on the other side and keep going until we meet. All you need to do is to count the fox tracks you see going in and coming out of these woods. Count them carefully, and I'll do the same, so when we meet we'll know if there's a fox inside."

He was off on his snow-shoes, rounding the point of trees and facing the keen wind. Then I knew that he was crazy. No one but a lunatic could or would talk like that. I like a good joke even when I am the victim; but this was no country witticism, I felt sure. It was downright lunacy. In spite of these convictions I did as he had ordered.

Before I had gone ten rods I found the track of a fox that had come out

of the grove and gone on across the field, the prints dwindling to dots in the snow, then disappearing in a blur. Beyond, by a stump fence, were three others—two going in and one coming out. Then down in the hollow by an ice-bound brook I found one track going into the brush. Of course I knew it was folly to make any note of common fox tracks—child's play, I think I called it—but it kept me from getting mad, and so I recorded every discovery. Having crossed the brook I was busy tracing the foot-prints of a fox that had been nosing about some brush heaps, when a voice called out:

"Never mind, I've got that one; he went in." On looking up I saw my crazy companion standing with a piece of birch bark in his hand, and holding out his other hand for my tally sheet. "I've got seven in and six out," he continued, "which makes one fox landed safe. Here you have one, two, three in and two out. Bully! Two foxes in one patch, and both ours if we shoot quick enough!"

He lighted his pipe, then looked at me and smiled. I scowled at him, and the poor lunatic laughed—a long, low, toothless chuckle, like an aged man who is amused in church but is afraid to give vent to his feelings. I learned afterwards that he did not want to wake the foxes that were sleeping close by, though at the time I took it for another symptom of his mania.

"It's just a plain case of 'rithmetic,'" he continued, drawing an oblong figure in the snow. "Here

are the woods," —pointing to his diagram, — "and here are the tracks, going and coming." He made little radiating rows of dots from the original figure to illustrate his argument. "Now if, as in this case, you and I find that ten foxes have gone into these woods, and only eight have come out, there must be two in there still. Why? Because eight from ten leaves two, don't it? Foxes can't fly or climb trees, you know; and they don't burrow in the snow over much, I reckon. Do you catch on?"

For a reply I caught him by the hand and shook it in silence. He understood my meaning and forgave me on the spot. "What am I to do

now?" I asked, full of confidence and expectation.

"As I'm the dog," he replied, with a wag of the head, "you must go clear up to the windward side of the woods and hide yourself in the brush, but keep a good lookout. After I have given you time enough to conceal yourself, I'll go into the bushes and tramp through them, making all

the noise I can. By and by a fox will hear me and start. When he does, he will run toward the wind, as all foxes do, and will pass right where you are hiding. When he gets within gunshot, I guess you'll know what to do."

A scrub pine with limbs growing close to the ground afforded me a shelter. Lying there I heard the late crazy man yelling and breaking brush as he came toward me. At first I was afraid he would frighten all the foxes from the woods. Then it occurred to me that that was the



"IT'S JUST A PLAIN CASE OF 'RITHMETIC,'" HE CONTINUED, DRAWING AN OBLONG FIGURE IN THE SNOW.



Hermann and son,

A DENSE SMOKE SETTLED ALL AROUND ME.

very thing he was trying to do, and wondered who the insane man was after all. Several minutes passed during which I heard nothing but my friend's hubbub and the creaking of frozen branches as they swayed in the wind. Then during a brief lull in the racket, I heard the pattering of feet among the firs. They were coming my way in series of three—three leaps, a pause, and then three more leaps. I cocked both barrels in readiness, and watched the brush closely. Trotting gracefully toward me, I suddenly saw a red fox. He stepped on a fallen tree a short distance away and stopped.

Bang! A volume of fire leaped from the muzzle of my gun. A dense smoke settled all around me; but by stooping close to the ground my view was unobstructed. Great was my surprise to see the fox still standing on the log, looking at me just as he did when I fired.

Bang! went the other barrel. Without seeing the effect of the shot, I rushed toward the log and ran right against my fellow-hunter, as he emerged from the brush.

"The best I ever saw," he cried enthusiastically. "You got 'em both. They're beauties too."

After duly admiring my prizes, we hunted another patch of brush, and my companion also killed a fox. Feeling well satisfied, we returned to the hotel, and mine host was ordered to serve the best dinner the kitchen could supply, for my new friend was to dine with me. I was so elated over our success that after dinner I beat him three straight games of checkers before he had to go home to milk his cows.

During the rest of my stay in the little town I was not a bit lonesome. Fox stories and checkers make a pleasing combination, if one is acquainted with both games. When the road was finally broken and the stage started for the railroad station ten miles away, I felt that my enforced stay there had been a much more pleasurable event than some

outings taken under more favorable conditions.

The stage broke down when half way to the station, and I was compelled to pass the night at a farmhouse. It happened that the farmer was an old fox hunter, and had killed foxes by the New Hampshire method for years. On the whole, I was rather glad of the delay, for it gave me an opportunity to compare notes with him on my new sport. When I asked him why it was called the New Hampshire method, he answered that he was "dinged" if he knew, and he did not care. It had always been called so around that "neck o' woods," and he "lowed" it always would.

The old farmer also told me of another way of killing foxes without hounds. It was based on foxes' propensity for hunting mice around old stumps and along fence corners in the meadows. But this is sport for the rifleman only; for foxes in the open can be killed only at long range. The hunter conceals himself behind some convenient shelter when he sees a fox nosing around in a meadow or field. Then, if the game approaches near enough for a shot—one hundred and fifty yards is about right—well and good; but if the fox is obstinate, a ruse is resorted to. The hunter imitates the squeaking of a mouse, and if the fox can hear it, he will at once start on a trot toward the wicked rifleman, who grins complacently as he sees another victim of its own appetite running into certain destruction.

The farmer dilated at length on the pleasures of each kind of sport, and we agreed that the shotgun way was good enough. But perhaps the reason why I am partial to it is because it is easy, particularly for men that, though not necessarily old, measure rather more around the waist than under the arms. I have advised several of my friends to give it a trial, and am looking forward with much pleasure myself to another trip to the Maine woods.

A NIGHT AMONG FLORIDA TURTLE CRAWLS

By Oscar Edgar.

"I BELIEVE this will be a good night for turtles; let's try," said my friend, picking up a coffee sack. "We'll take our bathing suits also, and have a dip."

It was July on the east coast of Florida. I was visiting a friend whose orange groves were situated on one of the barriers that separate the ocean from the broad lagoons that line that coast.

At the time he proposed the turtle hunt, he was living on the beach, in a snug dwelling of a story and a half, which in its arrangements reminded me of a vessel, so I dubbed it "The Ship." It was on the bluff or first sand dune from the ocean, which stretched out before it away to the far-off coast of Africa.

The night was fine, and the west wind kept off the clouds that we had noticed rising in huge white piles over the Gulf Stream, which lay just below the horizon. Provided with our bag and bathing toggery, we started, and in a short time we came to some scratchy tracks leading up from the sea; but the "loggerhead" had made a circuit and returned without stopping.

"She couldn't find any warm sand," my friend explained, sticking his hand into the sand. "It is damp and cold. But the tide is right, and we shall find some eggs yet."

Soon another "crawl," as the tracks are termed, was found, but it was an old one, and a deep hole showed that some one had rifled the nest of its eggs. We walked on for a mile, anxiously scanning the coast. Now and then we went down to the water's edge, as some mysterious object was discerned looming up through the gloom. Sometimes it was a large shell, sometimes a "Portuguese man-of-war" stranded on the sands, or perhaps a queer and

ghostly "skeleton crab" that scuttled away on its fragile legs, looking like a giant "daddy-long-legs." Occasionally we stepped over wreckage, fragments of vessels, a bamboo stalk, which might have floated from the other side of the world, piles of seaweed in which nestled sea beans from Cuban shores, and ivory nuts from Brazil; but no turtles.

"Sail ho!" I cried, under my breath, as a black object loomed up before us. "It may be wreckage, a box or something of that sort, but it is about the size of a turtle."

"Yes, and it is a turtle," my companion replied. "Let's hurry so we can get there in time to see her lay her eggs."

I looked closely at the object as we hurried on; but in the semi-darkness I could not see it move, so slowly did the turtle walk. When we were near enough to see her plainly, my friend warned me to walk slowly, so as not to alarm her. We moved stealthily forward and sat down on the sand, about fifty feet away, to watch our "hen." Lumberingly she scrambled up the sloping beach to the dry sand above the range of high tide, stopping occasionally to rest or reconnoiter. Half an hour must have elapsed before our hen turtle found a spot that suited her. But when found, she thrust one of her trowel-shaped hind flippers into the sand, and began her nest. Again the flipper went down, and she gave a heavy turn of her awkward body and brought up another flipper-load of sand.

We filled our pipes and lighted them behind our hats to conceal the flame, and then we fought mosquitoes. We smoked and watched, talking in low tones until the egg-laying was well under way. Then we took advantage of the moments when the

turtle, while digging, turned her head from us, stealing nearer with each opportunity. The operation of excavating the nest required considerable time and labor; when it was finished, she settled herself over it. Then we crawled carefully up behind her.

My companion very cautiously dug away the loose sand from behind the turtle, then with the same care he dug a hole slanting down into the nest. Finally he reached into the hole and brought out an egg. He handed it to me, and I examined it with great curiosity. It was rather an unpleasant object at first, but the shell soon hardened. It was about three-quarters of the size of a tennis ball and round, excepting a flat place on one side, about an inch in diameter.

We allowed our four-legged hen to finish her laying while we were sitting beside her. When the last egg had been dropped, she rested for a while, then drew the loose sand under her with one flipper, wriggling her heavy body. Then the other flipper went out and drew in a quantity of sand, which was packed down. Thus she continued until my friend said:

"I've allowed her to partly fill the nest so you might see how she did it. But it's useless to let her make unnecessary work for us, and we'll drive her off."

This was not so easily done as our previous caution had led me to expect. We put our feet under her, but she stubbornly stuck to her work, and she was too heavy to be lifted in that way. We got sticks and struck her hard back and poked her head, but she snapped angrily at them and continued her work with more vim. With considerable labor we pried her off and induced her to lumber away toward the waves. We soon threw out the sand and reached the eggs; my companion handed them out to me, and I rolled them into the bag. We gathered one hundred and eighty from the nest. I verified the count

with some wonder, and asked if that was not an extraordinary number to gather from one nest. My fellow egg-hunter heaved a deep sigh of relief as he rose from his cramped position, and then answered:

"No; I have known a much larger number than that to be gathered from one nest. But we'll go further and see whether we can strike another crawl or two. If we can, we shall have enough eggs, I think."

"Enough!" I cried, in dismay, my city-bred muscles giving way under the weight of fifteen dozen eggs. "I don't think I could carry many more."

"I wouldn't let you carry them far," he laughed. "I brought you out to enjoy yourself."

We passed some crawls where the nests had been disturbed, and as we reached the first one, I remarked that some one was ahead of us.

"Yes, some thief robbed it before we got around," said my companion, as he stooped down and scrutinized the ground closely. In the clear starlight of a Florida night, the white sand displayed every mark.

"I thought it might be the work of a coon, but I think not," he said, rising.

"Then we are not the only enemies the turtle has on land?"

"No; coons are fond of turtles' eggs, and you can always tell when they have robbed a nest. Unlike a man or a bear, they leave the empty shells."

"You don't mean to say that bears hunt eggs?"

"Yes, I do. Bears are fond of turtles' eggs, and rarely miss finding them when they come across a crawl. It's a good time to shoot bears along here when turtles are laying. You can see," he continued, dropping into a philosophical mood, "what a blessing it is that Nature has provided some check on the increase of turtles. If all their eggs hatched out, and the young turtles hadn't any enemies in the water, in the course

of time the ocean would be so full of turtles there would be no room for any other living creature in it; and they might spread over the land and hunt us. Turn about is fair play."

We came to fresh wagon tracks, showing where some one had recently driven along the beach and returned. We knew that it was useless to go any further, and accordingly turned for a tramp of several miles homeward. On our way back we found a fresh crawl, but as it was within sight of the house, we left it until morning. Our eggs were buried under the house to keep four-footed marauders off. This was easily done, for like all other Florida dwelling houses, ours was built on stilts. Before retiring, we had a glorious swim in the warm surf, and the salt water cured the mosquito bites, which were as thick on my legs as though I had been well peppered with small shot; my hands and face were almost as bad. I had not been long enough in Florida to become acclimated, or so impregnated with mosquito poison that the bites ceased to irritate, and the little pests reveled in my northern blood. Hardly five minutes had elapsed, it seemed to me, after laying my head on the pillow, when I heard the call: "All hands below! Breakfast is ready."

It was broad daylight. The sound of ceaseless washing waves below, and the murmur of the breeze stirring the stiff palmetto leaves around the house, were enough to insure sound slumber, even to one a stranger to sleep for many weeks. Not a dream had stirred my brain. I arose feeling like one re-created.

Part of our find of the night was before us on the breakfast-table, in the shape of an omelette, and pancakes of surpassing richness. For several days, the turtle eggs formed part of every meal. The yolk is the only part used, and they are much richer than hens' eggs.

Still another product of the beach

added zest to our meals. It was the rainbow clam, a bivalve measuring an inch to an inch and a quarter in length. Its shell is smooth and polished, and striped in brilliant colors, running through all the tints of the spectrum.

This clam is confined to about fifty miles of the Florida coast. On the beach opposite my friend's house they were very plentiful. At half tide, they swarmed from the sand and allowed themselves to be swept out by the undertow of the breakers. Riding back on the next wave, they thrust out a fleshy foot for an anchor when the force of the returning wave is felt, and in an instant each self-anchored clam bores its way into the sand. They do not allow themselves to be swept back and forth more than twice. In the ride out to sea and back again, each little shell-fish takes its meal.

With a sieve and a bucket we would wade along the beach when the tide was going out. The sand where they lived felt as though full of pebbles, they were so numerous. Double handfuls were thrown into the sieve and the waves allowed to wash out the sand. Two-thirds remained behind as shell-fish.

Broth made from rainbow clams greatly stimulates the appetite. At one of these health-restoring meals, I asked my host if the loggerhead turtle was never eaten.

"Some eat it," he answered, "and pretend to find it as palatable as veal, but I haven't imagination enough."

Florida, with its climate always ranging from spring to summer; the midsummer days rendered endurable by the constantly-recurring showers of the rainy season, and the steady, grateful trade wind; with warm seas of the blue Atlantic inviting a bath almost every day of the year, is a veritable winter paradise, where one may live under transparent skies and find life a happy dream, across which the shadows of care fall only as the deeper shades of a sunny picture.

PTARMIGAN HUNTING IN ALASKA.

By Lieut. George E. McConnell.

THERE has been much written on the game to be found in the extreme Northwest, but few have carried their investigations into the ice-bound regions of northern Alaska; while those who have written of hunting in that territory have dealt almost entirely with big game, merely touching on what is of considerable interest to the average sportsman — the small-game shooting. It is true that only a favored few have an opportunity to indulge in this sport, but those who have tried it will bear me out in the statement that it is sport indeed.

In the spring of 1891 the U. S. Revenue Cutter *Bear* was ordered to the Behring Sea and the Arctic Ocean on an eight-months' cruise, and I received orders to accompany her as senior lieutenant in command. Our journey from San Francisco to Sitka was an uneventful one. Our duty lay further north, and we therefore only touched at that interesting town; then pushed our way up past the Aleutian Islands and on to East Cape, Siberia, where we shipped a herd of reindeer to transfer them to Port Clarence, near Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska. With these animals and their herders aboard, and towing a score of "oomiacks," the boats belonging to the natives, we made our way across to the American side. Almost as soon as we came in sight of the harbor, the villagers swarmed around the

cutter in their "kyacks," clamoring to get aboard; for they wanted to barter furs with our crew. When permission was given, they swarmed over the decks, jabbering and gesticulating in a way that was decidedly grotesque, if not interesting.

The boats and canoes of the Esquimaux are good examples of native ingenuity, made as they are without wood or nails or other material indispensable to the white builder of boats. Over a substantial framework of walrus bones, they stretch skins made pliable by wetting, which

shrink when drying, until tight as a drum-head. The Esquimaux "oomiack" is a large open boat, pointed at both ends. The other boat made by the natives is the "kyack"; it is smaller and decked over, leaving a cockpit just large enough for one man. The kyack is used for fishing almost entirely, and two of them are often lashed together in cata-



ESQUIMAUX BOATS TOWING BEHIND
THE "BEAR."

maran fashion. When so attached, their floating capacity is remarkable. The native sometimes transports his family and household goods at one load by stowing them on deck, and the boats would float more if there was more room.

An Esquimaux hunter told me that around Corwin Mines, where we were to touch for a fresh supply of coal, game of all kinds was plentiful. For seal, walrus and polar bear, I cared nothing just then; but when



ESQUIMAUX TRADING ON THE SHIP'S DECK.

the hunter told of myriads of wild-fowl, including eider duck—an excellent table bird, by the way, though much better known for its down—and the rare emperor goose, Arctic foxes and the ptarmigan, I looked forward to some good sport with the shotgun.

We pushed on to the north as soon as possible, but were delayed by an immense ice floe, which obstructed our course for several days. Our time was not entirely lost, for I succeeded in getting several good negatives of ice subjects. Finally, Corwin Mines was reached, and I decided to try at once for some ptarmigan shooting over the plains lying just beyond the cliffs that lined the coast.

The ptarmigan, owing to its habitat, is almost unknown to sportsmen. It is the Arctic representative of the grouse family. In the summer months it closely resembles the ruffed grouse of our own country; its chief distinction is that the legs

and toes are covered with short feathers, and the cock does not strut and spread his tail like the ruffed grouse. At the beginning of the winter months a complete change takes place; the brown coat is discarded for a more appropriate one of pure white, and by this change of color to match the predominating shade of the landscape, it more easily avoids detection. There being no forests or coverts, the rocky country would otherwise afford little shelter. One species, the willow ptarmigan, is found as far south as Colorado, but it confines itself strictly to the mountains and lives on the highest peaks where the weather is perpetually cold; but it is in Alaska that the bird is found in all his glory.

At daybreak next morning, or rather at the time when the day was breaking in our own country, we started—a little party of five—each provided with all the requisites of a



SITKA, ALASKA.

well-equipped hunter; for the Government is kind enough to furnish vessels sent into northern waters, with a good line of shotguns. Now, a great many people have an idea that a sailor is a poor hand with a shotgun — but the result of the hunt will show for itself. Our party consisted of the junior lieutenant, the ship's surgeon, myself and two Esquimaux who were to act as guides.

We were rowed ashore in the ship's boat and landed at the foot of some enormous hills that rise abruptly from the edge of the water. Immediately in front of us was a narrow gorge extending through the hills to the plains beyond. Picking our way carefully along the pass, we came, after several hours of hard climbing, to the plain, which was overgrown with moss brightened here and there with little patches of wild flowers, thrusting their heads above the cold ground as if in mute appeal to be transferred to a warmer place. It seemed remarkable that flowers could thrive in that cold climate, for by digging into the shallow soil, ice was found at a depth of six or eight inches. Yet at that season, they bloom in beautiful pro-

fusion, as if to cheer the heart of the lonely seaman whose path leads him into that desolate waste.

As we passed over the rough and barren plateau where the ptarmigan lived, I could not help comparing the surroundings with the country I had been accustomed to shoot ruffed grouse over in New York state, and note the vast difference in the methods required to get a shot. Instead of a well-trained dog and a thick covert, we were obliged to depend entirely on our well-trained natives to discover the game, while the scene was a monotonous, treeless plain, with huge boulders scattered here and there.

I was beginning to wonder whether we had not made a mistake, and stepped off at an Arctic desert where the game, if there was any, was frozen solid, like almost everything else; but suddenly the sharp-sighted natives uttered low, warning cries, and dropping on their stomachs, pointed to a pile of rocks about fifty yards ahead. We looked in the direction indicated, but it was some time before I could make out anything among the lichens. Then the indistinct forms of two or three ptarmigan

came into view. The birds were feeding and entirely unconscious of our presence. They did not remain so long, however, for before I could unslung my gun, which I had been carrying over my shoulder, they flushed and would have escaped had it not been for the quickness of the surgeon. Bang! Bang! went his gun, and two birds fell, the victims of as pretty a double as I ever saw.

did the natives, and when I did get a chance for a shot, success thrilled and a miss disappointed me as much as it did the savage guides. Sometimes when a pile of lichen-covered rocks was approached, no birds could be seen; but on advancing with gun at ready, a flash of white and the whirl of wings would send the gun to my shoulder in an instant; then, following the line of flight, the report



THE "BEAR" FAST IN THE ICE.

Finding that there were a few birds to be had, I decided not to be taken by surprise again, so loaded my gun and prepared it for instant use; and it was not long before an opportunity came to use it, for the birds were plentiful. I enjoyed the sport as keenly as one possibly could, whose freedom for months had been limited to the narrow confines of a steamer. I strained my eyes as eagerly as

would ring out, and the eager human retriever, his countenance expanding into a grin, would spring forward after the fallen game.

The natives acted in the capacity of dogs, pointing and retrieving in a manner that would have put many an old bird-dog to shame. They were so keen-sighted that not even the scent of a pointer could have detected a covey with more accuracy. They

warned us of the nearness of game long before we could see it, and by uttering a short, sharp cry, would flush the birds for us. The natives carried no guns, not even knowing how to use them. The Esquimaux have nothing but their traps, but their ingenuity is great when it comes to devising means for catching birds. With nothing but a few pieces of bone and a thong of walrus hide, they will contrive snares which seldom fail to catch and hold small game.

Remembering our long weary tramp that morning, we reluctantly turned our steps shoreward, but at the suggestion of one of the guides we took a short cut through a smaller gully than that of the morning. Although it led to the shore some distance below where we had landed, we preferred a walk on the beach to scrambling over the stones and rough places of the plateau. Another reason why we accepted the suggestion was that we would pass a small lake

where, the guides said, we would find ducks and perhaps a goose or two, though they were not certain about the latter. The lake lay just around a curve in the pass, surrounded by almost perpendicular cliffs, and when it burst into view, I stood motionless for a moment with surprise and wonder at the extreme beauty of the scene. But the love of the beautiful was quickly overcome by the instincts of the sportsman when I discovered that the water was almost black with ducks, while flying about were several large flocks, evidently looking for a suitable spot to settle. Crouching down as one of the flocks swerved in our direction, I took deliberate aim

at the leader; and when the report of my gun had ceased to echo through the pass, one of the guides, who had been watching my movements with great interest, sprang forward and soon laid the bird at my feet.

We had anticipated a large haul from such numbers, but the first two or three shots so thoroughly filled the little valley with their reverberations that the startled ducks rose from the water in a body, and with a mighty rush and roar of wings they flew rapidly away toward the cliffs. As they passed over us, I spied a strange-looking bird, much larger than the ducks that it was among, yet very much like them in

every other way. Remembering that I had used only one barrel, I waited for the big bird, and as the flock came within gunshot, I brought him to the ground. It was an emperor goose, and as may readily be imagined, I was highly elated at killing the only one seen.

Out of the flocks that went over us, we succeeded in getting eight birds, including my prize. We went back to the steamer well satisfied, for with the ptarmigan we were very well supplied with fresh meat—an agreeable change from the tiresome canned meats on which we had lived since beginning the voyage. I would not allow my goose to be eaten, however, but sent its skin to a museum of natural history in San Francisco.

When we had taken aboard a sufficient supply of coal to last until our return to that locality, we continued on our course to the northward until we reached the relief station at Point Barrows, where we left supplies.



OUR ESQUIMAUX GUIDES.



AN ALASKAN NATIVE HUT BUILT OF WALRUS SKULLS.

This station is at the extreme north-western point of the continent, and is kept up for the benefit of seamen who are unfortunately delayed in that desolate country through the winter months.

On our return to Corwin Mines, we took another trip after small game, and were even more successful than on the first hunt, though no more geese were killed. One would suppose that game in such an isolated place would be extremely tame, but this is not the case. We found the birds to be as watchful and cunning as in many parts of the United States. Most of the wild-fowl spend the winter far to the south and are therefore

well acquainted with the reports of guns and the sight of huntsmen.

But this did not account for the wariness of the ptarmigan; and quite the reverse is usually true of other members of the grouse family. The ruffed grouse, for instance, in new countries, is very tame indeed, until frequently disturbed. To be sure, the ptarmigan on the plain were continually on the alert for their natural enemies, the fox and the big white owl, which, like themselves, changes its plumage with the season. Then, too, I was impressed with the belief that the birds would not have been so wild if we had not been accompanied by the natives.



ICE HOCKEY, OUR IMPORTED WINTER SPORT

By J. Parmly Paret.

ICE HOCKEY, the latest American importation in the line of sports, has found almost as much favor this winter, as did golf the first year after its introduction. Although the history of hockey dates back a long way in English annals of sport, it is to our Canadian neighbors that we are indebted for this splendid winter pastime. For its importation, we have to thank American lawn tennis players, for it was through the efforts of Malcolm G. Chace and Arthur E. Foote, of Yale, and a number of their friends, that Americans came to learn the real fascinations of hockey.

In one of their visits to Canadian tennis fields, Chace and Foote were introduced to the mysteries of hockey, and both became confirmed devotees at first sight. The following winter, a team of Yale skaters was formed and a pilgrimage to Canadian rinks was made during the Christmas holidays. Although it cannot have been called a successful one, this trip furnished much excellent sport, in which the American players—still very green at the game—were promptly beaten by the Canadian experts in all but one or two of their matches; it also sowed the seeds of enthusiasm in the breasts of the visitors. Every one of them sang the praises of

hockey when he returned, and although a second trip planned for the following winter fell through, Chace and his friends soon introduced the game on this side of the border, where it has rapidly spread in popularity.

Only in the most northern and western parts of the United States are the winters severe enough to make hockey very practicable out of

doors. In other parts of the country, the lakes and ponds are seldom frozen hard enough for hockey for any great length of time, and most of the matches are played indoors. A number of rinks have been built for the game, and it has flourished well with both the player and the spectator—for its great variety of action makes it most interesting and exciting for lookers-on. It has all the rapidity of play to be seen in both lacrosse and polo, without the danger of the latter



STOPPING A SHOOT FOR GOAL.

or the roughness of the former. The same chances for individual brilliancy and combined team work are offered, though there is none of the element of brute strength for which American football is so often criticised.

The successful hockey player must be an expert on skates, for almost every kind of skill on ice is needed in this game. He must be able to start

quickly, and to skate fast and low — just as in football, the backs must run "hard and low" — or he will be easily thrown off his feet by the body-checking of an opponent. He must be able to turn and twist and dodge quickly, for it is often necessary to outwit an opponent who blocks the way toward the goal. He must be able to skate, too, as one would run — without much attention to his feet, for his mind is occupied all the time with the stick and the puck. And last but not least, the successful hockey player must be an athlete of good endurance, for hockey is a very severe game, and one that calls for constant exertion, on the part of the forward in particular, from the moment that the game begins until the referee's whistle stops the play for one cause or another.

Briefly told, hockey is played on a pond or rink of ice, shaped like a football or lacrosse field, with a goal at either end and side-lines (generally the edges of the rink). Instead of a ball, a "puck" is used. This is a disk of solid vulcanized rubber three inches in diameter and one inch in thickness. The puck slides along the ice readily, and most of the playing is done by passing it from player to player, rather than by striking it as in polo. The players are armed with hockey sticks, like the old-fashioned "shinesticks," but with blades that are both wider and longer, and bent so as to rest along the ice for about a foot. As in all similar games, the scoring is done by driving the puck between the four-foot goal posts, which are set in the ice, six feet apart.

Seven men constitute a team, four of whom are called forwards, and who conduct the attack; while the other three are known as the cover-

point, point and goal-keeper, the duties of these positions being identical with those of the corresponding men on a lacrosse team. These three have only defensive work, while even the forwards are brought in close to their own goal, when it is threatened by the opponents. The puck is put into play at the centre of the field by being placed between the sticks of two opposing forwards. When the referee's whistle sounds, these centre forwards struggle to pass it to other players of their own teams, and then begins the exciting attack and defense of the goals.



FACING THE PUCK.

The puck may never be carried except with the stick, but it may be stopped with the hands, the body, or the skate, and much of the clever work of the goal-keeper lies in his ability to intercept a good shoot for goal, by interposing some one of these in the course of the puck. The goal posts are close together, and he has little territory to cover; but the scrimmage is often close in front of his goal, and he has little time to prepare for defense. He never leaves his station between the posts, and may do anything to stop the puck, but lie down or kneel on the ice. The score in good matches is kept down to small



Goal-keeper.

Forward.

Point.

Cover-point.

Forward.

Forward.

figures largely through the agility of good goal-keepers, for many tries for goal in every game would certainly score but for his play. When the scrimmage is near the goal, his is the most difficult work of the team, although he is idle at other times. While he may frequently get the puck, he seldom has an opening to pass it far down the field, and it is his duty to pass it to one of his own players, choosing, of course, the one who seems to be least guarded. Frequently, however, he has not even time for this, and then his best play is to shoot it either to the right or the left of the posts, off to one side of the rink, but never in front or behind the posts. This play effectually prevents another try for goal until the puck can be worked back in front of the posts again.

Perhaps the cleverest, and at the same time the most difficult method of shooting a goal is by lofting the puck, for once the opposing forwards get down close to the goal posts, the ice is generally so crowded with rapidly-moving skaters that the chances are small that the puck will not strike some one's skate before it can reach the goal. The goal-keeper, too, can almost always stop the puck when shot from any distance, if it slides along the ice, for his feet and the breadth of his stick combined cover most of the space between the posts. To loft the puck, then, by a twist and a lifting stroke with the bend of the stick, lifts it a few feet off the ice, so that the goal-keeper's stick and skates are of little use in stopping it. This is perhaps the most difficult play of the game to master, but once learned, it is an invaluable addition to the skill of a forward. The lofting stroke is also sometimes used in shooting the ball down the rink, when there are many skaters in front of the player with the puck, and he fears interposition if the puck is slid along the ice.

The "off-side" play, one of the cardinal rules in hockey and one

that has been borrowed from football, completely governs the methods of attack. Simply speaking, it prevents the hockey player from passing the puck forward to another member of his own team. He may pass it across the rink at right angles to the side-lines, or back toward his own goal, but never forward. The instant the puck is touched by a player who is further forward than his comrade who last touched it, he is "off side," and the puck is given to the opposite team who line up where the illegal play occurred, their opponents being five yards in front of them, and put the puck in play again without interference. This rule makes the player in possession of the puck keep even with or ahead of the rest of his team at all times. Then he may pass it to any of them when he finds his progress obstructed; were they ahead of him, he would be without allies. Once in front of his own man with the puck, a player can only be put "on side" again by its being touched by one of the opponents, or by skating back of his own player who last touched it.

As soon as the puck gets into possession of one of the forwards, he rushes down the rink as fast as possible, the rest of his forwards following close behind or abreast of him, and spread out across the rink. They meet the cover-point first on their way toward the opponent's goal—supposing of course, that they are safely by the opposing forwards—and he immediately confronts the player with the puck; it is passed across to one of the other forwards and thus the attacking party get by the first barrier. Then the point is reached and perhaps he forces a second pass, but all close in rapidly to attack and defend the goal, and a number of quick shoots and stops follow, until the umpire behind the goal posts raises his hand to indicate that a goal has been scored, or the puck is rescued by one of the opponents, who shoots it down the rink and out

of danger, or starts down with it himself, followed by the rest of his own forwards. Thus the unsuccessful attacking players of one moment are often called in to defend their own goal the next, their positions being directly reversed by the kaleidoscopic changes of the play.

There is little or no foul play in hockey, although there seems to be much chance for it. The stick cannot be raised above the shoulder, and tripping, striking and rough skating are not allowable, although body-checking, as in lacrosse, is permitted. The only penalty for unfair

different, too, being network cages into which the ball is driven, instead of mere upright posts set in the ice. The off-side play of hockey is also absent from ice polo, and a player of the latter may drive the ball in any direction that he pleases. As a consequence of this difference, ice polo is a much more open game, the field of players being constantly broken up, and the tries for goal being made from almost any position on the ice: whereas, in hockey, it is practically useless to make any attempt for goal except from within a short distance of the posts. Six men constitute an ice polo team.



THE FORWARDS IN POSSESSION OF THE PUCK.

play of this kind is disqualification, and the referee can rule a player off the ice for breaking any of these rules. He is generally warned for a first offense of this kind, however, and then ruled out of the game only if he persists in foul play.

Hockey is sometimes confused with ice polo, another rink sport played on skates, but the games are enough different to prevent the players practising at the different styles to be pitted against one another. In ice polo a ball is used instead of a puck, and this is struck with the polo sticks much more often than is the puck in hockey. The goals are

Soon after Yale first introduced hockey, Harvard and Brown took to playing ice polo, and matches between teams from these colleges were played both last winter and this. Princeton favored hockey and so did Columbia, Cornell, Johns Hopkins and several of the other universities, each of which has a hockey team now in training. Inter-collegiate matches

are expected to be one of the most prominent features of the sport, and it is hoped that an intercollegiate league will be formed next year to include all of the more prominent college teams. Harvard and Brown are expected to give up ice polo for the more popular game, and many of the other colleges whose athletes are now rapidly learning the game, will then have an opportunity of meeting the other college teams.

In New York, the sport has met with much favor from the public, and particularly from the most fashionable portion of it. Hockey was partially responsible for the



Thomas Barron. J. W. Callender. E. A. Crowninshield. C. M. Pope. R. D. Wrenn. H. W. Slocum.
Erskine Hewitt. W. A. Larned.

THE ST. NICHOLAS HOCKEY TEAM.

building of the new St. Nicholas Skating Rink, and the organization of the St. Nicholas Skating Club. Great enthusiasm has been shown over the many matches played there this winter. The club has a crack hockey team, which is undoubtedly one of the strongest on this side of the Canadian border-line. Among its cleverest players are several lawn tennis experts of national reputation, including Champion R. D. Wrenn, Ex-champion H. W. Slocum, W. A. Larned and M. G. Chace, four of the strongest tennis players in America. Larned, Chace and Wrenn, are among the best hockey players in the country, too, but they have almost as much to learn of this sport from the Canadians, as have the Canucks from them in tennis. Just why lawn tennis and hockey should attract the same men does not seem plain, but certain it is that American tennis players have met with great

success at the newer game, while among the crack Canadian hockey players, are a number of their strongest representatives on the lawn tennis field.

The St. Nicholas rink is said to be one of the finest, if not the best in the country, and hockey matches are played there two or three evenings of every week. New York has another rink, too, and several other strong hockey teams make their headquarters and do their practising at the "Ice Palace." One of them, known as the New York Hockey Club, is composed largely of Canadian residents of the Metropolis, who played the game before they came to this side of the St. Lawrence to live.

The crack team of experts that represented this organization last year proved to be the strongest combination of hockey players in the country at the end of the season.

Both of the other two teams that had been disputing the championship question, the Baltimore Athletic Club, and the St. Nicholas Skating Club, were beaten by the New York Hockey Club players, and it was generally admitted that the New York Canadians made the strongest aggregation of the year. Some of them already belonged to the New York Athletic Club, and those who did not have since joined, so that the combination of talent which proved so successful last year, now represents this powerful organization, and seems to be the strongest team in the field again this winter. They have already beaten the Yale and several other strong teams, and a match between them and the experts from the Queen's University, of Kingston, Ont., is looked forward to with great interest. It will probably decide the championship of America, for the Queen's University team, which is now making a tour of the United States, is admittedly the strongest in Canada. A number of other Canadian residents in New York have taken the place of the experts who went over to the New York Athletic Club this year, and now represent the New York Hockey Club.

At the beginning of this season, a number of the strongest hockey teams in New York and Brooklyn formed the Amateur Hockey League, and inaugurated a series of games for the metropolitan championship. The New York Athletic Club, the St. Nicholas Skating Club, the Brooklyn Skating Club, and the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, were its original members, but the New York Hockey Club was recently admitted, and the championship for the season seems now to lie between the three New York teams. Judging from the earlier matches in the series, the Brooklyn players are a full year behind their New York rivals, and it is very doubtful if either wins a single game from any of the New York teams.

Among the metropolitan suburbs there are many less important hockey teams representing athletic clubs, but most of them are required to practise on outdoor ponds. Brooklyn has its Claremont Avenue Rink, and this and the two in New York are the only skating rinks in this vicinity. Perhaps the strongest of these suburban teams is that of the Montclair Athletic Club, and several of their matches would have done credit to much older players.

Additional interest has been lent to the sport this year by the presentation of a handsome hockey challenge cup, by H. Percy Chubb. This trophy is offered for competition among the semi-social clubs of New York, and a number of matches have already been played for its possession. The Union Club, the Racquet and Tennis Club, the Calumet Club and several others, have put teams into the field, and a number of matches for the right to hold the Chubb trophy have already been played at the St. Nicholas rink.

Despite their warm climate for ice sports, the southerners in Baltimore and Washington have taken very kindly to hockey. Soon after its American introduction, the Baltimoreans took up the game with great enthusiasm, and a skating rink, the North Avenue Ice Palace, was opened in Baltimore about two years ago. Since then, it has furnished an arena for many exciting games, and much interest has been shown by the Baltimore public in the rivalry between the Johns Hopkins University and Baltimore Athletic Club teams. A Canadian expert, who was studying in the Monumental City, was secured to coach the Baltimore players, and they soon became quite as proficient as their northern rivals.

The growth of the game in Baltimore furnished a number of lesser hockey teams near the end of last winter, and when the present season opened, the players who composed last year's team of the Baltimore

Athletic Club left the parent organization and formed a new club of their own, which is now flourishing under the name of the Baltimore Hockey Club. Captain Charles K. Harrison, Jr., T. B. Harrison, Harry E. Perry, Charles F. Corning, E. Parmly, Jr., Milton Whitehurst, H. Haughton, Gordon Reese and Harry Jenkins form the nucleus of this Bal-

timore team, and the excitement caused by the almost kaleidoscopic changes that are so frequent in a hockey match, seem to have appealed strongly to the southern ideas of sport. The old rivalry of last year between the New York and southern players still exists, and the St. Nicholas and Baltimore hockey teams will meet later in the sea-



C. F. Corning. H. Haughton. Milton Whitehurst.
T. B. Harrison. C. K. Harrison, Jr. Gordon Reese.
Harry Jenkins. Harry E. Perry.

THE BALTIMORE HOCKEY TEAM.

timore team, and they have proved an almost invincible combination again this winter, despite the illness of Parmly, one of their best players.

In the South it is practically impossible to play hockey on any but covered ice, for the weather is too mild to supply natural ice for this purpose. Both Baltimore and Washington have excellent rinks, however, and the southern public has shown a generous appreciation of hockey. The rapid-

son, when the much-discussed question of supremacy will come up again.

In the West hockey is just beginning to become popular. In Detroit, Minneapolis and Chicago, there are teams; and in Minneapolis, many of the games are played on the natural ice in the open air. Chicago, however, has its covered rink, and the public has shown more enthusiasm over hockey with each match they have seen.

ON HORSEBACK AFTER SOUTHERN QUAIL.

By Alexander Hunter.



THE North Carolinians are essentially a sport-loving people. They inherit their love of horse and dog and gun from a long line of sporting ancestry, and especially is this true of that part of the state known as the "Black Belt," which embraces all of the country lying between the Roanoke River and the state of Virginia. While the tide of immigration has changed some portions of the state, the Black Belt remains practically the same. Many large plantations are still intact; but they are for the most part uncultivated, and in their almost primeval wilds game finds a secure retreat. Deer are fairly plentiful and wild turkey numerous, while quail can be found in every field.

Recently I was a guest at a large plantation in Northampton county. The owner was a thorough sportsman and devotee to quail shooting, and besides his own land, he had the privilege of shooting over several thousand acres belonging to his neighbors; and this is a great privilege, for most of the land is posted in that county. Indeed, the notices are profuse even on lands so poor and barren that "a crow must carry a haversack" while flying over them.

My host kept a number of blue-blooded dogs, which had been carefully trained by himself, for he was an enthusiast on the subject. In the South, the land of swamps and canebrakes, the setter with a rough, thick coat is the most highly prized; for the pointer and thin-haired setter suf-

fer terribly among the bamboos and thorns. The favorite dog of the quail hunter is the pure Llewellen or a thick-haired Belton.

Visiting my host was a cousin of his, Professor Blank, I will call him; an elderly man, whose life had been spent in a northern college. In appearance he was the ideal professor, tall, thin, with a decided stoop, and a hooked nose upon which rested a pair of large spectacles. He was the incarnation of absent-mindedness, and like a fish out of water; for he was away from his beloved college walls. The morning of the first hunt, our host tried to prevail on the Professor to make one of our party. He demurred, declaring that he had not handled a gun since he was a boy; but added that he was considered a "clever shot" then, and while it might be that his hand had not forgotten its cunning, he had neither gun nor proper clothing. His objections were quickly overruled, and he was provided with a suit of clothes and a hammerless gun. He examined the latter curiously, and remarked that the ancient muzzle-loading gun was the one he was accustomed to. He handled the weapon so clumsily that our host was doubtful about trusting him with it, lest a funeral should be the result; but after some coaching and warning, he concluded to take the chances.

The horses were soon led to the door, for we were to hunt mounted. The fields are so far apart and the swamps so full of water, that even the most indefatigable sportsman would break down before the day was half over, should he endeavor to hunt on foot. A horse that is trained for this work saves the hunter in many ways, and will stand motionless anywhere, and again will leap and scramble over fences and

ditches with ease. It was a bright, crisp morning, with frost in the air, and we started in good spirits; even the Professor felt that he was going hunting, and for the time his mind was diverted from its usual mathematical channel. The dogs capered about the horses, giving vent to their delight by frantic barking.

George, a nephew of our host, led the way through a long stretch of pine woods, and his voice was occasionally heard ordering the dogs to heel, as some of them would dash eagerly ahead. Presently, we reached a field enclosed by the only kind of fence ever seen in this part of the country—a "snake fence," of fourteen rails, built zig-zag and six or seven feet high. At a sign the dogs clambered over, but before the fence could be taken down for us to follow, they made a beautiful stand in the heather, close to a wild-plum thicket.

"Tie your horses here," said our host; and we dismounted and climbed the fence—all but the Professor, whose foot slipped when half over, and he hung doubled up across the top rail. We helped him down, and then hurried to the spot, where Tom, the best of our dogs, was standing rigid, his neck stretched and his whole body straightened out, while his eyes gleamed with suffused excitement. Backing him were the two setters, Yank and Red, and Josh, the pointer. It was a striking picture, and one that the sportsman's eye delights to rest upon.

"Steady! steady!" came his master's warning cry, as we advanced into the brown sedge in front. A sudden whir, and the birds took flight; three guns rang out, then we heard two clicks that sounded like the hammers of another gun. The dogs were sent in and we found that our host had killed two, George and myself one each; while the Professor, by forgetting to put shells into his gun, failed to score.

The birds had gone into the prickly thorn and briar thickets,

which were so dense that even the dogs could not enter; so we retraced our steps, let down the fence, remounted and continued our hunt. Three or four fields were traversed, then we made our way through a swamp, where the water was up to the horses' girths, and the dogs had to swim. Riding through an old meadow next, we hunted along a cornfield on the further side, and the dogs came to a sudden stand, directly in the middle of the field, several hundred yards ahead.

Excitement prevailed, and even the Professor urged his horse to increase its speed; but we were checked by our host, who called out: "That's a false scent; it's only a field lark."

"Come on, and we'll soon see," George replied, and we rode up together, dismounted and approached the group of motionless dogs.

What a splendid study for an artist they presented. It is difficult to describe "a point" in such a way that one who has never hunted may realize the transformation of a bounding, animated animal into the motionless figure that might be the subject of a wizard's spell, or the finished work of a sculptor, were it not that the nervous intensity and splendid force are ever present.

We placed the Professor in front, for none knew when or where he would shoot,—and even he himself was uncertain,—and advanced, fully expecting to start a cotton-tail. But to our astonishment, a large bevy of quail whirled away and went like rockets toward the woods, fully a quarter of a mile away. Under the circumstances, our shooting was naturally bad, and the Professor banged away in sheer amazement—and only two birds fell to the four guns.

The Professor watched the flying birds, outlined against the sky as they rose above the tops of the trees, until they disappeared. Then he remarked:

"Those birds fly so fast that I can't take aim."

"How large do they look through your magnifying glasses?" asked George.

"About the size of a goose," was the answer.

"Then it's very strange that you can't hit one."

"Yes," said the Professor, simply; "I could if I had a little more time, but the gun goes off of its own accord."

"For Heaven's sake, Professor, keep the muzzle from pointing toward me!" cried George, in genuine alarm.

Along the cornfield, through a cotton patch, across a peanut tract, then through a canebrake, and into a large orchard we went. Yank was running at will, while Tom, trained for such work, quartered a few rods ahead of his master, and Red, a big setter belonging to George, was pattering along on our right. Red was pretty well advanced in years, and age had evidently impaired his scent, for he ran right into a bevy. I happened to be looking in his direction at the time, and if ever a dog looked shocked and ashamed, he did then.

The bevy split, part going into the swamp, the rest, whirling away to the right, disappeared in the open pines. These we followed, and after calling in the other dogs, let Josh out, and the pointer entered the timber, picking his way daintily over the pine needles. There was no cover for the birds; but so exactly did their plumage blend with the russet tints of the litter of pine needles, the strongest eye could not detect their hiding-places. Gliding along like a canine ghost, Josh came to a stand. In vain we looked about to discover the birds. The place was as level as a floor, and almost as smooth. Our host stepped in front and a bird rose from under the dog's nose, and was knocked over by George. With the report of his gun

every bird flushed. I got a long shot and crippled one, and the Professor emptied his gun and brought down a shower of needles from the top of a lofty pine.

Again in the saddle, we made a wide detour to cross a marshy run; and taking down another fence, we entered a large field, years before cultivated to cotton, but long since abandoned, and now overgrown with briars. The Professor and his host, with two of the dogs, went along one edge, while George and myself took the other side with Red and Josh. The matted briars were so thick that the dogs made their way as if they were jumping hurdles. Just as we got across the field we saw them signal to us, and then I realized the advantage of hunting on horseback; for by putting our horses to a gallop, we quickly came to where Yank and Red were on a stand. Our two dogs backed them staunchly. No amount of previous experience can rob this moment of the thrill of pleasure that so stirs his blood as the sportsman waits breathlessly for the birds to rise; it is an excitement equal to the shooting itself.

This was the largest bevy we found, numbering some fifty birds. Our host and George each made a double, while I missed one bird and bagged another. The Professor's gun went off after the birds were nearly out of sight; but from the kindness of his heart, George was impelled to say that the Professor had crippled one by a long shot, and after an imaginary chase handed him a bird.

Our host slapped him on the back and congratulated him on his skill. Under any other circumstances the Professor would have resented such familiarity; but the delight caused by his supposed success was so great that he beamed with satisfaction and shook hands all around.

We followed the birds into a swamp, where the briars were thick and the sharp thorns penetrated to



the skin ; but no one seemed to feel them in the excitement, as we scattered in different directions. It was useless for the dogs to stand ; we could not have seen them if they had ; so they worked their way through and flushed the birds. There is no better test of marksmanship than to try to cut down a quail in such a place. A flash of brown through the thicket is all that can be seen, and a snap-shot is imperatively necessary ; and then the gunner cannot tell whether he has killed or not until the dog is sent in. A setter that has not been trained to covert hunting is almost worthless in this country ; for four out of every five birds dropped could never be found by the sportsman. Indeed, as it is, many birds are lost ; for they frequently fall into impenetrable thickets of bamboo, while the crippled or winged are almost sure to escape.

We were in the thicket for half an hour or so, and had a fierce struggle with the trailing vines and rope-like bamboo, with their long, keen thorns and prickly shrubs, through which we had to force our way by main strength. The Professor was the greatest sufferer of the party. He became literally tied up in a mass of "clothes-line" briars and grape-vines, which encircled him from head to foot. His gun was discharged in the struggle, his hat was lost, and it required our host's assistance with a sharp knife to cut him loose from his uncomfortable surroundings. The old fellow was of good metal, however, and did no grumbling, nor did he even suggest that he wanted to go home. We emerged breathless, our hands punctured and our clothing in tatters ; while our recompense was three small birds.

There was a time within the memory of sportsmen, when quail could be found in the fields feeding, and after being scattered, they could be hunted singly and the last one bowled over in the stubble. That time is gone forever, and the quail now feed along the

edges of thickets and swamps, and when disturbed they fly to the densest coverts, where they scatter and run into such impenetrable tangles of briars that even the dogs cannot follow them.

After a short breathing spell for ourselves and the dogs, we rode on, and after going a short distance, it was discovered that the Professor, who had fallen into a brown study, had left his gun behind. George rode back for it, and the Professor received it with a bewildered stare as if he had just awakened from a dream. He had not even missed the weapon.

Thus we kept on, riding from farm to farm, and when the sun was sinking low we flushed our last bevy. It was in a cornfield where the stalks were still standing, and a rough time we had in hunting the birds. It was quite dark when we swung ourselves into the saddle for the last time. We were about seven miles from home, and the ride through the swamps was cold and dreary. Reaction had come ; the distance seemed doubled, and glad enough we were to see the lights gleaming through the trees.

A warm reception was given us ; then came attention to the toilet, and we discovered that our legs were so scratched by thorns and briars that had we applied India ink we should have been as beautifully tattooed below the belt as any South-sea Islander.

It was a merry party that surrounded the dinner-table shortly afterward ; and when the hunters' appetites had been somewhat appeased and good cheer reigned, our host called on the Professor for a toast, at the same time filling our glasses with home-made wine. It was an honest compliment, too, when the Professor rose, made an old-fashioned bow, and clinked his glass against George's, with the remark :

"For true hearts and kindly welcome, commend me to the old North Carolina sportsman."



A HUNTING TRAGEDY IN THE SELKIRKS.

By Charles A. Bramble.

THE Major was in a reminiscent mood as he watched the smoke ascending in rings and lazy spirals from his pipe, and I felt that he was about ripe for a yarn. We were in camp. The Porta, one of the many mountain torrents of the Selkirk range of British Columbia, flowed down the valley, and our tent was pitched within a few feet of the stream.

"Yes," said the Major, in reply to my question as to his day's fishing; "I didn't let many of them get away, and if I could have made up my mind to face the Devil's Gorge, my basket would have been filled."

"The Devil's Gorge? And why couldn't you make up your mind to face that?" I blurted out, greatly astonished, for I knew if there was one thing on which the Major prided himself, it was his willingness to face even the powers of darkness in pursuit of sport. My companion raised himself on his elbow; he had been lounging at full length upon a luxurious bed of fir boughs.

"Is it possible that I haven't told you of my adventure in the Devil's Gorge?"

I shook my head.

"Well then, here goes," said he, refilling his pipe; "but don't blame me if the story wearies you. A few autumns ago, Charlie Brownlow, a wandering English sportsman, and I made up our minds to try for caribou and goat up here on the Porta. We had two guides and a cook. The older guide, Duncan, was a fifty-niner, who had been in the colony ever since the first rush to the placer diggings in that year. In addition to being a capital hunter, he was a sturdy, honest old fellow, and quite won us by his straightforward manners. It was late in the season, but we were not to be put off; for we reasoned that the game would be lower and consequently easier to be found than earlier in the season. Moreover, encouraging reports had reached the coast of the number of caribou in the range, and several very good heads had been obtained by prospectors. In due time, we were settled in camp about two miles above this spot, and everything looked propitious for a successful hunt, though there was only a sprinkling of snow in the valleys; on the summits of the mountains it was already deep.

"For several days, we had little

luck, but one morning Duncan and Brownlow were astir early, with the determination to that day kill a caribou; but I was glad to remain under my blankets, for I had taken a long tramp the day before. The last words I heard Duncan say were: 'We're going to have snow and lots of it before night.'

"When I crawled out of the tent some two hours later, to stretch my stiffened limbs before the fire, the higher summits of the range were hidden, and white flakes were falling fast. Each minute, the frozen crystals came down more thickly, and I began to feel some alarm for the safety of the absent men. The day passed, and when darkness commenced to creep over the mountains, I became positively chilled with fear, not knowing what evil might have befallen them. I knew that Duncan had intended to cross the Porta at a spot known as the Devil's Gorge, a narrow canyon spanned by a single log; for he thought the caribou were on the further side of the stream. I went down to the crossing, that I might meet them if returning. By the time I reached it, darkness had fallen, and as there were no signs of the absent ones, I was thoroughly miserable. The snow was coming down in those big, damp, water-soaked flakes that are most dangerous in the mountains. Fleecy snow weighs scarcely six pounds to the cubic foot, while wet snow sometimes weighs twelve pounds. It sticks where it falls, and accumulates on overhanging rocks and on slopes until at length something starts it on a downward course. Then—God help the man or beast in its path! Tall trees are snapped off like pipe-stems, and with irresistible might the avalanche sweeps all before it.

"Filled with dread, I could stand the strain no longer, and in order to do something to relieve it, I fired my rifle every few minutes, trusting that the absent ones might hear it and be guided thereby. The third shot was

answered. A report that I knew to be from Brownlow's heavy express, muffled though its roar was by the falling snow, came from far up the opposite range. The men had a fearfully steep and dangerous cliff to descend in the darkness, but as one was a mountain man and the other no novice, their chances were favorable.

"Presently, it seemed hours, a faint 'whoop' answered my calls, and I decided that the hunters were making their way down the slippery walls of the canyon, heading for the log bridge. I was standing near its end, feeding an immense fire that I had kindled, when the two men hove into sight. The rocky face down which they were creeping was almost perpendicular, but uneven, and full of ledges on which grew stunted evergreen trees. At length they were within fifty feet of the bottom, and almost safe, and I began to breathe easier. Suddenly an unusual sound far up the slope caught my ear; then came a snapping and grinding which soon increased to a roar that filled the canyon with its volume. I stood still, unable to move from very terror. My friends recognized the danger at once, for it was a snow-slide starting from somewhere near the summit; and as the sound of crunching rocks and breaking trees came nearer in the darkness, I could see the men by the faint flickering of the firelight, flatten themselves against the rocks and clutch at anything within reach. The fearful thing swooped out of the darkness right over them and plunged like a great white wave into the gorge below—hundreds of tons of snow and rocks and trees—hissing and shrieking and grinding. Then all was still save the gentle gurgle of the stream as it rose in mild protest against the obstruction in its course."

The Major's pipe had gone out, and he seemed to forget his surroundings in seeing once more the horrors of that night. Anxiously I awaited the end of his story. Presently he continued:

"Brownlow soon scrambled out from under a ledge that had saved his life, but poor old Duncan had disappeared. Next day, we found his body half a mile down the Porta, the caribou head that he had insisted on

packing back to camp, still bound to his shoulders."

"No wonder," I said, after a long silence, "that you had no heart for fishing in the Devil's Gorge to-day."

AN IDAHO ELK HUNT AND ITS SEQUEL.

By Paul G. Richmond.

HE who would have a narrative of hair-breadth escapes and deadly peril will not herein find his desire; for this is a plain tale by a plain hunter. Indians in their native wilds were met, it is true, and the elk and the huge brown bear of the western mountains were encountered; but while deadly peril did not enter into the experience to any great extent, that hunting trip has given food for reflection through several vacationless summers since.

One evening in September, I left Salt Lake City in company with Colonel P—— for a point in Idaho, away to the north, where my friend had made arrangements for a big-game hunt—my first and his annual. Though he was many years my senior we were still fast friends. A tie of common interest bound us—it was the bond of sportsmanship, stronger than any fraternal order, and next to the bond of blood.

He was tall, slender and stately, with white hair and closely-cut white beard. His decidedly military bearing had been acquired during the four years in which he was earning his title by fighting for the "lost cause." In 1865 he went with "Bragg's left wing" across the plains of Kansas and the deserts of Wyoming, to the mountain fastnesses of the Galatin Valley, near what is now the northwest corner of the Yellowstone Park. For twenty years, disappointment and grief had gnawed at his heart-strings, and as a surcease from sorrow he had each year taken a long

trip into the mountains for big game. We had met in Salt Lake City, and I loved the old warrior for the adventures he had passed; and he returned the feeling, doubtless, because of my interest in them. But be that as it may, he had arranged the hunt in every detail, so that I had no bother and no worry.

For several hours after daylight next morning, the little narrow-gauge cars were jerked and swung around the sharp curves among the towering black mountains, until, with a shriek from the engine, the train was slowed down and stopped at a switch some miles from the nearest station.

We alighted and found that our baggage was off ahead of us, for the baggage-car door was just closing with a bang. The bell clanged, the train moved on, and as it disappeared around a curve, we were indeed alone, I thought; but I was mistaken.

"Good morning, Colonel; you beat me a few minutes," a voice called out, as a young man emerged from the timber near by, riding one horse and leading another, while two more came trotting on behind.

"How d'y' do, Jack. I was wondering what had become of you," replied the Colonel.

Without another word, although they had not met for a year, Jack, who had been the Colonel's packer on four or five hunting trips, pitched into our baggage, and in a very few minutes had everything securely fastened on one of the pack horses. Mounting the horses that had been

provided for us, we were settled in camp soon after noon.

We were in the very heart of the Indian country, and soon had the pleasure of a visit from some of the native hunters. With many gesticulations and self-satisfied grunts, they told us of the number of elk skins they had in their camp. They were skin hunters, and were having a "heap big hunt"; and the valley in places was tracked by elk as if a drove of cattle had been over the ground.

We were in no hurry to begin our own hunting. My old friend cared nothing for deer or even elk, but he delighted in hunting big-horn sheep; for then he was on the mountain-tops, and after game worthy of even that old hunter's best efforts. But of all hunting, the mammoth brown bear, or grizzly, gave him the most delight. He had killed about thirty, and we slept under one of the finest silvertip robes that I ever saw.

The next day my companion and I took a stroll over the hills near by to see how plentiful the big-game signs were, and as I wanted to get a shot at an elk, Jack went in the opposite direction, also looking for elk. We heard his 45-70 roar and echo among the hills toward the middle of the afternoon, and when we returned to camp, he was ahead of us with the liver of a two-year-old elk, which he had killed half a mile from camp.

In the morning, Jack and I went up with one of the pack horses to bring in part of the meat. As there was no trail we went the straightest way, and it could not have been a harder. It was a side-hill route all the way, over logs and through tangled brush, young pines so thick that you could almost walk on them, and an occasional hidden boulder to scrape your shins against. Jack jokingly asked how I should like to come down that way some dark night, little dreaming — but I am getting ahead of my story.

With the accuracy for location of

the true mountain man, Jack went directly to the elk. It was a magnificent beast, and I stood admiring its dark, shiny skin and huge antlers while Jack was preparing to remove the skin.

"Look, a bear has been here! See where he stepped on this log, after pawing over the entrails," said Jack, pointing out the signs. "Reckon the meat was too fresh for him," Jack continued; "but he'll be back to-night. This'll be game for the Colonel, sure. We'll come and watch for mister bear. Wonder how the moon is to-night?"

After much hard work, we reached camp with the skin and one hind-quarter of the elk. The camp was quiet on our return; for the cook was asleep and the Colonel was stretched out on his bunk with a violent tooth-ache. He positively refused to be interested, so Jack and I planned to go without him. The moon was new, but gave enough light for us to find the carcass of the elk. We took up our watch six feet above the ground on a large, flat-topped rock, thirty yards below the elk. The moon set and then the darkness was so intense that I doubted if a white bear could be seen; but my eyes gradually became accustomed to it, and then, too, the stars came out brighter.

Several long dark and chilly hours passed, and despite the cold, I dropped asleep with my back against Jack. I was awakened by a sharp nudge from his elbow. By touch he directed my attention toward the elk. Not a sound could be heard; not a thing seen. He nudged me again. Then I felt, not saw, that one spot in the darkness was a little darker than the rest. Jack was cautiously bringing up his rifle, so I raised mine.

"When I touch you with my foot, shoot!" he whispered, his lips to my ear.

I could not see my rifle, but I could feel that it was pointed in the direction of the shadow. The signal came. Two lengths of flame shot forth and

lit up the trees for an instant, and two terrific reports burst out. A horde of roaring, bellowing maniacs suddenly turned loose, could not have made a more frightful racket than that which followed.

With one quick bound I was on the ground; the rifle was lost from my grasp, but I paused not. Roar followed roar, until one mighty bellow filled the air and lent wings to my feet. Onward I flew, down the side-hill route all the way, sailing over logs and through tangled brush as if they existed not; over the young pines so thick that you could almost walk on them. In thirty seconds, I was in camp holding my ears to keep out the awful sound that I thought was still pursuing me. I sat down by the tents while the sweat rolled off

my poor body in liquid streams. When I could breathe again, I crawled under a bear skin without arousing the Colonel.

It was fully an hour before I heard a slight commotion in the cook's tent, and then I knew that Jack had returned.

In the morning, my old friend smiled in spite of his swollen face, when Jack told the Colonel of my remarkable flight. Jack did even more than smile, for he guyed me unmercifully, and even suggested that I have the cook go with me as a body-guard, when I should go back for my rifle. I lived through it, however, and Jack confessed, when I bid him good-bye at the end of our hunt, that he himself had climbed a tree that night.

A DAY'S BROMBIE HUNT IN QUEENSLAND.

By Arthur C. Stevens.

ONE who has never enjoyed the sport cannot imagine how exciting is brombie hunting in far off northern Queensland. The brombie is the wild horse of Australia, like the mustang of our western prairies, and almost as great a nuisance to the colonists as is the detested rabbit. How these animals came there I never was able to discover, even from the oldest settler in that comparatively new district. From the little I was able to gather, however, I am of the opinion that they are the descendants of animals which have from time to time made their escape from down-country stations and have lapsed into a wild state.

There are various methods of hunting the brombie. Sometimes a party starts out armed with rifles, and as soon as they get within range of a herd, commence shooting them down without discrimination. But the more sensible and sportsmanlike way is for the hunters, who are always

mounted on the very best station hacks, to take with them three or four expert lassooers and either run down or rope the animals. The brombies generally roam the vast plains in bands of from ten to twelve, consisting for the most part of mares and colts and one patriarchal stallion, the pacha of the harem.

With these introductory remarks, it will be easier for my brother sportsmen to understand the following account of a day's brombie hunt, at which I assisted some years ago, and every incident of which is impressed on my memory in vivid colors. I was the guest of a Mr. McLean, a prince of good fellows as well as a thorough sportsman, in the northern part of Queensland, on the shores of the gulf of Carpentaria. I had been a guest at the station about a week, when one evening over our after-dinner pipes, the subject of brombie hunting was broached. As I was new there, most of the talk was Greek

to me, until my kind host, pitying my ignorance, came to my aid and explained matters, at the same time asking me if I would like to have a day's sport. Of course, I replied in the affirmative.

"Well, Steve," said he, "I hope you are a good rider, for I promise you, your horsemanship will be put to the test." He then went on to explain that on his run there was a herd of wild horses, consisting of six mares, three yearling colts and a magnificent cream-colored stallion with mane and tail almost black, which had done a lot of damage in various ways. McLean had determined to either capture or exterminate the whole family—preferably, of course, to capture them. As it happened, that evening three of the most expert lassooers in that part of the country arrived at the station, so it was determined to hold the hunt the next day.

It was quite early in the morning when we started across to the men's quarters, where we found our horses ready saddled, while the three lassooers, tall, slight, lithe young fellows typical Australians, every one, were waiting. Among the crowd was a black fellow, "Jackie," the best rough rider in that country of rough riders, and a most important personage. Without any unnecessary delay, we mounted and started for a vast plain about fifteen miles to the north of the station. When we reached the plain the sun was already commencing to make itself felt, and the magpies were welcoming its advent by piping their melodious notes. As my eyes accustomed themselves to the glare, I saw that we had emerged upon a vast plain about ten miles in width and extending without a break to the horizon. Directly in front of us, was a formation peculiarly Australian, a knoll or hummock rising abruptly about two hundred feet above the plain.

Up to this time we had been riding along carelessly, chatting and

beguiling the toilsome ride with song and story; but of a sudden, Jackie stopped and held up his hand, turning his head like a terrier at a rat-hole. At this signal there was a dead silence. Jackie slipped off his horse and disappeared into the dense scrub at the foot of the knoll, we in the meanwhile hardly daring to breathe for fear of scaring the brombies which we knew must be near. In a very short time Jackie reappeared, and saying a few words to McLean in that barbarous jargon which the blacks in Australia employ in communicating with their white brethren, signed to us to proceed cautiously around the knoll. At this juncture, McLean explained that he wished the cream-colored stallion captured alive if possible.

Turning a point of the knoll, we saw about fifty yards off standing well out in front with his small thoroughbred head erect, with flowing mane and tail that almost swept the earth, the most magnificent specimen of the equine race I have ever seen. Behind him stood the seven mares and the three yearling colts. We had barely time to take a good look at this magnificent brute, when he turned as if on a pivot and flew, rather than galloped, with his family at his heels and we following at the top of our horse's speed. Away we went, across the plain, the three lassooers spreading out so as to keep them from turning. We had gone about two miles at a breakneck pace directly across the scrub, when one of the lassooers, who was better mounted than the others, by great exertion managed to head the cream-color down the plain, and the other lassooers seeing this, cut him off and one of them managed to get a good cast at him, throwing the lasso over his head. Checked for a moment by the rope, another of the lassooers got a hold, and then commenced a grand struggle, which finally ended in the cream-color being thrown half-choked to the ground. In a moment, Jackie

had fastened on a bridle and girthed on a blanket as a substitute for a saddle.

Standing over the gasping animal, the black fellow signed to the lassuers to loosen their ropes, which was no sooner done than the horse was on his feet with the native on his back. When the stallion felt the unaccustomed weight on him, he bucked, he jumped, he kicked, he reared, lay down and rolled over, but do what he would, the black fellow was still there. Evidently thinking it fruitless to continue these tactics any longer, the

brombie started of on a run. We would have followed had not McLean told us that Jackie could take care of himself. The mares and colts were captured and led in triumph home.

After dinner, the sound of a horse's feet was heard, and on going out to the verandah, there was Jackie still astride the conquered cream-color. While two men led away the now submissive animal, Jackie was taken into the dining-room, presented with a sovereign and a complete suit of clothes and, as a crowning glory of all, a tall silk hat.

A NOVICE'S FIRST TURKEY HUNT.

By Moncure Burke.

THOUGH many of the small game birds had fallen to my gun, I had never been fortunate enough to kill a wild turkey. I had been out when others had shot them, but disappointment was my lot until one brown October day down in Virginia, last season.

We were hunting on horseback, my father and I, and our two dogs went scampering along ahead, delighted as any sportsman at the prospect of a hunt. We had gone several miles, father in the lead, and had just climbed a pine-covered ridge that ran down to the creek. When he was high enough to look over the ridge, he jumped hurriedly from his horse and ran down on the other side. I spurred my animal and galloped forward. As I neared the top of the hill, father's gun cracked twice, and I saw eight or ten turkeys fly away. Riding into the open, I saw him picking up a dead turkey which he had shot as the "gang" rose. He had killed another also, which fell on the opposite side of the creek.

The birds had been feeding in the stubble-field close to the ridge, and father got within range of them before they took alarm. As they had

not scattered, it was useless to make a blind and attempt to call them up, so we wasted no more time there, but struck off across country for another water-course.

While we were riding through some corn stubble Wade jumped a hare on the edge of the field. Contrary to dog ethics and his early training, the pointer made the dirt fly in his attempt to catch the cottontail, and as they were going down the corn row at locomotive speed, the hare turned down to the creek; the dog as suddenly wheeled and took off into the woods in an opposite direction. Soon we heard him barking, and this was followed by the flapping of heavy wings.

Examining the place where the dog had turned off, we found several turkey tracks. He had evidently struck this fresh trail while chasing the hare, and had at once left the latter to pursue the larger game. On going into the pines we found a number of tracks in the sand, crossing each other and pointing in various directions. The turkeys had probably been scattered by the dogs, and we decided to make our blinds as quickly as possible, for it was now three o'clock in the afternoon, and

they would probably try to get together before night.

I was given the choice of positions, so took a station close to where the "gang" was flushed, and near a low, thick cedar, on top of a ridge. Wade remained with me, for he was the older dog and knew how to behave himself in a blind. Father made a blind three hundred yards or so away. After waiting a while for things to quiet down, I commenced "yelping." I had been calling for about three-quarters of an hour, when a timid answer came from a thicket back of me. I had heard hunters "yelp" and had mastered the art fairly well; but yelping at home for practice and yelping in a blind with a turkey within seventy-five yards are different matters. The roof of my mouth was dry and my breath came quick and hard; I turned around, got my gun in position, and waited for these disturbances to subside somewhat. Old Wade was now trembling all over with excitement, and looked at me appealingly, as if expressing the hope that I would keep my wits about me and not blunder. There was a rustling of dry leaves, and the turkey stepped out of the thicket about thirty yards away. I raised my gun quickly and fired, then jumped out of the blind and ran down to the place.

There was my turkey. A hen, shot in the head and neck, and she was flopping around like a huge fish just taken. I danced around after her and succeeded in getting hold of her neck, which I clung to in spite of her claws, which tore the skin off my hands and some buttons from my coat. I was covered with blood, but that was all right; I had my first turkey, and I took her up to the blind, sat on her for safety, and then proceeded to congratulate myself.

After settling down to my normal condition, I repaired the blind, which had been somewhat injured in the excitement, and began calling again. In a short time an answer came

from some pines across the creek. This time it was not the soft voice of a hen, but the coarse "caw-caw-caw" of a gobbler. Then I knew that great care must be used, and I sucked the old turkey bone as if my life depended on it. He soon flew across the creek and lit in a cornfield about two hundred yards distant. Then he came strutting along, straight and proud, his burnished neck gleaming like polished bronze in the rays of the setting sun. He looked every inch a king of game birds, spurning the ground with his royal feet. I would call, and he would walk majestically ten or fifteen steps, then stop, hold up his head and answer.

In this way he traversed the cornfield, came on through the high broomstraw and open pines until he reached a broad gully about fifty yards from the blind. He hesitated, and I would not trust myself to call again for fear of making a blunder, so decided to try a long shot. Now was the time for a heavy cartridge. Slipping one of them into the left barrel, which was full-choke, I got down on both knees, rested the gun on a branch of the cedar, took careful aim at the neck of the turkey and pulled the trigger. The old gun roared and something like a sledgehammer hit me on the shoulder. Over I tumbled, backward, on top of the dog; he lifted up his voice and howled, and we scrambled around together, knocking the blind to pieces. Finally the gun, dog and myself got unmixed, and I hurried over to where I had last seen the turkey. I slid down into the gully and scratched up on the other side, getting dirt in the gun-barrels and smearing myself with red mud.

My aim had been true, for there lay my gobbler, a big, glossy fellow, stretched out dead in the grass. In a few minutes father came down from his blind, and said he reckoned I had made fuss enough to scare everything out of the woods, and that we had better go home.

TROUT FISHING IN THE RANGELEY LAKES.

By A. R. Rogers.

FOR years I have been an enthusiastic fisherman, and I have whipped streams and lakes in all parts of the country, enjoying fine fishing, as I thought in my ignorance.

But last spring at the Sportsmen's Exposition in New York, I saw some trout which had been brought from the Rangeley Lakes in Maine, and from that hour, my mind was filled with discontent.

Now, the trout has given rise to more "fish stories" than all other fish combined, and I will admit that I have taken many a trout that I thought was a "whopper," until my scales, which I knew could not lie, caused my pride to fall. So when I saw trout as large as blue fish, swimming around in the tank at the exposition, I immediately came to the conclusion that the glass was the prevaricator. A very good joke, I thought. Very clever indeed on the part of the management. But as for there being trout of that size—oh, no! ridiculous! However, when I realized that they were not magnified, I decided that the next summer

would find some of Maine's big fish and myself close companions.

When a man has a wife and children, and they all want to go fishing, too, it is a serious matter. However, after due consideration and much correspondence about hotels, doctor, drug store and candy shop, we settled on Rangeley, Maine, in which to spend the summer. After the usual preliminaries incident to such a trip, we were off for the northern woods where the big trout were waiting for our coming.

In the office of our hotel, was a list of the big fish taken early that season, showing the daily catches of trout and landlocked salmon. The weights ranged from three to ten pounds. That list was to me as a fly to a hungry trout; I snapped at it and devoured it at the first rise. Before night, I had hired a guide, a man who was also a

deacon in the church, village barber in the winter evenings, carpenter and painter by turns, and embalmer for his solemn friend, the undertaker.

The morning after my arrival—not early, for the fish, I was told,



MR. ROGERS WITH A STRING OF
RANGELEY TROUT.

were considerate and would not bite well before ten o'clock—I started out to try to catch some trout like those I had seen at the Sportsmen's Exposition.

"Marsh, how can I catch a big trout?" I inquired of my guide, with an emphasis on "big," as he pulled along the shore.

"Easy enough, sir," he answered, "if you keep your line wet this summer." Then he explained that the best fishing is just after the ice goes out in the spring, and the next best, the last two weeks in September, and that the poorest time is during July and August. As it was then the first week in July, this was of course very comforting to me, and an excellent excuse for him should I catch nothing but little fellows.

My thoughts were suddenly distracted by a strike. Visions of a five-pounder danced before me; but the net brought in a half-pound chub. My next strike was off an island, some two miles from shore, and this time I landed the first of several hundred trout that I took—and in most cases put back—from the Rangeley Lakes. This one did look big, but it only weighed a pound and a half. When Marsh asked if he should put it back, my exclamation of astonishment could have been heard a long distance. It was well that he did not return it to the water, for it was the largest fish I caught that day.

My first experience was rather a disappointment as far as big fish were concerned, but I persevered and learned all I could of their haunts. Finally I heard of a place where a fine haul could be made, and I offered to pilot a number of my friends to it, that they might enjoy the sport with me. A party of ten was made up to go to Lake Mooselookmeguntic, for that was the home of the big ones. An hour on a small steamer early in the morning, a short carry, and we were there. We had with us, for

luck, the minister of the town; and for ballast, a heavy-weight friend of mine from New Jersey. It was not our day, evidently, for the rain fell in torrents one hour, and the sun shone the next. Then, too, it must have been a holiday with the fish, for though we used every artifice we knew of, the day ended in failure—or I thought so, at least, though several members of the party were rather proud of their strings, the heaviest of their catch weighing two pounds.

Now, when I believe a thing, I do not give in very easily, and though I got some chaffing from the others, I insisted that it was a fine hole that we had been fishing; and to prove it, I determined to stay all night at a camp near by so that I could fish the place again next day, but the rest of the party went back to the hotel.

Next morning, I tried early fishing, and at four o'clock I was on the lake, but I had no success. The hours passed by without a strike. Two o'clock, and no fish; and only one hour more to stay. My reputation as a fisherman was crumbling under me, and the fragments would certainly be laughed away by my friends. I had almost given up hope, when my line went whizzing out, and I forgot my fatigue and disappointment. There was a rush toward the boat, and my reel sang the sweetest of music; a stop as though the fish was afraid to pull, a little coaxing on my part, a closer run to the boat, and then he broke. My nerves were all strained to their greatest tension. Now under the boat he went, then a dash, and as the line played out I feared the fish would never stop. But he did, and came rushing back, until my hand ached as I tried to reel as fast as he swam. He sulked again and again, but each time I carefully drew him closer and closer to me, until, exhausted, he came within reach of my long-handled net. How beautiful he was! Did one ever see a fish handsomer than a spotted, square-

tailed, Rangeley trout weighing three and one-half pounds? I think not.

This was surely my day, but a hard day with the trout, for I caught them — big ones, too — as fast as I could cast and reel them in. It was the acme of sport, and was heightened by the knowledge that my time was limited; for the wagon would soon be at the landing to take me to the steamer. When it came into sight, I reluctantly reeled in my line and pulled for the shore. So ended what

It is encouraging to sportsmen to know that fishing up there is getting better each season, larger fish are caught and more of them. This is due to the enforcement of the game laws, and since the Rangeley Lake Guides' Association has been organized, game and fish protection is receiving more attention than ever before.

The guide whom I employed proved to be one of the best I have ever known, and I fully appreciated his good qualities. Your sport depends



A. RANGELEY FISHING PARTY RETURNING WITH A SMALL CATCH.

proved to be the very best one-hour's catch in the Rangeley Lake region last summer. As I was alone in the boat, with no guide to help me, I felt all the prouder of my success.

Afterward, I caught larger trout, and saw some caught that weighed full eight and three-quarters pounds. They were not lake trout, but square-tailed brook trout. In the latter part of September, I saw thousands of them in the brooks and shallow bogs, getting ready to spawn.

largely upon the man you have for your guide, and often have I bemoaned a day spoiled by some would-be guide — a lazy one, or worse still, one too talkative.

We were not troubled by mosquitoes or black-flies, nor was the summer unpleasantly warm. We did no camping, but should one care to rough it, there are a dozen camps only a short distance from town, but still, on the lakes and in the wilderness.

A SNOWY DAY AROUND LAKE ITASCA.

By Rodney A. Rollins.

THROUGH the cold winter months of January and February, the northern sportsman is compelled to abide his soul in patience, for there is no shooting of any description that he may indulge in. Particularly is this true of the hunter fortunate enough to reside in Minnesota, for though he may "closely be mewed up" for two months, when his guns will shiver in their cases, most of the other months of the year are so satisfactory that he rather looks to midwinter as a time for recalling the pleasures of the season just past, in building pleasant fancies and in making preparations for the season to come. A successful outing grows more pleasant as time passes, for what you thought were hardships soon dwindle into mere inconveniences; while such trifles as blistered and aching feet, lame shoulders, and flesh chilled by piercing winds, are forgotten entirely. Even a stomach that almost cried aloud in sore distress on some particularly long tramp, is remembered as only a keen appetite, as you linger reflectively over your after-dinner coffee, and you wish you had it still.

But it is the duty of the historian to record the good and the bad alike; for the story of a hunting experience that told of success only would be but fiction.

My companion on my first hunt in northern Minnesota was Fred Pierson, a resident of the only state in the union blessed with twins—healthy, rollicking, fighting twins. He lived in the one known as St. Paul, while the writer belonged to Minneapolis. This did not interfere with our friendly relations, however, nor with our many hunts together. Though we had hunted all over the southern part of the state we had never been "up north." We had often dis-

cussed a prospective trip to that little lake called Itasca, away off in the north evergreen forests and tamarack swamps, the accredited source of the Mississippi, until some genius discovered that it is not.

We finally decided on this locality for a hunting trip, and left the railroad at Park Rapids a day before the close season expired, three years ago. Staying in town over night, we started early in the morning for a thirty-mile drive. It was cold, the wind was raw and penetrating, and the lumber wagon jolted and jumped and buffeted us unmercifully, as it carted us away from the last settlement up into the north woods toward Itasca. Previous arrangements having been made, we were snugly ensconced in the log-cabin of a settler, one Joel Harris, some hours after dark that night. The last few miles of the rough and tiresome journey had been made more cheerful by the wind's falling, and the gentle sifting of big feathery snowflakes through the trees. This was just what we wanted, and no complaint was heard, though the snow covered our clothing and blinded us, for it also covered the ground and moistened the noisy leaves on the oak ridges, where deer feed in the mornings.

The cabin had two stories, though the floor of the upper was only boards laid over the rafters. We slept upstairs, and at what seemed a most unholy hour a loose board under our bed, impelled by a broomstick from beneath, began to clatter in a way that was truly wakeful. "Time to be up. It'll be daylight before you're on the ridges," came the voice of our host. At breakfast, he said: "I'll go with you a little piece this morning to show you good country to work over. I expect a friend, an old hun-

ter, to-day, and if you like we'll all go out together to-morrow."

Three inches of snow had fallen, and our footsteps were noiseless, as we stumbled along the road for half a mile in the semi-darkness. It began to grow light as we left the road, and then we stumbled indeed, for our guide led us through a tamarack swamp and over rough ground to a small lake a mile from the road. Here he left us, saying:

"You had better hunt north. Remember you're east of the road, and if you get turned around, steer by your compass due west and you'll come out all right. Looks like more snow; there'll be no sun to-day, anyway."

It was then after sunrise, but dark and gloomy in the woods. We agreed to work around the lake, keeping to the higher ground and on northward, about two hundred yards apart. The country was broken by ridges and interspersed with marshes, then frozen over. After walking for an hour or so, I stopped to rest in a clump of willows by one of these marshes, and while sitting there the report of a gun from the other side, a quarter of a mile away, was heard; then two more shots. Standing at the edge of the willows, where a clear view could be had, I watched in that direction. Soon another shot came, this time across an arm of the marsh not further off than two hundred yards, and then I saw a large—they always look large—deer, a doe, bounding through the brush along the edge of the marsh grass. She would disappear in the brush and then show clearly again in some opening. She turned after passing a point opposite my position, swinging to the right, and I saw that the course would bring her within range. Watching an opening that she must pass, I stood in readiness, and as she bounded into view, I held just ahead and fired. She disappeared in the underbrush unhurt, for no blood was found on the snow. While still on the track, a great commotion to the rear

caused me to turn. Amid a clammering of tongues and smashing of bushes, three excited men broke into the opening where the deer was last seen.

"Hullo, there!" called out the foremost, "did you see that deer? Which way did it go? Was it hurt? Why, it ran within thirty yards of me and I missed it with both barrels!" and the mighty Nimrods went smashing through the brush again before I could speak. I mentally laid big odds on the deer.

Consulting my compass, it showed that my course had been nearly easterly instead of northerly; so I circled and hunted about the thickets and marshes toward the road. Finally, a signal came from far to the northward, and I was soon joined by Fred. He had seen nothing but a track or two and was willing to return to the cabin. The snow began to fall, and it came heavily for an hour, then almost stopped. But enough had fallen to cover all old tracks, so that when a little later we crossed a trail made by two deer, we knew that they had passed but a short time before. The trail led around a marsh and into a tamarack swamp; but we followed it, for it went toward the road.

The hunter who has not crossed a tamarack swamp when the ground is covered with freshly-fallen snow, has yet a new experience to undergo. The trees grow close together, and the roots spring out a foot or two above the water. There is no soil, though the fallen branches and an accumulation of mosses form a foundation that may be walked upon; but it is springy, and reminds one of the warning that the wicked walk in slippery places. Holes between the roots are numerous, and the unwary will sometimes try to sound the unknown depths with his foot. When the snow covers the moss so that the holes cannot be seen, you must be a gymnast to escape a wetting; for the only way to cross is to spring from tree to tree, alighting on the hummocks formed by the roots. How

deer can cross when their sharp hoofs would seem to penetrate at every step, cannot readily be understood.

I followed the trail, while Fred walked several rods to one side, but keeping me in view. It was slow trailing, and the swamp seemed endless; it became denser, and the branches grew lower, so that it was necessary to stoop low to see ahead even a hundred feet. From the uncertain winding of the trail it was plain that the deer felt satisfied of their safety, and had probably lain down. A few minutes later we found this to be true; for a stick snapped—the only alarm they gave—and a glimpse of vanishing forms told the story. On going to their beds in the snow and looking back, it was obvious that they had lain quietly watching my approach for several minutes before condescending to be alarmed.

We made a sorry procession, hunting our way out of the swamp, and when one is tired he grows careless. Down into icy water to the knee I went, and in making a desperate grab at a branch, my other leg followed, and I was saved from complete extermination by coming down astride a root. How wearily the miles drag out on a homeward tramp, when you are cold, tired and hungry. And how completely knocked out our feet and legs were the following morning; they actually creaked, and the only remedy at hand was some horse liniment which Joel kindly supplied.

Our host's friend had arrived as expected, and on the second morning we all started out together. Tracks were numerous, and Joel selected one that he said headed toward some high ridges where there were runways. Adams, his friend, was to guide Fred and me to the ridges and station us in good positions. The sun rose clearly, and the snow began to soften under its warmth, but neither the deer nor Joel appeared. We finally started to do some hunting on our own account.

As we walked over the low hills covered with hard-wood trees and evergreens, and skirted small marshes and penetrated dense thickets, we were surprised at the great abundance of small game. Sharptail grouse, often mistaken for the pinnated grouse, or prairie chickens, would rise in covies and flutter away with a continuous cackling, only to alight on the fir trees a few hundred yards away. They sought the topmost branches, and one bird would always perch on the slender point at the extreme top, which would bend and sway under his weight. Occasionally, we took a shot at one of these ambitious birds, and success with our heavy rifles gave a feeling of great satisfaction.

Ruffed grouse were frequently flushed, but singly, and usually from some thicket in a ravine. Sometimes we found a mark in the soft snow showing where one had buried itself—a peculiar habit they have—and when such a bird would suddenly rise with a fluttering only a few feet away, after recovering from the momentary start, one would wish for a setter and a shotgun. The ruffed grouse is a gamy bird under any conditions, no matter whether in the New England mountains, the forests of the North, or the hills of the middle states. The "fool hens" were amusing in their simplicity. Perched on the lower branches of the firs, they would twist their necks to watch us as we approached; but would not take flight unless we threw sticks at them. They were too tame for real sport. Along some of the little wild rice lakes, we managed to kill a number of mallards; but only enough to give variety to the table of our landlord.

About noon we found a lake surrounded by low hills, where several deer had been feeding that morning. The best grounds were on the west side of the lake, away from the cabin, and about three miles distant. Most of the snow had disappeared, so we

found our way back to the house, but we decided that should it snow again before our departure, we would be on the west bank of that lake by daylight.

Joel and Adams came in at dark with a small buck; and as it was snowing when they arrived, we prepared for a trip across the lake in the morning.

Six inches of light snow that a wind would scatter as thistledown, had fallen. It covered the trees, the fir and pine boughs were so loaded down that the slightest touch sent an avalanche about our heads and shoulders. We were treated to numerous snow baths on the way to the lake that morning, for it was early, and notwithstanding all the whiteness, we picked our way to the lake by the aid of compass and the light from a lantern. Joel had told us where to find his boat, and we were to row across the lake to save time and labor. We found the boat, and shoved out into the darkness, one rowing while the other held the compass.

Daylight was just breaking when we landed, and it was but a few moments until we were carefully peering about on the ridges where the deer would be feeding. I concluded to wait for a deer to come along, but Fred preferred to hunt his. He continued along the shore while I looked up a convenient log for a seat. Daylight came on rapidly. Stumps and logs that had made grotesque figures in the dim light, assumed natural shapes, and the red squirrels began to chatter and shake down the snow from the branches in their search for breakfast. Eagerly I looked over the ridges and along the edge of small thickets, expecting every instant that a deer might step into view. Impatient moments they were, for the deer would leave the locality early and travel to different grounds for the day.

Sharp and clear the report of Fred's rifle rang out. The squirrels stopped

their wild chatter for an instant, only to break into vicious scolding. Three more shots followed quickly. I shifted around on the log, cocked my rifle and waited. Several minutes passed, and I had almost given up seeing anything, when a deer bounded up a ravine and stopped with a snort on a ridge sixty or seventy yards away. He probably winded me just as he came out of the ravine. His head was high in the air, and he was apparently looking right at me, but the rising sun shone in his eyes and glistened on his smooth coat. I could even count the points of his horns. But this was all observed as the rifle was being slowly raised to position. How clearly the sight showed against his breast, and as the trigger was pulled, I knew that it was a center. At the shot, the buck turned and bounded over the ridge, but did not come into sight again. I found him lying just over the ridge, only a few rods from where he had been standing.

Signaling Fred, the answer came back that he also had been successful. In an hour or so we are again paddling across the lake, with two deer in the boat. The sunshine was warm and pleasant, and we paddled lazily, for time was no longer precious. The water was peaceful and calm, and we saw several flocks of belated ducks swimming along the wild rice near shore; but they were not alarmed by the near approach of the boat, seeming to realize that we had game enough. The landing was reached about noon, and after hanging the deer on a convenient tree, we followed our morning's trail back to the cabin, feeling that we were recompensed for lame muscles, creaking joints, and unholy hours of rising.

Our first hunt in the far North was more satisfactory than we had expected. We killed as much game as we cared for, enjoyed many long tramps among picturesque lakes, and returned to town healthy and contented.

YACHTS ASLEEP IN WINTER QUARTERS.

By Irving King.

THERE is something almost pathetic in the forlornness of a yacht laid up for the winter. All her beauty has departed and she looks pitiful and helpless. That trim and beautiful schooner which we saw last summer, with her bright sides dashing the spray from the blue waters of the Sound as she went slipping down toward Newport under her pyramid of white canvas, is now a dismal hulk, groaning like an old lady with the "rheumatics" as the swash of the waves makes her strain at her mooring hawsers. And that big steam yacht which took my lord, the millionaire, out beyond Sandy Hook every afternoon, that he might eat his dinner in coolness during the hot days of last summer, was stately and majestic then, the very embodiment of opulence and pride. Now, in her winter sleep down there in South Brooklyn, she is meek and

humble—not nearly so pompous and imposing in appearance as some of the old worn-out merchant steamers that are laid up in "Rotten Row" nearby. Those small racing

fleet, are like little children who have been sent to bed; and one feels a pitying desire to throw a heavy blanket over them to keep off the wintry blasts, for they look cold and cheerless.

All you whose hearts in summertime are filled with envy, at the sight of pleasure boats skimming over the

water, while it is as much as you can do to get ferry fare;—this is your time for revenge! Go and look at those same boats now and exult over them. Your ferryboat is still running, warmed by steam and possibly bright with a new coat of paint; but the yachts are forsaken, lonely, forlorn.

From spring to fall, the yacht serves its owner. It is a gentle, joyous thing of life when skies are light and favoring breezes blow, and carries him merrily from port to port. But in the winter, the yacht is helpless; the life is gone out of her, and the owner should

repay the service of the summer by making sure that the boat is well cared for through the cold weather, even if it were not to his own interest to do so. But it is, for if the yacht is properly laid up for the



Quisetta. Amorita.
TWO OLD RIVALS AT REST.



THE YACHT BASIN AT BAY RIDGE.

winter, it will cost less to put her in commission again in the spring. Then, too, a yacht will last much longer than she would if she were laid up in a shiftless and hap-hazard way.

It is only of late years that much attention has been given to the proper laying-up of yachts. They used to be scattered along the coast, generally near the homes of the sailing-masters. This practice still prevails to some extent, but the present tendency, among New York yachtsmen at least, is to gather the boats into basins specially provided for the purpose.

The three principal rendezvous about New York where yachts congregate for their winter's sleep, are at Bay Ridge, South Brooklyn and Erie Basin.

At Bay Ridge there are about one hundred yachts this winter, among them the steam-yacht *Stranger* and the sloops *Mira*, *Minerva*, *Raccoon* and *Eidolon*. Nearly all the boats at Erie Basin this winter are big steam yachts, and there may be found the *Atalanta*, *Nourmahal*, *Conqueror*, *Uto-wana*, *Columbia* and *Sovereign*. At

South Brooklyn, also, the yachts are nearly all big ones.

Up at City Island there is a row of famous yachts hauled out for the winter. Here lies the *Vigilant*, famous for her victory over Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie II.* for the America's cup in 1893. Next to her, and fairly rubbing against her neighbor's painted sides, though carefully covered with a huge blanket of canvas, lies the *Navahoe*, another racer of international reputation, the very memories of her many races on the other side of the ocean the same year against the *Britannia*, owned by the Prince of Wales, seeming to hover around her groaning mast. Further down in the row lies the *Colonia*, another cup-defender of the 1893 crop, but now rigged as a schooner; while next to her lie the *Quissetta* and the *Amorita*, two of the smaller schooners, whose intense rivalry in last season's races is but emphasized by their peaceful sleep of the winter, as they lie side by side on the ways.

The *Defender*, perhaps the most famous now of all our American racing yachts, tugs dismally at her anchorage in the icy waters of Long Island



Amoria. Quissetta. Colonia. Southern Cross. Navahoe. Vigilant.
A ROW OF FAMOUS YACHTS HAULED OUT FOR WINTER AT CITY ISLAND.



THE VIGILANT IN HER WINTER BERTH.

Sound. She floats again this winter, as she did last, at anchor off New Rochelle, Conn., near the home of her owner, C. Oliver Iselin. Her underwater body being of bronze, is not harmed by its winter immersion. In a small cove of the island Naushon, between Vineyard Sound and Buzzards Bay, the famous old cup-defender *Puritan* lies at anchor in her regular winter quarters, just below the stately home of her owner, J. Malcolm Forbes. The *Puritan* is hauled out once every two years, and as quickly as possible her bottom is overhauled and she is put back into the water again. While she is laid up for winter, she receives constant care and attention. Ice is not allowed to press against her hull, and her decks are kept clean of snow. She is kept dry inside, and well-aired; the result is that, though launched in 1885, she is still in excellent condition to-day.

Small wooden boats may be hauled out of the water for the winter without receiving any serious injury, though it is doubtless better to keep them in the water, if a suitable place be selected. But it is more or less injurious at any time to haul out a large wooden boat—decidedly so, if she is kept out all winter. Her

seams will open and have to be recaulked, and every recaulking is detrimental. James Gordon Bennett used to have very decided ideas about large wooden boats. One spring his friends tried to persuade him to have the *Dauntless* hauled out and her seams caulked, as they were gaping wide open. He refused, however, and the first time he went out in her, she nearly sank. He would not give in though, and after a while her planks swelled up, and the seams closed of themselves.

In the basins about New York, there are two systems of laying up yachts. At Bay Ridge the yacht is entirely turned over to the custody and care of the owner of the basin, who has her stripped, and all her light spars and fittings are numbered and put into lockers in a house ashore. A small rental is charged for the use of the lockers, but the owner of the basin is responsible for the things taken ashore and also for the condition of the yacht the next spring. At South Brooklyn and at Erie Basin, the owners have ship keepers of their own on board to look after the welfare of the vessels through the months of ice and cold. For a big steam yacht, a sailing master, chief engin-



THE SOVEREIGN STRIPPED AND OUT OF COMMISSION.

eer and at least two men are generally retained through the winter. The cost of putting a yacht into proper condition for the winter is about two weeks' wages of the crew; for a big steam yacht this would amount to about \$500. While she is laid up, a dockage of about fifteen cents a foot is usually charged by the owner of the basin.

Before a boat of iron or steel is laid up for the winter, she should be hauled out and her bottom thoroughly cleaned. A steel or iron yacht ought to be hauled out once every three months anyway, and always before she is laid up for the winter. Unfortunately for both owner and yacht, this is not always done. In a year the "bloom,"—that is, the smooth polished surface, given by the rollers at the foundry,—comes off the metal plates; then the bottom should be treated with cement paint before the boat goes into winter quarters. This prevents "pitting" and forms a smooth surface. In preparing the deck for the winter, it used to be the custom to give it a coat of varnish, but white paint has been found to answer fully as well.

Sails and light spars should be removed from all boats to a safe place

on shore; the standing rigging should be tightened up; the decks varnished or painted, the bilges cleaned, the masts "slushed" down, the brass work covered with some suitable compound, and the inside of the vessel thoroughly scoured. If it is a steam yacht, the machinery should be disconnected, cleaned and treated with some preparation to protect it from the corrosive action of the atmosphere. The proper cleaning of the bilges is one of the most important things to be considered in keeping a yacht in good condition. Before she is laid up, the bilges should be scoured as clean as the cabin.

While a boat is in winter quarters, its decks should be kept free from snow, and on dry and pleasant days the hatches removed and the doors opened for a good airing. Above all things, the yacht should be kept clean while she is laid up. Ten days should be devoted to preparing a yacht for the winter, and a month to putting a boat of any size into commission in the spring.

The sleep of all these yachts is not without dreams to soothe them, however, and there can be no sweeter lullaby to the tired boat than that which tells of her former exploits.

In an old English legend, a tired hound sleeping by the fire in its master's great hall, is suddenly endowed with speech, and says to the master of the hunt: "Though I am a dog, don't I dream?" So to the yachts, helpless in winter quarters, the rushing winds and the winter waves form themselves into a sleep-song which the boats would seem to comprehend.

Standing on the snow-covered deck

up the Sound, joins in a song of praise; for her last effort not only beat *Valkyrie III.*, but confuted the erratic suspicions of Lord Dunraven. Their song is one of sweetest praise, and with that lullaby she sleeps well. Then there is the *Navahoe*. The winds whisper to her something of her great race from the Needles to the Cherbourg Breakwater and back again, against the Prince of Wales' *Britannia*.



Sagamore.

Atalanta.

Conqueror.

Corsair.

Utowana.

A ROW OF MILLIONAIRES' STEAM YACHTS IN WINTER QUARTERS.

of the *Puritan*, as the good boat strains at her anchor, you can almost hear the faint echo of the shouts of victory which greeted her great triumph over the *Genesta*, the best boat of her time that England ever sent for the unattainable America's Cup. To the *Defender*, looking like an abandoned hulk in the cove near New Rochelle, every breeze that sweeps by and every wave that rolls

The wintry storms blow by and the icy waves surge past, and as the big yachts creak and groan at their moorings, like racing horses chafing at the bit that holds them back, one can almost see how anxious they are to hear the starting gun once more; but the wind and the waves whisper soothingly: "Softly, softly! The spring will come again. Your winter rest is well earned."

HUNTING DEER IN THE GAULEY MOUNTAINS

By Frank S. Farquhar.



"**H**I, THERE! You alls come on. Bycracky! It'll be high noon afore yere city folks er ready to go to Camp Gauley!" was the impatient exclamation of old Herman Sharp, one frosty morning last November.

We were on our way for a few days' hunting in the wilds of the Gauley Mountains, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, and had tarried for a short breathing spell at the mountain home of the best-known guide and hunter of the Elk River country. We wanted to secure his valuable services, for without a guide we should have no hope for success. Old Herman, as he was called by every one about his home, was a born hunter. He had been a hunter from infancy almost, and had hunted all his life, and he declared that he would die a-hunting.

As we started, there were four in the party: my companion and I, and old Herman and Sam, a friend of his. Each carried a pack on his back that would have done credit to a Rocky Mountain burro. The guide took the lead, and in single file the trip of three miles commenced. Through gloomy ravines, overhung by the black branches of great pines and gaunt limbs of silvery birches; up a steep and narrow path for a mile, to a maze of fallen timber; winding in and out among briar patches; stumbling and falling, and occasionally receiving an ungentle slap from a limb, until weary and with aching shoulders we made camp after four hours of hard drudgery.

"Well, b'ys, I smell deer in th' air 'round here," said old Herman, knowingly, as we dumped our baggage down at the cabin door.

"'Nd b'ys," said Sam, with a slight twang of baby English that is peculiar to these mountains; "I seed two deer tracks across the path as I cum down; I believe 'em woods is fool of 'em."

Picking up a handful of leaves and letting them fall to indicate the direction of the wind, old Herman jumped with glee, as he said:

"Everything's in our favor, 'nd we'll go round the p'int of yon' ridge fer a drive this er afternoon; so put yer clothes in er cabin, make dinner and we'll be off, so's we can er get back to-night."

Every one was in a bustle of excitement. A roaring fire was made and dinner cooked, and while we sat around a table of cedar boughs in Indian fashion, another hunter, Hugh Sharp, approached. He had heard of our departure, and loading himself with provisions, had followed at once.

"By golly, b'ys, thar er a powerful lot o' deer in these 'ere woods, if 'm tracks I seed foretells anything," he said, by way of introducing himself.

Our party filed out of camp shortly after noon, through briars and brambles to a thread-like path that led to the edge of the forest. Herman took the lead while I brought up the rear. Not a word was spoken above a whisper, for this had been agreed upon before starting. On, on, tramped the guide, through the dark shadows to—nobody but himself knew where. Down, up, across, around, dodging this and that, but with a watchful eye on either side to detect any animal life the woods might contain. The wind had ceased to roar on the mountain-tops, and

the stillness was intense and oppressive. The limbs of leafless trees looked grim and gaunt, and the green of the laurel, the ferns and the mosses as dark and gloomy. Even the blue jay, usually the harbinger of man's presence in the woods, was absent, or perhaps struck dumb with curiosity at the sight of such a brave array of hunters.

Up, up we climbed, through bog and morass made here and there by a spring. Finally, we were made

ment of good nature. His face beamed with smiles as he went along with the elasticity of youth in every motion. Sam was as grave and alert as an Indian, and it was only after bringing down a buck, we learned later, that he would give way to his feelings. Hugh, our uninvited guest, had an individuality of his own, and he knew the woods and could travel as easily without a trail or compass as the wild denizens thereof. He carried the hind-quarter of a sheep on



OUR CAMP IN THE GAULEY MOUNTAINS.

glad by the guide's stopping long enough to say that game signs were plentiful, and I then saw tracks every few rods, where the deer had crossed the path. On, went old Herman at a rapid pace, unmindful of the groans of two city-bred fellows following in the rear, with heavy shotguns on their backs, sweating and blowing as they used to do in the harvest field in their boyhood days. Old Herman was the embodi-

ment of good nature. His face beamed with smiles as he went along with the elasticity of youth in every motion. Sam was as grave and alert as an Indian, and it was only after bringing down a buck, we learned later, that he would give way to his feelings. Hugh, our uninvited guest, had an individuality of his own, and he knew the woods and could travel as easily without a trail or compass as the wild denizens thereof. He carried the hind-quarter of a sheep on

“Well, b'ys, if I'm ter boss this

'ere gang, I mout as well commence fust as last," said old Herman, cheerfully. "The deer'll be down in er hollers terday near er laurel patches. Hugh, yer and Sam go round er pint to th' bottom of er hill and drive up er deer, an' we'll take stan's in er low places, on er main ridge an' down er sides."

As everybody was of one mind as to the authority of the "boss," it was not long before we reached our appointed places.

These natives hunt systematically. They know the habits of the game, and can tell from the conditions of the weather where deer are likely to be found. If the day is warm and dry, deer seek the lowlands to feed, but if the bed of the forest is wet from recent rains, they browse on the sunny sides of the hills. If rainy and foggy, they are likely to be on the move and restless, for they seem to be apprehensive of danger when rain is falling, and they are always on the alert. When snow is on the ground, they take to cover under the big pines near the tops of the mountains, where the leaves of the briers remain green all winter. Still-hunting is the method followed when it is wet, and "drives" are made when the fallen leaves are dry and noisy. Ours was to be a drive.

I was stationed in an opening near the top of the ridge, about one hundred and fifty yards from the bear trap; my friend was a quarter of a mile away, and old Herman took his position further down the hill, nearly a mile from me. This was my first

deer hunt. To a man not used to the woods, a position on a "stand" is a trying one.

Stillness settled over the forest, and I stood trembling with nervous excitement, waiting for anything that might come along to be killed. The silence was first broken by a blue jay that came spluttering by, and on detecting me it sent up a shrill note of alarm. Soon a woodpecker lit on the opposite side of a tree, thumping away for a few seconds with a plunking noise; then as it moved around and discovered me it instantly took flight with a mighty screech. Then came the creeping noise of a ground

mouse, as it burrowed under the leaves in search of food. While on the march there were no sound except the tread of our feet, as we broke the dry branches and rustled the dead leaves, now it was very different; the hunter was quiet and everything else seemed to be in motion. The time dragged slowly, and as I was about to fall into a state of suspended animation, the report of



OLD HERMAN SHARP, OUR GUIDE.

a rifle rang out through the woods, only to lose itself in echo among the distant hills.

My nerves began to steady themselves, for I expected to hear the "who! who!" that would call me off the stand. Bang! bang! went the rifle again, away down the mountain side, and the report died away in the distance. A noise in a birch thicket about one hundred yards away attracted my attention, followed almost at the same instant by a swish, as a doe sailed by as un-

concerned as if I was a stump. I had the "buckfever" or something-else, and did not raise my gun until the doe was out of range.

"Who! who!" came dimly up from the vale below, soon after. Old Herman had killed one deer and wounded another that was following it, and as we reached the old guide's post, he ordered us to new positions to help kill the wounded deer, which had secreted itself in a laurel patch. The thicket was surrounded, and a few minutes later the bang! bang! bang! told that the game had been killed, and the fusilade was soon over. Then the whole crowd was whooping and yelling over the victory.

Hugh sat down on a log, and lighting his pipe, calmly took in the situation amid curls of smoke. "Ah! we'll have roast liver fer supper," he gurgled. Herman came up with his deer on his back, and Sam proceeded to disembowel the game. Amid ejaculations brought forth by his enthusiasm and glee over the result of the hunt, Sam told how it all came about, and old Herman sang the melodies of his youth among the West Virginia hills.

Such childish pleasure can exist only among such simple folk. They have an inborn sense of gratitude and honesty that makes their company a pleasure even to the most fastidious of natures. They hold joy and pleasure as one of the fundamental and important principles of life, and if unsuccessful in any pursuit, they never lose hope. If successful when hunting, they share their joy with

others and endeavor to make those around them as happy as themselves.

As the day was far gone, and five miles of hill-climbing lay between us and camp, we spent the night in a deserted hunter's cabin near by. Venison, with corn bread brought by Hugh, constituted the bill of fare for supper and breakfast. A few days of hunter's life brings an appetite that stops at nothing. The camp was miserable; our bed was the ground, and cedar boughs our pillows. A roaring fire was kept up in a large open fire-place all night, around which we sat until late, the natives spinning hunting yarns of

former days, brought to memory by the wail of a panther or wild cat as it scented the venison. The next morning was spent in another drive, and carrying the deer to camp. The drive was unsuccessful, for shooting so late the previous afternoon had driven the deer to other points in the mountains, and it was too early for them to get back. It was noon when we reached camp.

The most exciting incident of the whole trip occurred after we had returned to the valley. The next morning we started out to take a few pictures. We carried an eight-by-ten camera and our guns, though the latter were not loaded. We were going down the river flat, when we saw two deer in a small meadow. They were feeding, and paid no attention to us, though we were talking and laughing. We did not see the deer until we were near a little creek within seventy yards of them; then we dropped down into the water.



ONE OF OUR GAULEY DEER.

My companion crawled up the creek a few paces and looked over the bank. The deer did not see him, and he raised up and fired at the largest, which ran a short distance and fell dead. I immediately took a snapshot at the smaller one, which was fleeing rapidly toward a laurel thicket. It fell, but was only crippled, and jumped up and ran into the thicket. My friend ran around the bush and brought it down by another load of buckshot.

I left for town the next week, but my friend remained another week and succeeded in getting two more deer.

There is one feature connected with hunting deer in West Virginia which is of particular interest. The law prohibits hounding, but notwithstanding this, hunters often pay the natives handsome sums to have deer driven to the streams, where they are easily killed. I was told of one

instance where a hunter paid twenty dollars to have a deer chased to him. Any man who hunts deer for sport will deprecate such violations of the law, and they should not hesitate to expose the miscreants whenever possible. Many of the natives will not hunt deer with hounds, and have been known to poison dogs that chase deer. They protect game because it is to their interest to do so; but sportsmen ought to preserve it for better and higher reasons.

The Gauley Mountains not only abound in game, but the streams are full of gamy fish. To the lover of the rod, few places can equal it, for the trout are in such numbers that a fisherman can have as good sport as any reasonable man could ask for. A friend of mine succeeded in hooking seventeen in a short time one day, the largest measuring seventeen inches.



OLD HERMAN ACTING AS FERRY-BOAT.



OUR CASH PRIZE AWARDS IN CLASS I.

FIRST PRIZE (\$40 in gold):—Mr. Allen Grant, Sing Sing, N. Y., for his picture, "A Snap Shot in the Winter Woods," which is reproduced on the next page.

SECOND PRIZE (\$25 in gold):—Mr. W. H. Moss, Toronto, Canada, for his snow scene, "Almost Snowed Under," which is also reproduced on another page of this department.

THIRD PRIZE (\$10 in gold):—Dr. J. W. Anderson, Washington, D. C., for his picture, "Shoveling the Back-yard Walk," reproduced on page 424.

MESSRS. CHARLES W. CANFIELD, Secretary of the Camera Club of New York ; August A. Goubert, President of the Brooklyn Academy of Photography, and Harry S. Watson, the well-known artist in sports, who compose the prize jury selected by **THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE** to decide upon the relative merits of the amateur photographs submitted in our competition, held a meeting early last month, and after careful consideration of the large number of prints submitted, awarded the three cash prizes as shown above. Five of the other pictures were particularly commended by the judges, and were accorded honorable mentions, as follows:

FIRST MENTION:—Mr. G. R. Mosle, New York, for his picture, "Down the Toboggan Slide," reproduced on page 339 of our January number.

SECOND MENTION:—Dr. William A. Valentine, New York, for his negative of "Water Fowl in Central Park," which will be found on another page of this department.

THIRD MENTION:—Mr. Boyd C. Packer, Lock Haven, Pa., for his photograph of "A Hunter's Winter Camp in Colorado," shown on page 340 of our January number.

FOURTH MENTION:—Mr. George W. Paul, New York, for his snap-shot, "Hunting Muskrats on a Frozen Meadow."

FIFTH MENTION:—Mr. W. L. Wakeman, Batavia, N. Y., for his cloud view, entitled, "The Approaching Snow Squall."

Among the other competitors in the first class, whose photographs were considered commendable, though in a lesser way, were J. G. Stoerr, Louisville, Ky.; Verson M. Boothby, Smyrna, N. Y.; James G. McCurdy, Port Townsend, Wash.; Perry Marks, Bayonne, N. J.; Dr. Luther Michael, Ferndale, Calif.; L. D. Brainard, Sherburne, N. Y.;



First Prize Picture.

CLASS I. — A SNAP SHOT IN THE WINTER WOODS.

BY ALLEN GRANT.

(Exposure: One-twenty-fifth of a second, in bright sunlight.)

Miss Florence Bradley, Orange, N. J.; William H. Dodge, Lowell, Mass.; W. C. Nichols, Buffalo, N. Y., and Thomas C. Turner, New York.

The photographic editor takes great pleasure in congratulating the fortunate competitors whose prizes and honorable mentions are enumerated above, and he hopes that their success in the future at photographic work, may be as marked as in our competition. They will all be welcomed as competitors in the future classes, and we hope to see more of their work. Entries for the second class (specifications for which are shown on another page of this department) close on March 8, and entries for this, as well as either of the other classes, will be welcomed at any time.

In awarding the prizes in the first class, the judges had to take into consideration a number of points, including the technical skill shown by the photographer in selecting the subject, making the exposure, developing the negative, and making the print; as well as the final result shown. Sporting scenes were, of course, preferred, but as will be seen from the awards, only one of the three prize-winners shows sport in any form, although three of the five pictures awarded honorable mention come under this head. Mr. Mosle's toboggan slide photograph was considered particularly clever by the judges, both as to subject and exposure, but the technical work—the development of the negative and the printing—was too poor to accord it a place among the prize-winners. Mr. Packer's hunting scene was so evidently posed for, that it detracted considerably from its value, while the print of Mr. Paul's muskrat expedition was so badly made that the negative received very unjust treatment, the judges think. The snow scene submitted by Mr. Wakeman appeared to be only a picture of clouds, rather than a winter scene, and although it showed clever handling of the subject, the detail in the landscape hardly warranted its receiving a higher award.

One very attractive entry was received from Mr. W. C. Nichols, of Buffalo, N. Y., entitled, "Oh, What a Snap!" This showed a hunting scene so interesting that it would certainly have received some mention, had it not been for the too evident fact that it was

posed for, and even then found to be technically quite inaccurate. The photograph, which will probably be reproduced in a later number of *THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE*, shows a hunter aiming across a frozen brook at a wild turkey standing in the snow. But the hunter, with a modern gun and a modern sight, carried slung over his shoulder an ancient shot-pouch and an even more ancient powder-horn, neither of which could have been of the slightest service to the weapon he was aiming. The failure of this otherwise clever picture to win a prize, points a moral to future competitors. Photographs submitted for our prizes, particularly hunting scenes, should be technically accurate, and if it is necessary to have a subject posed or arranged, great care should be taken that the subjects do not look at the camera, or the scene appear to be "fixed" in any way.

For technical criticism of the prize-winning photographs, all those interested should read the "Professor's" comments which follow.



Second Prize Picture.

CLASS I. — ALMOST SNOWED UNDER.

By W. H. MOSS.

(Exposure: one-forty-fifth of a second on bright day.)

CRITICAL COMMENT ON THE PRIZE PICTURES.

By "Professor."

THE three photographs selected by the judges as worthy of the prizes offered by *THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE*, have much to commend them, and from a careful consideration of their points of merit and weakness, no little information may be gained. Our readers will remember that we have been urging intending competitors, and, indeed, all who desire to produce really good pictures of winter scenery, to avoid undue density. The photographic process

has, it is true, been termed a black-and-white method, but there lies between black and white every gradation, and photography can be made to depict the middle tones with considerable accuracy.

The picture by Allen Grant, which received the first prize, is the only one of the three prize-pictures in which an effort has been made to carry out the real spirit that prompted the publishers of this magazine to offer the awards. Photography applied to



Third Prize Picture.

CLASS I.—SHOVELING THE BACK-YARD WALK.

BY DR. JOSEPH W. ANDERSON.

(Exposure : Five seconds, in weak afternoon light.)

sport offers unlimited possibilities, and it is the desire of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE to extend the application of the camera in this direction so far as it lies in their power. While all photographs made out of doors and showing the season of the year were eligible in the first class, it was pointed out that illustrating outdoor sports were particularly desirable.

Allen Grant's picture carries out the idea fairly well. A figure, warmly wrapped, concealed behind a protecting rock and taking a shot at some passing game, was photographed in action. The print is warm-toned, almost sepia, and was very carefully made, bringing out all that was worth preserving in the negative. The foreground is well broken with foot-prints and shadows of tree-trunks, and the snow looks like snow, and not, as in the case with some of the pictures sent in, a mere expanse of white paper. The detail in the shadows—the tree-trunks and rocks—is well preserved, showing that nearly sufficient exposure had been given, and that the developer had been so modified as to produce

detail in the shadows before the high lights—snow, smoke and sky—had been over-developed. The figure, it is true, is a mere silhouette against the white background, but this seems to have been unavoidable under the circumstances. The whole subject is well conceived and in keeping with the terms of the competition, while the details attendant on the production of the picture have been well carried out. Probably a slightly longer exposure and a trifle less alkali in the developer would have resulted in more detail in the figure and a little less general softness. The photograph strikes me as being one in which the negative was slightly under-exposed, and in which an effort was made during development to counteract such under-exposure and keep down the contrast while forcing the development to bring out the detail. It must be remembered that the picture was necessarily an instantaneous one; we are told that it was made in 1-25 of a second. But instantaneous pictures need not be made with a small diaphragm in the lens, and in this case a larger diaphragm would, if the lens possessed sufficient covering power, have had a beneficial effect.

Apart from this silhouette figure and a super-softness in the high lights, we see no reason for finding fault with Mr. Grant's picture. Its strong points lie in the selection of subject, in the action shown, and in the careful development of the negative and the pleasing print produced therefrom.

In the picture by W. H. Moss, to which the judges have awarded the second prize, I regret that I cannot find so much to commend. The motive of the picture is hardly apparent, unless it lies in the foreground, to which everything else has been sacrificed. Here again we have a case of under-exposure, but in this picture the development of the negative was normal and stopped when the snowy foreground had been fully brought out. As a consequence, the shadows are mere black patches. This exposure was made at 4 p. m., in one-fourth of a second, and though a comparatively large diaphragm was used, the picture would have been better for a little longer exposure. As there was no necessity for haste, details in the shadows might easily have been obtained. It may be urged, that I am harping

too much on the subject of detail in the shadows, but the point I am trying to make is, that there is no room in this class of photographs for absolute blackness, and that such blackness always detracts from the merits of the picture. The treatment of the snow in this picture is admirable; the weak points are the absence of life and action and the sacrifice of shadows to high lights.

In the third prize-picture, by Dr. Joseph W. Anderson, we find an exposition of the various points we have tried to emphasize. Here we find the reverse of the previous pictures; the high lights are sacrificed to the shadows. It is an every-day subject—shoveling snow—yet one which offers much scope to the photographer. The sky and snow in the picture are absolutely white paper. Now, snow is whiter than the sky ever is, and hence, in developing for detail in the palings and houses, the high lights were evidently hopelessly over-developed. Again, the employment of less reducing agent in the developer, and the addition of more alkali, would have resulted in all the detail in the shadows being obtained, while the high lights would not have been so dense as to yield absolutely white paper. I cannot refrain from alluding to the artificial appearance of the snow on the hat and coat of the figure. The hat bears the appear-

ance of having been left out all night, and the dab of snow on the shoulder indicates that little really active work had been done; certainly not sufficient to dislodge this carefully-adjusted burden. A heap of snow under the tree, and a more generally broken foreground would have improved matters.

The last two pictures are object lessons in winter photography; in the first, all has been sacrificed to the snow, and in the other the snow has been neglected for the palings.

PHOTOGRAPHY for Amateurs will be made a special feature of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE during the coming year. In this department will be printed from time to time during 1897, not only selected pictures submitted for the cash prizes offered below, but also interesting and instructive articles on amateur photography and photographic societies. Our *Professor's* "Notes from the Dark-room" will also be continued as a regular feature of this department. The second volume of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE begins with our April number, and as a special inducement to those who subscribe at once, we will send this and our March number free. See our *special offer* on page CII.

RULES AND CONDITIONS OF THE COMPETITION.

THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS in gold have been offered by THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE for the best amateur photographs submitted. The competition is divided into four classes, and the prizes for the first, Winter Scenes, are awarded in this issue. The specifications for the others are as follows:

CLASS II. Flashlight Interiors and Groups. Prizes: Forty dollars in gold for the best photograph; twenty-five dollars in gold for the second best, and ten dollars in gold for the third. This class is intended to include all negatives made by flashlight or any other form of artificial light. While interiors and picturesque portraits and groups seem most appropriate for this class, its limits are drawn to exclude only photographs made by sunlight—all others are eligible. Entries will close March 8.

CLASS III. Hunting, Fishing and Camping. Prizes: Forty dollars in gold for the best photograph; twenty-five dollars in gold for the second best, and ten dollars in gold for the third. In this class are wanted pictures of general interest to sportsmen of the rod and gun. Views of hunters or fishermen with the "tools of their trade" in

hand; of their camps in the woods; of their favorite haunts; of their game;—in short, any photograph that appeals directly to the hunter, the fisherman or the camper. Entries will close June 1. The prize-winning photographs will appear in our July issue.

CLASS IV. Competitive Sports. Prizes: Forty dollars in gold for the best photograph; twenty-five dollars in gold for the second best, and ten dollars in gold for the third. For these prizes are eligible all photographs taken of sports on the track, in the field or on the water. Instantaneous or time exposures of racing—by men, horses, yachts or bicycles; of field sports in progress—baseball, football, cricket, lawn tennis, golf—all are within the limits of this class. Entries will close September 1, and the prizes will be announced in our October issue.

A few general rules for this competition are necessary: (1) All competitors must be amateur photographers, and must prove their standing, if called upon, before they receive any prizes awarded to them. (2) Only finished prints (though not necessarily mounted) will be considered;—no negatives, blue prints or untuned proofs should be sent in. (3) Details of subject and exposure (date, place, subject, condition of light and length of exposure) must be furnished in each case, with the full name and address of the photographer. (4) The right to reproduce and print in THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE all photographs entered in the competition must go with the prints, and the exclusive copyright on those to which prizes are awarded.

Photographs may be entered in advance for any of the classes, but it should be distinctly stated if they are intended for any other than the class which closes next. A competitor may enter as many prints in each class as desired, but we cannot undertake to return photographs. No entrance fee will be charged and no other conditions than those stated here must be complied with.

Photographs and communications regarding this competition should be addressed to the

PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR, THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, 377 and 379 Broadway, New York.

NOTES FROM THE DARK-ROOM

THE next competition held under the auspices of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE embraces pictures made by flash-light, and intending competitors should bear in mind the points indicated in our criticism of the snow pictures. Avoid harshness and undue density, caused by under-exposure and the use of too little alkali in the developer.

* *

In flash-light work the smoke from the powder soon becomes a nuisance, and after two or three flashes good results are impossible. This is remedied in the new flash-sheets mentioned in the January issue. In these every grain of powder is efficient, so that the smallest possible quantity is used to produce a given illumination.

* *

Unless a subject possesses some points of interest, it is not worth while to waste a plate on it. This may seem an unnecessary statement, but many thousands of plates are thrown away yearly on subjects absolutely devoid of interest.

The films used in the various forms of instruments for displaying animated photographs are $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide and from 50 to 150 feet in length. They must be free from all defects, and it is quite likely that the amateur photographer will have really perfect films supplied to him in the near future.

* *

In spite of serious accidents, due largely to carelessness, acetylene gas as an illuminant is gaining favor. In England several firms are advertising optical lanterns in which the lime light is replaced by a triple acetylene burner, and the use of this gas in portraiture has been successful.

* *

The use of the electric light in the portrait studio is giving great satisfaction, when an arc light of about 5,000 candle power is employed. One of the principal New York galleries has recently put in this form of illumination and will probably use it exclusively.

* *

When making lantern slides it will be found advantageous to place a pad between the lantern plate and the back of the print-



CLASS I. AFTER A SNOW STORM IN THE PARK.

By W. H. MOSS.

(Exposure: One second, under dull sky.)



Second Honorable Mention.

CLASS I.—WATERFOWL IN CENTRAL PARK.

BY DR. W. A. VALENTINE.

(Exposure: One-quarter of a second, in bright sunlight.)

ing frame. This, in addition to securing better contact between the plate and the negative, prevents the plate from slipping and is a security against the light penetrating through the back-board at the joint.

* *

A good, dull black varnish for the inside of holders, cameras and lenses may be made by dissolving gum sandarac in alcohol, and adding lampblack. This dries without gloss and is applied with a brush.

* *

The latest "cyclist photo" is the photograph of a bicycle wheel, in the center of which is a vignettted photograph of the subject.

* *

It was through an error that the picture printed on page 258 of our Christmas Number, and entitled "After a Snowstorm in the Mountains," was credited to Mr. J. L. Foster. The photograph, which was entered in the first class of our prize competition for amateurs, was the work of Mr. and Mrs. Macfarlane Anderson. It was taken in the

mountains near Northport, Washington, about a year ago.

* *

To reduce an over-dense portion of a negative, rub it gently with a tuft of cotton charged with finely powdered pumice, moistened with alcohol.

* *

The bas-relief photographs, deservedly becoming popular, are made by cutting out a wooden block to conform with the undulations of the figure, making from this a corresponding impression in sponge rubber, and pressing the mounted print between the two.

* *

The subject of portraiture outside of the studio is receiving much attention. There is no good reason why really excellent work should not be done outdoors. We should be glad to receive from our readers specimens of outdoor portraiture for comment.

* *

Considerable space has been devoted in photographic journals to a discussion of the various brands of orthochromatic plates. Ordinary plates may be orthochromatised

by immersing them for three minutes in the following solution.

- A. Erythrosin..... 5 grains.
 Alcohol 5 ounces.
 Water, to make..... 20 ounces.
- B. Ammonia..... 2 ounces.
 Water, to make. 20 ounces.

Use one ounce of each of A. and B., added to eight ounces of water. After immersion, the plates should be washed in water and dried.

It sometimes happens that portions of the negative are so dense that the resulting print shows white patches devoid of detail. These parts may be printed up by concentrating the sun's rays on them by the aid of a hand magnifying glass. Backgrounds and various effects may also be readily produced.

The amateur photographer is seldom in a position to have a permanent dark-room, for the mistress of the house generally objects to the appropriation of space for the development of plates. A permanent room for this purpose is not necessary. A piece of rubber cloth for the table; a proper form of lamp; screens for the windows, and the amateur is ready to develop without much trouble. Running water is unnecessary during development, so that any room in the house may be used.

It is important to remember that dry plates are sensitive to even red light, to a slight extent, and that the lamp should be kept at some distance from the tray in which the plate is being developed. The examination of the plate, of course, requires that it be brought near the light, but the examination can be hastily made. If the film veils or fogs after being replaced in the developer, it is a sure sign that the lamp is faulty or that the examination was so prolonged that even the red light affected the plate.

The best light for the dark-room is a piece of ruby glass, which can be purchased from a photographic stock dealer, covered with orange paper. The glass sold by dealers in photographic supplies is tested spectroscopically and may be considered reliable. Do not use daylight for illuminating a dark-room. It changes in intensity every few minutes and it is impossible to judge the progress of development with a constantly-changing red light. Artificial light is essential to success.

In mounting prints, care must be taken that the paste shall not come in contact with the face of the prints, nor be spread out on the margins of the mounts. The prints as they come from the final washing

water should be laid face down, one on top of the other on a sheet of clean glass, the superfluous water squeezed out, and then the paste applied. In this way no paste can get on to the face of the print. The latter being laid down on the mount, should be covered with a piece of lintless blotting paper and well rubbed down.

Excellent photographs may be made without the aid of a camera. On your next bicycle or walking tour, take along a printing frame and a package of ferro-prussiate (blue-print) paper. Leaves, mosses, flowers and other subjects may be placed between the glass and the blue-print paper, and the frame tied to the back of the saddle, if wheeling. When the printing is completed, the paper may be washed in the nearest pond, and carried home in a blotting book; or taken home for completion.

Before retouching, it is customary to varnish the negative in order to give the surface "a tooth" so that it will take the pencil. Von Janks suggests using the varnish on the pencil itself. A drop of varnish is spread on a glass plate, and this is touched from time to time with the pencil.

A graduate in which the division lines are etched and the numbers raised, is a great boon in the dark-room. The raised figures are always easily found.

Plates should always be laid in the tray and the developer poured over them from the side of the graduate, with a lateral movement along the side of the tray. Never pour the developer into the dish and then endeavor to immerse the plate. It is almost impossible to cover the entire surface rapidly enough to prevent the formation of partially undeveloped portions. The dry surface of the plate offers resistance to the flowing of the developer, which is entirely overcome when the developer is poured from the graduate.

Films should always be soaked in water before development. This causes the gelatine surface to swell somewhat, and the film will lie nearly flat in the bottom of the tray. To develop several films at once they should be attached with rubber bands to pieces of glass slightly larger than the films. While it is not absolutely necessary to wash plates or films after development and before fixing, this is to be recommended. By so doing, the fixing bath will be kept clean, and the danger of staining reduced, while the carrying of the developer into the hypo permits a slight continuance of the process of development, and the plate may thus become over-developed.

Professor.



Winter Fishing Through the Ice.

WHAT experience I have had in this sport has mostly been gained in the back woods,—a land to which applies the Russian's description of his own steppes ; for in the northern forests, as in Tartary, "the heavens are high and the Czar far off,"—but I have also dangled a line through an ice hole in one or two other waters ; once, when in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, with the Brunswick Fur Club, and again, when living on the banks of the St. John.

In New Hampshire, to my regret, there where few of those frills and trimmings that I had been led to believe were a part and parcel of the sport. The tilt-ups were simply lathes nailed together in the form of a cross, arms spanning the hole, the line being tied to the head of the main piece. When a fish hooked itself, the contrivance became perpendicular instead of horizontal, and would thus attract the fisherman's attention. There were no huts or stoves, and I have come to the conclusion that the use of such things is confined to the market fishermen of the big lakes. The fishing was not bad, but it could not be compared with the sport I have enjoyed in other places. The fish were rarely over one and a half pounds in weight, the wild solitude of the Canadian forests was absent, and story telling and the charms of good fellowship alone prevented most of us, I am sure, from abandoning the tilt-ups and leaving the pickerel to eat the bait, or one another in peace.

The "cusk" is a cold-weather fish, and if you have never seen it, you should get some friend in the North to send you one, that you may know from your own experience what a luscious thing is cusk roe. A fish more hideous can hardly be found. Built on the lines of the tadpole, loathsome and covered with knobs, it looks anything but a likely dainty ;

yet its humble exterior covers, at certain seasons, a roe of prodigious size and great delicacy, a trifle rich, perhaps, but then richness does not pall when the mercury is low in the tube, and at such times only does the cusk run.

As soon as the ice has made a bridge over the St. John, the cusk finds its way up stream to spawn. It probably does the same in many other northern rivers, but I can speak from experience of the St. John alone. The migrating schools seem to travel by night only, at least that is the time they generally bite. The cusk fisherman sets a night line, having perhaps a score of hooks, each baited with a small fish, and he returns in the morning to "under run" his line. A greenhorn would find it no easy matter to set out a night line. The problem is, to pass it under fifty yards of thick ice, so that it can be handled from a hole at either end. It is done by having a number of holes cut, when the line is passed from one to another by the aid of a long pole. These holes are subsequently allowed to freeze over, a few hours serving to seal them effectually. The main line is at least three times as long as the distance between the extreme holes, and after the line has been set, it is fastened to a stake at either end, and the remainder is coiled on the ice. The hooks are attached to the main line by short lengths of cotton line. The tackle is usually stout enough to hold a far more powerful fish than the cusk, which, owing to its shape, is not able to put up a very severe fight.

The best sport I ever had, or probably ever shall have in fishing through the ice, was one bright day late in the spring of 188—. I lay sprawled on the blankets of a little log and bark camp in central New Brunswick, and Bill, the trapper, was seated on a log in another corner, mending a snowshoe. I suppose he was thinking of his work ; but certainly my mind was not being overtaxed.

for beyond watching the bluish curls of smoke from my pipe, I was doing absolutely nothing. So I lay and smoked more tobacco than was good for me, and Bill weaved his strips of wet caribou-hide until the old bows were refilled to his liking; then he, too, lit his pipe, yawned, stretched himself, and then said:

"Say, Boss, haw'd yer like to go fishin'?"

"First rate, Bill, but I have no tackle."

Bill's sole reply was an exhaustive hunt through his "pissnargan" or moose-hide ditty-bag, from which he at length produced half a dozen mackerel jiggers and a coil of cotton line.

"Them's 'ill take all th' trout we want," said he, holding out the collection for my inspection. I felt incredulous, but held my peace, for nothing hurt my trapper's feelings so much as to have his ability doubted.

Bill was a rough and ready man. He cut a few spruce saplings and stuck them in the ice around the holes—but first those holes had to be chopped through three feet of ice, with light hunting axes. Bill solemnly took off his coat before beginning, and spat upon his hands. These preliminary symptoms were followed by one of the most acute attacks of activity from which I have ever known men to suffer. It is no joke, getting through that much ice with a regular ice-chisel; with a three-pound axe, it means perspiration and profanity. During such periods of activity, we two surpassed the famous army of Flanders in its specialty. But the holes were scarcely cut before the fun began. The mackerel jigger is a simple contrivance, a combination of hook and sinker in one; and simplicity of gear is the secret of all success in the woods.

"Most any bait 'ill do," drawled Bill, and he was right; for that day it was a matter of no moment whether we baited with a piece of raw beaver, pork rind or trout eyes—the fish were on the feed. We had no elaborate tilt-up with colored flags. Bill just put a limb across each hole and tied a line to their centres, happy in the knowledge that nothing but a whale could carry away his tackle. Ashore, we had a blazing fire of pine and rock-maple, plenty to eat and drink and smoke. Every half hour or so one or the other would steal off with snowshoes and toboggan to make the round of the holes, often returning with half a dozen fish that together weighed perhaps twelve pounds, perhaps twenty-four pounds; for there are monster trout in those far-away Canadian lakes, and the ice fisherman gets the biggest of them, as a rule. Of course, it was not equal to fly fishing. There was no glorious rise, no give and take of the slender, supple rod, no snapped hooks, no lost leaders, no musical mosquitoes; but the sky was blue, the air exhilarating, the snow unlike the compound known as such in the city, the spruces green and sombre, our natural spirits very high, and our artificial supply

undeniable, for it had been obtained from a large importing house with a character to sustain. When we returned to camp, the toboggan was creaking and protesting under a load of nearly a hundredweight of frozen fontinalis, the heaviest fish being nearly six pounds in weight.

Charles A. Bramble.

Gentlemen Jockies and Trotting Laws.

IT will not be the fault of the racing associations if the gentleman jockey does not become a more prominent feature of turf affairs this season than he has been in many years. Without any apparent combination of purpose the associations have, one by one, announced stakes, both on the flat and over the jumps, during the running of which the professional will have to stand on the ground. Some of these events are of a very liberal character, and should the scheme prove successful, then overnight races for amateurs are sure to be given, and there will be inducement enough to make the "gentlemen jocks" get down to training to fit themselves for hard work in the pig-skin.

As a matter of fact, the former generation that was conspicuous at Jerome Park has virtually vanished so far as race-riding is concerned. It is understood that Foxhall Keene has had a good deal to do with the institution of the stakes in question, and this is in itself a surprise. A year or two ago, Mr. Keene seemed to have made up his mind not to do much riding except in the hunting-field, but he has since become more enthusiastic than ever. As he is now enjoying a winter's hunting over Melton Mowbray, the cream of the famous English shires, he will at least be hard and fit to take his part in the Amateur Cup at Westchester and the other events of the same kinds.

Without several recruits from the hunting set, it is hard to see from whence enough riders are to come to make up good fields. Among those who may don the silk, are Rawlins Cottenet, Willie Tiffany, Harry K. Vingt, C. Raoul Duval, C. Albert Stevens, R. L. Stevens, W. C. Hayes, Craig Wadsworth, Mr. Persse, Ernest Hayes, Arthur White and some few members of the Elk Ridge, Green Spring Valley, and Chevy Chase Hunt Clubs, from Baltimore and Washington, respectively. The Brookline (Mass.) Country Club might furnish a rider or two, and from Canada might come a few who would be apt to belong to the kind sometimes derisively called "professional amateurs."

However, the move is in the right direction, and one must hope that it will succeed even beyond the ideas of its promoters. If races enough are given to make it worth

while for a man to keep himself in hard condition, there would be many members of the *jeunesse dorée* anxious to win their spurs.

The possibilities and probabilities of racing legislation are exciting the usual amount of talk among the various classes of turfmen. All eyes have recently been turned to New Jersey, though things are not altogether inactive in New York state. In the latter, devotees of the trotting track are trying to secure an alleviation of the existing law that will permit auction pools. Without these the consensus of opinion seems to be, after two years of experience, that trotting cannot survive. While it is not to be supposed that the adherents of the Jockey Club look too kindly on any interference with the Percy-Gray law that they worked so hard to secure, still, nothing in the shape of open hostility has been manifested nor is it likely to be. The chances now seem to be that no change will be made in the law.

In New Jersey the most strenuous efforts have been made to keep things quiet, but unless present plans fall through, it is almost certain that an attempt will be made to get a bill through the Legislature, before the session closes, legalizing but restricting racing. Many predict certain failure; for the Law and Order League, which shut up the racecourses before, is still in full organization, ready to turn its battery on the foe directly an open intention is expressed. On the other hand, men who are in a good position to know how the land lies, say that the passage of a bill is not only possible but probable. The best thing that could happen for all concerned would be the passage of a local option measure.

Francis Trevelyan.

Live-Bird Trap Shooting in Full Blast.

LIVE-BIRD shooting at the traps is distinctively a winter sport, and it might also be said, a sport for the wealthy amateur and the professional; naturally, then, the cities of New York, Philadelphia and Chicago are the centres for shooting, with the former much in the lead. But the western metropolis has had some important events this season, which have attracted attention from all parts of the country. The most notable were the series of matches between Carver, the old-time crack, and Winston. But the race of most importance was between Carver and Grimm, for the "Iron Medal," and the championship of the United States. Although Grimm won by a score of 98 to 96 birds, the event demonstrated clearly that they "can't lose" the Doctor. He put up a score that few of our shooters would attempt to beat. Pigeon shooting, unlike many other sports, is not in the hands of

the youngsters. True, they sometimes spring to the front—young Gilbert, of Iowa, is a good example—but they find themselves in a goodly company of ripe manhood.

Some of the recent interesting events around New York, were the McAlpin-Winston match, on November 10, with scores of 93-91; the Elliott-Fulford, scores 94-90, on December 31, and on January 12, McAlpin, Work, a 200-bird match, with scores 151-142. During the latter race the weather was cold with high winds, which explains the low scores. The winner in this event is one of the "mushrooms," but if the pace is not too hot for him, there will be a shaking up of dry bones before the shooting season closes. The Elliott-Fulford race probably attracted as much attention as any other event of the winter; and the former's work is particularly worthy of note in that he departed from the gods of his fathers, and used a repeating shotgun.

Besides the usual club affairs, there are two events yet to come which are of general interest to the shooters of this country. They are the matches in New York during the Sportsmen's Exposition, March 13-20, and the Grand American Handicap of the Interstate Association, at Elkwood Park, near New York, March 23-25. The Grand American Handicap has become of so much importance that it draws the best trap shots from all parts of the country, and this season some are expected from across the water. The large purses and the guarantee of the Association, together with the knowledge that good shooting alone makes the prize-winner, bring together the clans and the stragglers in a pilgrimage to the trap-shooting Mecca. Shooting for place and the other petty tricks of the still more petty shooting "fakir" are out of the question. It is hard shooting only that gathers in the purses.

The new grounds at Elkwood Park are said, by those who have shot there, to be the finest in the world, not excepting even those at Monte Carlo. Some new devices, such as improved electric pulls and fast traps, will be used for the first time in the Handicap, and the scores will probably fall off accordingly, as they should make the shooting more difficult. The appliances of the pigeon shooter have undergone only slight changes since last season. There are several new powders, but the old and well-known are cracking away as merrily as ever. We have some new shells—or cases, as our English friends call them—and the tendency is toward further improvement in primers, which are such an important factor of the nitro-powder load. In guns, the change, if any, is in the direction of longer and straighter stocks, also the straight, instead of the pistol grip.

To the pigeon-shooter, the correct charge is of the utmost importance, and has been made the subject of greater study than in

any other kind of shooting. The shot remains at one and one-quarter ounces, but the powder varies largely, about three and one-half drams of nitro powder being the charge used by most shooters, and this is as much as the shooter of ordinary build can stand up against. The advocates of heavy loads are Brewer, Carver and Fulford. In his match with Grimm, Carver used four drams to his opponent's three and one-half drams. It is quite probable that four drams is much heavier than necessary, but if those who use it have greater confidence in that load, and can stand the terrific pounding, surely no one else will complain.

Rollin E. Smith.

The Professional Question in Golf.

GOLF is yet a new game in America, and its legislators are still going through the early stages of experiment. The question of professionalism is one that was sure to come up sooner or later, and it did come up last month at the annual meeting of the United States Golf Association, when an attempt was made to define an amateur golf player. A wordy rule, somewhat similar to those adopted by athletic, lawn tennis, rowing, and other legislators, was put into effect, and the Golf Association fell into the same error which so many other governing bodies in sports have encountered. With a great many words, one after another of these organizations have defined an amateur, and yet when one has read their long rules through, he comes back to the original proposition that a professional in any branch of sport is one who makes a profession of this sport. No matter how many words are used to define the difference between the amateur and the professional, it has always been found as difficult as ever to distinguish between them, if the accused athlete be permitted to argue his case on the legal construction of the rule under which it has sought to disqualify him. In almost every case on record, it has been necessary to refer charges of professionalism to an executive or other committee which was to determine the standing of the accused player. The wordy rules seldom help these committees, and they are almost invariably driven back to first principles.

The probable reason for the recent change in the golf "professional" rule were the matches played by recognized gentlemen, one against another, and against professionals, for money stakes. When Mr. Charles E. Sands met Mr. Winthrop Rutherford over the Meadowbrook course for a stake of a thousand dollars a side a year or more ago, a great hue and cry was raised about professionalism. But when we come down to the ethics of the case, it is found

that neither gentleman was or is in any sense a professional golfer. Each has his visible means of livelihood outside of the sport, and this is all that it should be necessary to prove to acquit anyone accused of professionalism. If an athlete in any branch of sport earns his living by the pursuit of that sport he is unquestionably a professional. But, if he pleases to play for a money stake rather than for plate or some other prize which directly represents money, and still has a visible means of livelihood from some other legitimate source, he should be no more a professional than if all his contests were for glory alone.

It remains as easy as ever to evade the new law passed by the Golf Association. Mr. Jones may not play Mr. Smith for a money stake, but no law can be framed that will prevent Mr. Jones from betting with Mr. Smith exactly the same amount on the result of his match with Mr. S.; and if there was, it would be even less feasible to prevent Mr. Smith's brother from betting with Mr. Jones's brother the same amount of money that would originally have been centered in a stake. When Messrs. Sands and Rutherford played their famous match at Meadowbrook, they were foolish enough to state openly that a cash stake hung on the result, but they might still play the same match again next spring under the new "professional" law, the only difference being that they would have to make the stakes in the form of a bet, rather than come out openly and state exactly the conditions of their match.

However, the new law has been passed, and golfers will go through the same period of anxiety over the time-honored professional question that has bothered athletes, wheelmen, oarsmen, and others; and probably with no more satisfactory results. With all their long wordy laws passed by the legislative bodies of each of these sports, it is as difficult to-day to convict of professionalism a suspected amateur, as it was before this legislation was enacted. In almost every case, the discretion of some committee in power must finally determine upon the accused man's standing, and whether the law contains ten words or ten hundred it will make it no easier to decide. No one questions to-day that lawn tennis players bet with each other freely on the results of their matches; that amateur athletes, amateur cyclists, amateur oarsmen and devotees of other sports are frequently interested financially in the results of their skill; and it is practically impossible to prevent this, no matter how many "professional" laws are enacted.

Twelve words are all that should be necessary to distinguish between the amateur and professional golf player. "A professional golf player is one who earns his livelihood at golf," is all that is required to

accomplish the same results that one hundred and twenty-seven words are now employed to do. Should such a rule be substituted in the regulations of every national association governing amateur sport, the practical results would be quite as beneficial as the endless verbiage that is now employed for the same result. Then, as now, it would still be necessary to refer each case of an amateur suspected of professionalism to some final tribunal to search for the all-important "visible means of livelihood" which invariably distinguishes the professional from the amateur.

J. Parmly Paret.

International Cricket Next Season.

THE recent news that a team of Philadelphia gentlemen cricketers would visit England next season for another campaign against the experts on the other side of the water, was hailed with joy on every hand by cricket enthusiasts. The success of the Quaker city gentlemen last fall in the last match against the crack semi-professional Australians, has lent wonderful confidence to the Philadelphians in their ability to make a favorable showing on English fields. Our young American cricketers have been steadily advancing in skill for the last few seasons, and it now seems reasonable for us to believe that they can safely visit England and meet the leading amateur elevens of that country with fair chances of success.

Two years ago, a visiting Philadelphia eleven finished its successful British campaign by defeating the Cambridge University eleven on their own ground; and even more confidence was added when the Pennsylvania University players defeated the picked eleven from Oxford and Cambridge in two matches out of the three played at Philadelphia the following September. These victories at home and "in the enemy's country" gives something substantial on which to base our hopes of victory for the team that will go abroad next spring. Fourteen native American players, selected by the Associated Cricket Clubs of Philadelphia, will compose the expedition that leaves our shores on May 26, and a schedule of games, including most of the strongest county elevens, as well as Cambridge and Oxford, is already nearly completed.

The team chosen to represent America in this international series of matches, is undoubtedly as strong as could be selected from home talent. G. S. Patterson, regarded as the best all-around player in America, will officiate as captain. In bowling strength, besides Patterson, the team will have E. W. and P. H. Clark, the latter of whom made his mark against the Australians last October; H. I. Brown, the left-handed bowler; J. B. King, H. P. Bailey and the Haverford

College captain, F. A. Lester, who is also a fine all-around player. Then there is Mr. Ralston as the wicket-keeper, with H. H. Brown as assistant. In batting strength, with Patterson, Bohlen, Wood, Noble, Biddle, Coates, Cregar, Adams, et al, we have a corps to pick from, stronger than any other the United States can present.

One condition favorable to our team is that they have everything to win and comparatively little to lose, in facing the strong elevens they are engaged to meet. This will be no small advantage. The secretary of the Surrey Cricket Club has made up a very interesting schedule of matches for the Americans, and if they win half of the games on the list they will have made the tour a grand success. The opening game of the series will be played on June 7, against the Oxford University eleven. Then the visitors will go to Manchester, where they are to encounter the strong county eleven of all Lancashire, June 10; while on June 14 they are to play the collegians of Cambridge. Next, they cross over to Brighton, where they will play on that historic cricket field with the Sussex county eleven, June 17. Then back to London, and with the Prince of Wales and suit as lookers-on, they will try conclusions with the county eleven of Middlesex. This match opens on June 21. From there they journey to the famous cricketers' town of Sheffield, where they will have another strong team in the famous Yorkshire eleven to oppose them. This is set for June 28, and ends the match series.

They are then to begin their July campaign at Bournemouth, where they play the Hampshire County eleven on July 1. The next two weeks are yet unfilled, but on July 15, Champion Grace and his Gloucester team will play them at Bristol. Their next game will be at Bath, where they meet the Somerset eleven on July 19; after which will come their test match with the picked eleven of the Marylebone Club at London, July 22. This will be followed by matches with Kent, at Maidstone, July 26, and with Allcock's Club eleven at Surrey, three days later. This will end the tour.

Amateur cricketers from Boston to San Francisco will watch with great interest for the reports of this series of international contests, and if the Americans should win a majority of them, there will be great exultation throughout the cricketing ranks.

Henry Chadwick.

Notes from the Game Fields.

THE season of legislation is at hand, and it is pleasing to note that sportsmen in states where game most abounds, are awake to the importance of better and more effective game laws. Where an effort has been made for the past few years toward

improving and enforcing existing laws, an actual increase in game is the result. Particularly is this true of big game in Maine, and deer in the Adirondacks; while North Carolina reports a gratifying increase in quail since the enforcement of its law prohibiting the exporting of that game bird. From Virginia comes the report of an increase in deer and wild turkeys.

Among the states most active, are Colorado, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. The sportsmen of the former state have prepared a bill for the legislature this winter that will be pushed with vigor, and will, if it becomes a law, do much toward stopping indiscriminate slaughter. In the Legislatures of Wisconsin and Michigan, bills will be introduced permitting the killing of big game from November 1st to the 25th only. An effort will be made to have Minnesota join them with a similar bill; for it is believed that co-operation will greatly aid these states in their work.

Reports from Minnesota show that more deer were killed there in the season of 1896, than ever before; and the game warden was very active in his efforts to stop the illegal shipments of game from the state. It is gratifying to learn that he was very successful, seizing one shipment of thirty tons of venison in St. Paul—the largest seizure ever made in this country. The game warden of Minnesota advocates, and says there will be introduced in the Legislature this winter, a bill prohibiting the sale of game altogether for a term of years, believing this to be the only remedy that will prevent its annihilation.

Dove shooting is something that Northern sportsmen know little of, for doves are not found in sufficient quantities in the North to make it exciting. In some parts of Georgia, however, the local gunners are inordinately fond of the sport, if the report is true that in one day they bagged nearly ten thousand doves, and that on two other days, more than that number were killed.

It would seem to be more sportsmanlike to take a deeper interest in the propagation of game than in its destruction. In this direction, the Ohio state fish and game commission is to be commended in its work of distributing Mongolian pheasants in such parts of the state as it is thought they would thrive. This is not only game preservation, but goes it one better.

In order to preserve the black bass in Ohio's streams, the commissioners are having the carp destroyed; for it is believed that this fish eats the spawn of bass to such an extent as to threaten its extermination.

Wisconsin has nearly completed a state fish hatchery at Bayfield that gives promise to be one of the finest in the world. The grounds are six hundred acres in extent, and the reservoir and the ten trout ponds are fed by three natural streams; and besides these there are a number of other

streams, with a total length of nearly ten miles of natural running water within the borders. Eggs of the lake trout are gathered around the islands of Lake Superior, and transferred to the hatching trays for incubation. The Wisconsin state fish commission is deserving of much praise for its progressive spirit.

The fish commissioners of Minnesota deem it necessary to urge upon the Legislature the passage of a bill prohibiting the sale of black bass and brook trout, for these fish are disappearing at an alarming rate. Minnesota is fortunate in having very energetic fish commissioners and game wardens. Until this winter, ice fishermen on Lake Minnetonka have had things their own way; but after repeated warnings, the wardens decided to stop illegal fishing in the way that seemed most effectual; so in January the houses on the ice were raided and burned.

Unusual zeal in game wardens should be encouraged; but zeal ought to be tempered with judgment. Some states already charge a sportsman from other states a license fee of twenty-five dollars, if they hunt within their borders; and in at least four other states an effort is being made by the game wardens to have such a tax imposed.

It is hard to see why an imaginary line, like a state boundary, should debar even the humblest citizen of this free country from sport in an adjoining state. Such a tax is a direct slap at the poor man, is unjust and un-American, and should not be tolerated for an instant. What is more, it has been declared unconstitutional in one state.

The game of this country is a heritage to our people, to be guarded by the individual states with fatherly care, and it is their duty to do this; but who shall say that a state has the moral right to deny any other citizen of these United States from enjoying the same privileges as its own residents?

Good Stories Told by Sportsmen.

A CERTAIN old country squire disliked very much to allow any one to ride his horses. It happened that on one occasion his eldest son, who was at home on a visit, was very anxious to attend a meet of the foxhounds, but his horses had not arrived. Knowing the old gentleman's dislike to lending a horse, the young man determined to help himself. Early on the morning of the meet, he went to the stables and told one of the grooms to saddle his father's private hunter. The squire, hearing the clatter of the horse's hoofs, called out of the window, asking him where he was going at such an hour.

"Going to the meet, sir," was the reply.

"This is no morning for hunting; there's a frost. If you find a fox, I'll eat the

huntsman, hounds, and every blanked idiot there."

His son said nothing, but rode off. As it happened, they had one of the best runs of the season. Next morning, when the squire came down to breakfast he found two young pointer pups sprawling on his plate. Putting on his glasses, he looked at the pups and then at his son.

"What's the meaning of this?" he demanded.

"Well, sir," said his son, mildly, "you remember that you said yesterday you'd eat the whole hunt if we found a fox. We found two and had a rattling good run. I'll let you off making a cannibal of yourself if you'll eat these two pups."

The squire joined in the laugh against himself, and ever after that his son could ride any horse in the stables.

* *

He was a brilliant young man, one who always did the right thing at exactly the right time—so he thought, at least. The scene of his downfall was on a ranch in Colorado, where he was staying prior to hunting big game in the adjacent mountains. He had a new rifle, a world-beater, and he was impatiently awaiting the time when he could turn it loose on some unfortunate elk, to test its killing powers.

Now, his host was the owner of several valuable horses, and one of them stepped into a badger-hole and broke a leg. It was found necessary to shoot the animal, for it could not be saved. The brilliant young man begged to be allowed to perform the deed of mercy with his new rifle. The rancher consented, and told him where the horse was lying. The brilliant young man shouldered his rifle and started out. In a few minutes a rifle-shot was heard, and the brilliant young man came proudly back, saying that the killing power of his rifle was simply terrific.

The rancher fully agreed with him, too, some hours later, when he went to the field and found that the brilliant young man had killed a perfectly sound eight-hundred-dollar stallion, instead of the cripple.

* *

Uncle Thad was a great sportsman. Give him his old muzzle-loading, shotgun and a few of the boys to hunt with, and he was happy. He was hunting with a party one day, and after meeting with indifferent success, they were plodding sadly homeward. Coming to a farm-house, a brilliant scheme struck Uncle Thad. Calling the boys up close, he said:

"Bob Martin lives here, and he's the stingiest man in this part of the state. Now, I have an idea. I'll ram an extra charge of shot into my gun; and I'll make a

proposition to Martin for a shot at his turkeys. He'll refuse, of course. Then I'll lean my gun against the house and go off a piece; and you fellows are to take him around where the gun is and pull out the extra charge of shot, which he'll think is all there is in it. I'll come back and strike him again for a shot. He'll consent, and I'll just knock over more turkeys than we can pack."

Arriving at the house, Mr. Martin came out, and Uncle Thad approached him with:

"Nice lot of turkeys you've got here. Gosh! I'd like to have that one over there. Say, Martin, darn my skin. I can't resist shooting at those turkeys. Tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a dollar and a half for just one whack at 'em."

"Nope," replied Martin, "them turkeys are going to market and they're going to bring more than one-fifty."

This was just as Uncle Thad had calculated, so with a wink at the boys, he leaned his gun against the house, and retired to the stables. When he had disappeared, the boys took Martin behind the house and soon had him ready for a dicker with Uncle Thad, who, when he came back, said:

"Martin, I just can't help it. I've got to have a shot at them turkeys if it costs me three dollars."

"Oh, well, if you must, I suppose you must," said Martin. "Just hand over the three and turn her loose. One shot ain't going to kill the whole flock."

The money changed hands, and with many a knowing wink, Uncle Thad got into position, braced himself and pulled the trigger. The turkeys were nicely punched, and he gleefully calculated that about ten would keel over. When the smoke cleared away, not a turkey could be seen; he had not touched one of them. He was speechless. After a silence more or less momentous, Martin drawled out:

"Pears to me you ain't shooting as good as you uster."

"No," said Uncle Thad, "but if ary a son-of-a-gun tells that you fellows pulled both loads on me, he'll think I'm hitting the bull's eye every pop."

* *

"Honest" John Davidson is acknowledged to be one of the best judges of pointers and setters in America. Those who know him intimately agree that some of his sayings are full of quaint and dry humor. He is particularly apt at repartee, as the following anecdote will show:

Three or four years ago, while judging a class of red Irish setters, in Boston, his eye fell on a yellow half-bred dog that had been entered by a woman of position. Intent on weeding the entries down to a workable number before beginning critical judging, "Honest John" ordered the mongrel out of

the ring. This called forth an angry protest from its enraged mistress.

"Why, my dog," she cried, "has a pedigree."

"Madam," retorted Davidson, "you'll do weel next time to bring the pedigree, and leave the dawg at hame!" The lady retired in high dudgeon, and John went on with his judging.

"To See Ourselves as Others See Us."

"THE CHRISTMAS SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE is by all odds the finest publication in the line of sports that has ever reached my table, and I have taken all the periodicals for sportsmen for many years. With such good print, good illustrations, good articles, and such a variety of matter interesting to 'all sorts and conditions' of sportsmen, your magazine should be admitted by all to be the foremost of its class in the world."—ALFRED S. LLEWELLYN, Memphis, Tenn.

"THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE is certainly a most superb publication and one of which all sportsmen should be proud."—MILTON E. BEEBE, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I cannot say too much in favor of your magazine, as it is filling a place which has long been vacant. I take many other sportsmen's magazines, but must have this also. Wishing you success."—E. K. STEDMAN, Mt. Carroll, Ill.

"A very old sportsman handed me the two recent issues of your magazine and I must say that I am very much pleased with it from every standpoint. It is bright and newsy, and covers all sport. I have been quite a devotee of the rod, gun and bicycle for some years. Have therefore, read most every sportsman's paper, but yours beats them all. I wish to compliment you on your editorial mention of that disgraceful episode which happened in this county—a short while ago. We feel pleased to see a paper like yours that will come out and give such brutes like these were, what they deserve."—CHAS. W. LEVERING, Jersey City, N. J.

"I have received THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE. It is fine. I predict for it a lucky future."—C. H. ENGLE, Hartford, Mich.

"Christmas Number of SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE just at hand. You have certainly produced a number of which you may well feel proud. We have our doubts if there is anything to approach it among the old-time magazines. Illustrations are truly works of art. It is not only interesting to the sportsman himself, but to his whole family; it is not only for the table of the club-room, but it is an ornament that is interesting and instructive for all members of the family. If this number is a sample of what is to

follow, you have reached the top at a single bound."—J. H. BARLOW, of the Ideal Mfg. Co., New Haven, Conn.

"Permit me to congratulate you upon your success so far attained in getting out a very excellent periodical. I sincerely hope that the high standard which you have commenced will be maintained, and if it is, I can predict that you will make of your publication a great success. I have been a practical sportsman for a great many years, and consequently feel myself somewhat qualified to judge of these matters."—H. M. JORALMON, Denver, Col.

"I have carefully examined the Christmas Number of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE and think it is an admirable publication. The department on 'Photography for Amateurs' alone is well worth the price of subscription."—JOSEPH ANDERSON, M.D., Washington, D. C.

"The Christmas Number of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE wears a most artistic cover printed in red, green and gold, and its contents are such as will provide most entertaining reading for those whose tastes run to hunting, fishing and outdoor pastimes of that character. It promises to be a valuable edition to every library collection of sport and adventure."—THE EXPRESS, Buffalo, N. Y.

"THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE is very fine and has many admirers here in this paradise for sportsmen in northern California."—LUTHER MICHAEL, M.D., Ferndale, Cal.

"The Christmas Number of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE is a gem that makes glad the heart of every true sportsman who receives it. It is nicely illustrated throughout."—THE "NEWS," Grayling, Mich.

"I am very much pleased with the January Number of your excellent magazine. It is fully up to the standard of the former fine issues, and it cannot fail to be appreciated by all sportsmen. It is certainly a relief to see pictures and read articles which are drawn and written by practical sportsmen. We see too much matter in print from pens and pencils of men who know little or nothing of sport. But your pages bear the evidences of authority in every issue. The variety in the contents adds also to the attractiveness of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE."—FRANK L. ELWAGNER, Forest City, Mich.

"Both of my sons, my wife and my daughter, as well as myself, all read your SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE every month. We find no other so interesting."—FRANK L. JOHNSON, Elmira, N. Y.

This is what some of our friends think of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE. How do you like it? We should be glad to hear from all our readers. See our special offer on page cii.

EDITORIAL MENTION

SPORTSMEN who "love sport for sport's sake" will welcome the news that the "hunters" whose efforts to produce "sport" for themselves led them to release a caged bear in order that they might slaughter it in cold blood, have been prosecuted by the authorities in New Jersey, where the offense was committed. Such unsportsmanlike conduct met with condemnation on every hand, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of Hudson County, N. J., through whose efforts the "hunt" was stopped, has prosecuted both the owner of Schuetzen Park and the offenders. That the efforts of *THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE* in the interest of true sport have been appreciated, is shown by a letter recently received from Charles W. Levering, the assistant secretary of this society, from which we quote: "We feel pleased to see a paper like yours that will come out and give such brutes as these what they deserve." It seems unnecessary for us to add anything further to what appeared in these columns last month, except to repeat that we have no words strong enough to express our contempt for such "sportsmen" as those who conducted this "hunt."

* * *

WHAT constitutes the ethics of true sportsmanship? This is the question that has puzzled many a devotee of sport and it is as much disputed to-day as ever before. Some man with little time and less money to devote to gunning, finds an afternoon when he can go out with his ancient muzzle-loader and bring to bag a bird or two. His love of woods and streams is as a holy passion, and he revels in his brief holiday; but alas, poor man, the art of wing-shooting is as far beyond him as a classical education. Cautiously he stalks the ducks on the water or the grouse on a tree, and kills his game as the hunter with hammerless gun and dogs of lengthy pedigree comes up just in time to make a pretty double from the flying birds. The new arrival glances contemptuously at the first shooter and mutters "pot-hunter."

An ignorant, foreign day-laborer from the crowded district of a great city, who

has a drop of sportsman's blood in his veins borrows a gun and goes afield some Sunday. He carries a bottle in his pocket, and a longing for slaughter in his heart. He brings destruction to the sparrows and robins, while a stray cotton-tail is a magnificent prize; and as he unloads his game-pockets before his admiring family at night, he proudly feels that he is a mighty hunter. Anything that flies or runs is game to him, and should you talk of a distinction he would look at you in blank amazement, for he knows of none.

In the ponds along the Massachusetts coast, wild geese are lured by live decoys within range of heavy guns, and slaughtered on the water by gunners who claim that it is legitimate sport. Yet sportsmen in other parts of the country denounce these men in vigorous terms. A party of wealthy men, whose disgust knew no bounds when they heard of the Massachusetts method of killing geese, charter a special car, go where game is plentiful, and, with the best trained dogs and finest guns, kill hundreds of birds,—on the wing, of course,—hang them on the outside of their car and have it photographed. The mere sight of this picture arouses the indignation of the New England goose hunter whose methods were so freely condemned, and he roundly scores his critics as "game hogs."

Hunting clubs liberate a fox or a stag, loose their hounds on the trail a few minutes later, and run the animal to its death; trapshooters liberate pigeons from traps and shoot them as they start to fly. No one questions that both of these are legitimate sport, and yet the men who caged a bear and loosed it into the woods that they might shoot it, are denounced on every hand as butchers; and no one questions the indictment.

It is a difficult question. We all know that the one is true sport and that the other is but a mockery. We know, too, that it is the instinct which prompts the hunter that defines the difference between legitimate sport and pot-hunting. We all condemn the too-prevalent slaughter of game, no matter whether it be to the agency of modern weapons and modern skill, or through de-

coying the game within the range of death-dealing blunderbusses. Yet why all this divergence of opinion? Why is it sportsmanlike to kill foxes and pigeons after being released from traps, and yet not bears?

Every sportsman is interested in these fine points which distinguish the true sportsman from the pot hunter, and all would be glad to know the opinions of others. *THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE* invites from its readers their ideas of the cardinal principles which distinguish the legitimate from the illegitimate in sport.

* *

THE MARCH NUMBER of *THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE*, will be one of particular interest to all sportsmen.

Our table of contents will not only be well varied, but the list of writers whose articles will appear in these columns next month is one that bears the stamp of authority upon its face. Figure skating will be thoroughly treated by George D. Phillips, who won the amateur championship of the United States once more in the annual competition last month; Charles Frederick Holder, one of the best-known fishermen and fish writers of whom our country can boast, will tell of fishing for the big black sea-bass off the Californian coast; golf will be treated by Arthur H. Fenn, whose record in the important tournaments last season excelled that of any of our other champion players; an exhaustive article on the spaniel, its origin and its hunting uses, will be from the pen of James Watson, a well-known kennel judge at the bench shows all over the country; while Rollin E. Smith, a hunter of both large and small game, whose name has become closely identified with literature for sportsmen, will tell of an exciting hunt after mountain lions in Idaho. John J. a'Becket, one of the most prominent writers of fiction before the public to-day, will tell a most interesting story of fox-hunting; and Frank S. Wells will narrate how Beth Goodwin won the Hampton century run. And last, but not least, among the special features of our March issue, will be an article on the sportsmen's clubs of Currituck Sound, by Alexander Hunter. All of our regular departments, "Vignettes of Sport," "Current Topics," and "Sportsmen's Books Reviewed," will add still further to the attractiveness of this special number.

If you would know further details of our plans for the March number of *THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE*, read the detailed announcement on another page, and our special offer.

* *

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION, which will be held next month in Madison Square Garden, New York, will certainly be the finest display of things

dear to the heart of the sportsman that has ever been made. Recently-announced plans for the Exposition give promise of a week of wonderful interest. At no time in the history of the world have sports with rod and gun been on so high a plane as they are to-day; but they are not yet at their zenith, and the mission of the Sportsmen's Association is to place them there. That there is a distinction between a sportsman and a sporting man, has just begun to dawn upon many otherwise intelligent people. The name "sporting man" always has, and always will, savor of the prize ring and the gambling room. Your intimate friend, your professional acquaintance, or your minister may be a sportsman—and let us sincerely hope that he is. Although the Exposition is to be a magnificent affair, it will be only an incident in the life of the Association, and not the object of its existence. Besides the elevation and proper recognition of all that pertains to shooting, the Association has in view better game legislation, the enforcement of game laws, the correction of existing evils in trap shooting—in fact, everything that will promote the interests of legitimate sport.

Co-operation is of vital importance. Every sportsman should be anxious to do what he can to aid in the work; and to become a member of the Association should be looked upon as a privilege, regardless of the direct benefits to be derived by each individual. Even from a purely selfish point of view, membership in the Sportsmen's Association offers a splendid return for the modest investment of two dollars; for special rates and special privileges on railroads and at hotels, and a season ticket of admission to the Exposition are among advantages offered to each member.

Notes of Interest to Sportsmen.

THE bells will soon be ringing their notes of warning to the unfortunate ones who have no wheels; but no other bells will sound so often or so musically as those made by the New Department Bell Company, of Bristol, Conn. The catalogue of this firm is unusually attractive, and instructive as well. Send for one.

* *

The Ideal Handbook No. 8, is full of valuable information for riflemen. It is published by the Ideal Manufacturing Co., of New Haven, Conn., and will be mailed on receipt of stamp. It not only contains a catalogue of the goods of this company, but it also gives many useful hints on making bullets, loading rifle cartridges, smokeless powder in rifles, and other helps to the advanced rifleman, as well as the beginner.



The "International Annual" of Photography.

"THE International Annual and American Process Year-Book" (Vol. IX.), for 1897, edited by Frederick J. Harrison and published by E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., contains much that is of vital interest to all engaged in photography and photo-reproduction. Among the excellent illustrations is an actual photograph, which is interesting in that the negative has been made through a plate having on its surface a stipple effect, the object being to show how to avoid the necessity for re-touching negatives. A three-color print from an actual photograph also included, is valuable in showing the progress made in this line of reproduction. The articles are exceedingly practical, touching on almost every topic in which the amateur photographer is interested.

By no means the least important part of the book is the appendix, in which is given a complete list of tables and formulas, including the methods for making up nearly every brand of developer, toning solution and printing-out paper, besides many pointers on development, defects in negatives, and the like. A complete list of the photographic societies in this country and Great Britain is also included, and the whole book is one that should find a place in the library of every earnest follower of photography.

Professor.

* *

The New York State Fish Commission's Report.

IN general appearance the recent report of the New York State Fish and Game Commissioners' Report in book form is a most imposing book, and its liberal distribution cannot fail to interest many in the good work being done. The commissioners assert in the preface that their "first report shall be more than commonplace," and in this respect they have certainly succeeded, not

only in the text, but especially in the exceedingly handsome colored illustrations from the brush of Sherman F. Dunton, the artist of the United States Fish Commission. In color and technique, these fish will easily rank among the best, yet being without perspective, their comparative size cannot be distinguished, and the curious result follows that the brook trout, the black bass and even the smelt appear larger than the Atlantic salmon.

The most valuable articles in the book are those contributed by A. Nelson Cheney, the State Fish Culturist. These are brimful of novel and important facts, and interesting because of their "plain, everyday English" and entire freedom from technical terms. The report of the Superintendent of Forests on the Adirondack deer is exceedingly interesting, and valuable to a novice in hunting. But on the other hand, there is much that impresses one as "padding," as, for instance the chapter on the Chinese pheasant, an elaborate "puff" of a book on the Lake St. John *Ouananiche*, by a writer in Quebec; and several other things of little or no bearing on the subject.

There is much information and many suggestions on the game laws that are sound; and, on the whole, this is the most elaborate and altogether worthy state paper yet issued in this country.

Kit Clarke.

* *

"Driving For Pleasure," by F. T. Underhill.

MR. FRANCIS T. UNDERHILL has placed the *nouveaux riches* of this and other countries under eternal obligations to him by compiling such an admirable and ornamental text-book as "Driving for Pleasure, or The Harness Stable and its Appointments" (published by D. Appleton & Co.) It is not at all surprising that the first edition was exhausted in a big hurry and the reception accorded to it has led to

an announcement that Mr. Underhill is preparing a second and enlarged edition, to be issued in two volumes.

"Driving for Pleasure" is in reality a text-book covering all details of appointment for harness equipment. An adequate digestion of its contents would enable "Mr. Stockyards" to put on a road coach, or drive a spanking tandem to the best of his ability. He could tell whether his coachman or his groom was wearing coats too long or too short, and whether Mrs. S's brougham was correctly finished. Though it does not furnish a light and sparkling mental pabulum, the writer knows whereof he speaks and already his work has been accepted as standard. The numerous and handsome plates provide a series of object lessons in equipment. The horse itself is lightly touched upon, Mr. Underhill merely pausing to express his faith in the future of the blended blood of the trotter and the thoroughbred as producing high-steppers. Of the hackney he speaks kindly but scarcely compliments him by saying "he is a capital type of an old gentleman's park hack."

Those who own and love horses for sport rather than pleasure, however, will find little to interest them here.

Francis Trevelyan.

* *

"The Red Deer" of England.

IN "The Red Deer," edited by Alfred E. T. Watson, and just published by Longmans, Green & Co., as number five of the "Fur and Feather" series, the only species of British big game still extant is treated under four heads: Natural history; stalking; hunting with hounds and horses; and as venison. The reader is at once impressed with the narrowness of the respective writers, and the book seems to treat chiefly of the red deer of the Mairdale Valley. The natural history division, by Rev. N. A. Macpherson, is in fact, a modern history of the red deer (*cervus elaphus*) among the hills of the English Lake district, and is of little interest to any one outside of England. The pleasures of deer stalking are told by Cameron, of Lochiel, and to describe them so well he must surely be a true sportsman, as he is a pleasing writer. His ideas on almost everything pertaining to the sport are sound and practical. It is pleasing to learn that "driving" has been practically abandoned in English forests. Stag hunting, or the chase with hounds and horses, is treated by Viscount Ebrington. This method of killing deer is described in all its barbarity, and the statement that in a certain place, in 1885, eleven stags out of twenty-seven were taken on dry land, while in 1886, in the same district, sixteen runs out of twenty-eight ended on

the beach, will hardly be received by the American sportsman as very creditable, when it is known that the deer not killed on dry land must have been killed in the water.

The book is gotten up in very pleasing form, and the illustrations are particularly good. While it might be an attractive addition to the library of the book collector, there is little in it that will appeal to the average reader of this country.

Rollin E. Smith.

* *

The Sportsmen's Association "Bulletin."

THE first number of the *Official Bulletin* of the Sportsmen's Association has just made its appearance, and its attractive form and cover will assure for it a hearty welcome from every one who is interested in the work of the Association. The little magazine is neatly gotten up and well printed, and contains within its twenty-four pages the complete plans for the coming Sportsmen's Exposition in New York, next month; and also sets forth attractively the aims and purposes of the organization, and the benefits accruing from membership. Its attractive colored cover adds much to the neat appearance of the *Bulletin*, and if future numbers bear out the promise given here, the official organ of the Sportsmen's Association will be almost as welcome to sportsmen who are not members of the Association, as those who are.

That the Association has already met with success from sportsmen throughout the land is proved beyond question by a glance through the six pages of hearty letters of commendation received from prominent sportsmen in all sections of the country. Not only the trade, but the entire fraternity of trap-shooters hail the Association as an undisguised blessing, and such experts as E. D. Fulford, Annie Oakley, M. F. Lindsley and F. S. Parmelee testify to their appreciation in enthusiastic letters of approval.

J. Parmly Paret.

ANY OF THE BOOKS reviewed in this department can be had through THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE at the regular publisher's prices. On the next page will be found a list of books from which any sportsman could select a complete library. New books for sportsmen will be received and added to this list each month as they are published, and our readers can always secure them at publisher's prices through us. To yearly subscribers of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, we will supply any of these books at 20 per cent. discount from the regular price. See *special offer* on page cii.

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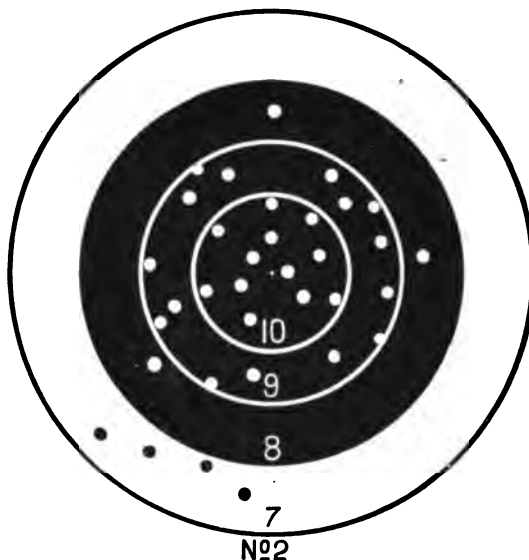
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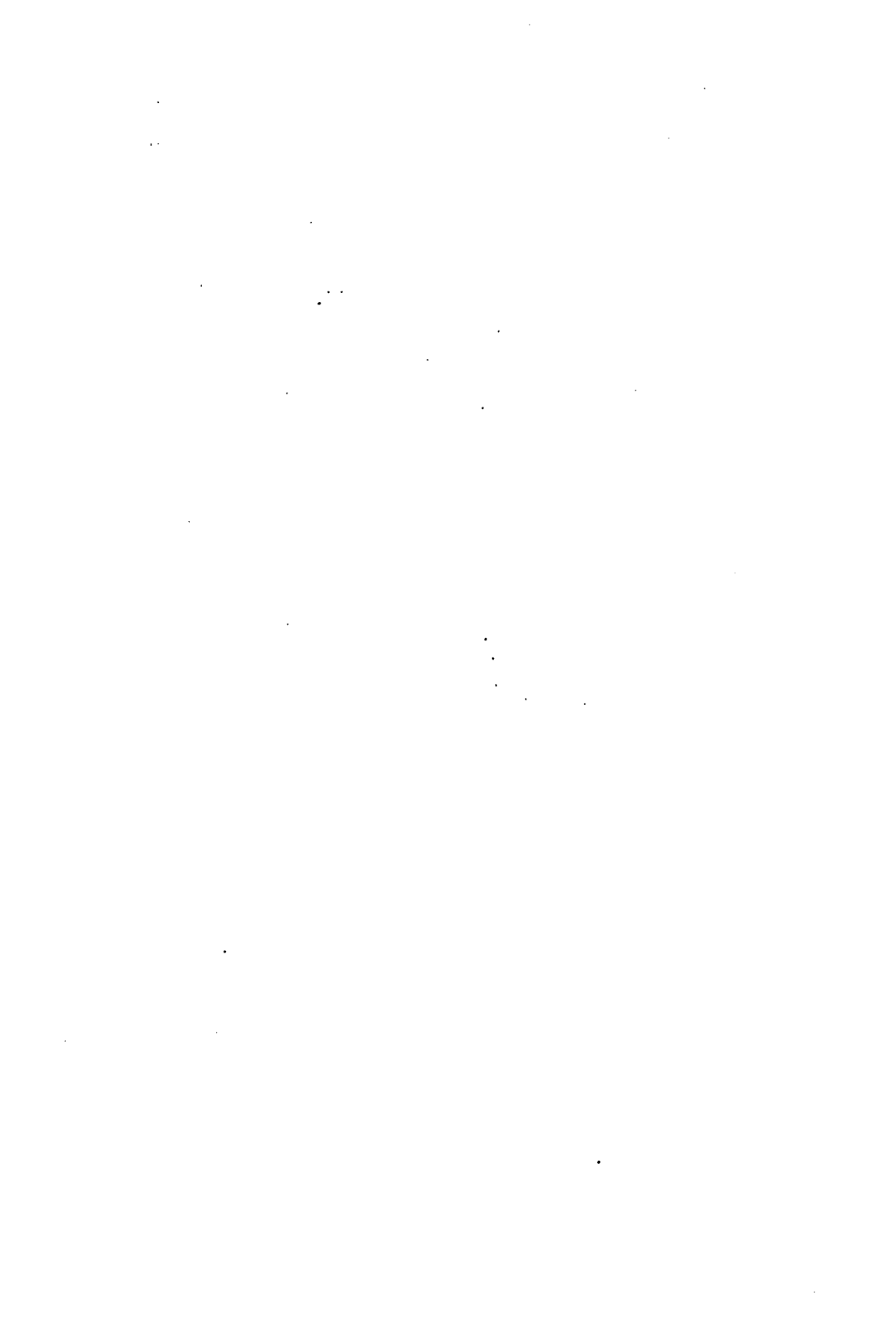
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THE YOUNG PEOPLE TURNED THEIR BACKS TO THE HUNT.

"The dogs suddenly struck a scent." — PAGE 445.

THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE

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MARCH, 1897,

No. 6.



AN UNDERSTUDY AT THE FOX HUNT.

By John J. a'Becket.

"WHAT ROT!" James Talbot flung this ejaculation on the bracing autumnal air with the most heartfelt vigor. His explosive scorn must have had some extenuation in Polly Barbour's eyes, for she did not look at all shocked. In fact, she even nodded her exceedingly pretty head in sympathetic assent.

"I feel that way myself, Jim," she said, somewhat mournfully; "but you mustn't insist. One unreasonable man on my hands at a time, is all I can handle."

"That's all right, Polly," returned the young man, promptly; "but you can't expect me to stand it like a lamb. Your uncle is so pig-headed! I don't see why you can't ride for

once without his knowing anything about it."

The girl gave an impatient sigh and flashed a quick look of wonder at him. "Not know it?" she replied, with a touch of reproach. "You are certainly aware, my dear boy, that his favorite pastime is calling on people; he is a devoted follower of the dames. But perhaps you are not aware that tea and gossip go together; and that the hunting set is a constant theme of conversation with the whole town. Not know it! We wouldn't be back from the hunt before he would hear that his niece and ward had 'engaged in the unwomanly pastime of following the hounds.' He feels responsible for my conduct as long as he is my

guardian, and he has put his foot down, so I can not hunt; but I'm glad he doesn't have the same prejudice against a woman's riding horseback."

The girl looked so slight and dainty that one would have thought her uncle Rodney somewhat justified in protecting her from the possible dangers of the hunt. But in her anatomical equipment, Polly Barbour had a wrist like steel, and her small head was as cool and quick as any man's in the Lanvale Hunt; and she rode, too, as if she had been cradled in the saddle. No wonder that James Talbot, who had a passion for horses and sport, was exceedingly fond of the young girl, and wanted her companionship in the sport that they both liked better than anything else. To know that nothing but a narrow prejudice of her uncle's prevented her going, was hard to bear. But they both knew that he did not take his foot up, once he had put it down. This was what had elicited Talbot's emphatic protest and Polly's approving amen.

"I am the principal sufferer," she continued, after a pause, "for you can ride to hounds all you like, while I can only post along a stupid old country road. If you had ever heard him say, in his pompous way: 'I regard it as absolutely unwomanly for a young girl to take part in a hunt. Why, I could not hold up my head before people if they knew that my own niece was jumping over fences with a crowd of young men, and assimilating the jargon of the hunting set. Never will I consent to it!' And, Jimmie, I don't believe he ever will."

"He goes to town to-night," Polly resumed, "to dine with a friend, Doctor Knapp. He will probably be more severe than ever on my hunting when he comes back, as an offset for his own worldly indulgence."

"Well, I shall ride with you to-morrow, Polly, and not follow the hounds," said Talbot, with heroic sacrifice. "We can have a good lively run by ourselves."

"Yes, and we can see them meet and start," said Polly, animatedly. "He won't be up by the time they do that, so he can't stop me. He will need extra sleep, coming back from town so late. If there is one duty he is faithful to, it is keeping my guardian in good physical condition. But it is too bad for you to give up the run on my account."

"I'd give up more than that on your account, Polly," returned Talbot, robustly. "It won't be so hard riding with you as following the hounds in a wax because you aren't along."

That evening Miss Barbour saw her revered uncle depart, clean shaven and in the most proper evening garb, with an air as if he were going to convert the heathen.

"Don't remain up for me, my dear," he said, with his exasperating benignity, as he was leaving. "I may return somewhat late; it is so long since I have seen Doctor Knapp. I shall take the latch-key."

Polly did not wait up for him; and she packed James Talbot off an hour earlier than he wanted to go, on the ground of having to get up so early for the meet.

In the morning she rode softly off so as not to disturb the rosy slumber of her methodical guardian. It was a crisp early November morning. How she wished she were to be one of the spirited crowd that rode so gaily after the yelping pack, the horses prancing with mettlesome eagerness for the course, and the hounds giving cry excitedly.

"They are going to Crogan's Hollow," said Talbot. "Let's go in the other direction. 'Lead us not into temptation,'" he added, good humoredly. His two dogs, somewhat disappointed in not being able to accompany their hunting companions, ran on ahead, fancying they were going to have a little chase of their own.

The young people had ridden about a mile, keeping their horses at a

stiff gait, and the wrinkles in their tempers smoothing out under the exhilarating exercise, when the dogs suddenly struck a scent. They followed it with a clamorous yelping along the smooth country road up to the fence, which ran along a meadow, and scrambled through. The riders pulled up their horses and watched them with keen interest.

"They have struck the scent of a fox," said Talbot, as he watched them. "They are too well trained for fox to let a hare or anything else lead them astray. But this is odd," he added, watching the dogs. "They are going at it in such a straggling way, and yet without trying to pick up the scent."

This was true. The hounds were running in an undulating line, but with their noses well down all the time, and with no uncertainty. In one place they seemed to strike a particularly strong scent, for they yelped excitedly; but after a moment they ran on again with the same certainty, although still making those odd turns to the right and left.

"I never saw them act like that," cried Talbot, keenly aroused. "Let's go on a little with them, Polly. Providence seems to have sent us a fox of our own."

"But won't this be following the hounds?" asked Polly, with an arch smile.

"No; it will be only investigating a scientific phenomenon. Besides, this meadow is as level as a road; no fences, no brush, no nothing."

Polly allowed herself to be persuaded. Her uncle would never know it, in any case. They had conspicuously declined to join the hunt, and here was a little accommodating reynard of their own. It looked like a reward of virtue.

"We mustn't get too near home," said Miss Barbour. "You know you can cut right across this meadow from the station to the house."

"Oh, the fox won't go too near that! But if he does, we'll call off

the dogs and turn back," said Talbot, with decision.

In the meadow was a gully, an old quarry some twenty feet deep. The fox seemed to have skirted its edge. Just before they came to it, there was a sharp little knoll that hid the hollow beyond from view.

"The fox must be near," said Talbot, eagerly. "I never saw the hounds so keen on a scent. I declare," he continued, as they put their horses up the knoll, "I can almost catch the scent myself. Halloo! What's that? By Jupiter! Here, Jock! Spot!" he shouted. "Come off!"

Down near the edge of the gully, the hounds were gamboling with noisy yelps around a prostrate figure doubled up on the grass. For a moment the young fellow and girl exchanged glances of dread. Then, as they rode close, and saw the face of the man, there was a choking burst of laughter from both.

Polly's guardian, the grave and proper Mr. De Peyster Rodney, lay like a sleeping babe on the sward, about three feet from the edge of the quarry. His rather ample mouth was decidedly ajar, and his breathing was a heavy, regular snore. His tall hat, badly ruffled and dented, lay upside down a few yards away. The dogs were barking and jumping around him.

"This is dreadful!" said Miss Barbour, her first burst of spontaneous laughter followed by an anxious air. "He must have had a fit. Just see how near he is to the edge of the quarry!"

"Don't be alarmed, my dear girl," said Talbot, coolly, for he had dismounted and approached the down-fallen gentleman. "That dinner with Doctor Knapp was the origin of this fit. Coming down this little hill was the last straw. It was much better than tumbling into the gully. Polly," he continued, with a twinkle in his eye, "the old boy is 'loaded.' We'll rout him up and get him

home. Do you know," significantly, "he may not be so severe on your riding cross-country, after making such a melancholy failure at footing it across fields."

Talbot approached the recumbent figure and shook it vigorously. After several moments the downfallen man slowly opened his eyes; they were heavy and bloodshot. He stared about helplessly for fully a minute,

hunt?" he cried in horror, as he beheld the excited dogs and the two horses.

"I am afraid you are an understudy for the fox, or rather for the anise-seed bag. You are reeking with anisette; where in the world did you get such a load of it?" inquired Talbot, with a grin. "Let me help you up. Miss Barbour is here and is awfully worried. Don't



THE DOGS WERE BARKING AND JUMPING AROUND HIM.

looking first one way and then another, as he rubbed his head. Finally, light began to penetrate his befogged brain, and as he recognized Talbot, he made an attempt to get up. When he moved, the dogs jumped about and barked excitedly; for there was a fresh scent of anise in the air.

"Where am I?" he asked, confusedly. "How came I here? Good heavens! Am I at a fox

you see how very close you are to that quarry? If you had fallen down there, I am afraid there would have been a funeral over you next Sunday."

"Uncle, are you ill?" exclaimed Miss Barbour, coming up. She had the greatest difficulty in keeping her face straight; the very unsuccessful effort her guardian made to look dignified was more humorous than

pathetic. His clothes were rumpled, his collar awry, and his whole person shed a rich perfume of anisette. Talbot had picked up his hat, and after ostentatiously trying to restore it to decency, handed it to him. When he put it on, he was a more ludicrous spectacle than ever.

"There," said Talbot, with his provoking sympathy, "you're all right now. The liquid end of the dinner was a little too much for you. And oh! Mr. Rodney," he added, slyly, with exaggerated thanksgiving, "isn't it a blessing that the hunt didn't come this way? Instead of your niece and me and my two dogs, you would have been the centre of admiration for the whole Lanvale Hunt, with forty hounds yelping their surprise."

Mr. De Peyster Rodney was feeling all the handicapping effects of "the morning after," but he realized the force of the situation and felt he must explain. He turned to his niece and remarked, with some difficulty in marshaling his words:

"I was delayed at the dinner, my dear, and when I tried to walk from the station, I was overcome with fatigue and probably fell asleep." He felt his moist coat-tails and trousers. "Doctor Knapp, or the servant, or—someone, upset a bottle of anisette on me. I must really go home and change my clothes. I deeply regret this untoward—calamity."

"The walk from the station is tiring—so early in the morning," said Talbot, heartily. He waved his hand in a zig-zag fashion behind her guardian's back, and Polly was suddenly seized with a fit of sneezing. The distance was really half a mile, but of course Polly's uncle had traversed more than that. "Perhaps it would be better to keep right across this meadow. The house is not far, and we are not likely to meet anyone this way. Do you think you are rested enough to walk it all right?"

"Certainly, young man," said Mr.

Rodney, with dignity. A little "jag" was not going to knock out his importance. But when he attempted to walk, he gave such a lurch and his head swam around so, that, with a chastened spirit, he accepted the offer of Talbot's horse. Together, the young people got him home safe and sound.

Two days later, Talbot received the following note from Polly:

"DEAR JIM:—Uncle says I may ride to hounds! He is feeling much better since he had a long sleep; but he is fearful that the affair may get out and there be a scandal. People are so uncharitable, they might not believe that the fumes of anisette on the morning air could be so heady. 'Of course, uncle, I shall never mention it,' I assured him. 'Family pride, if no worthier motive will keep me silent; and I hope Mr. Talbot won't. But he may think that when a dignified man that abhors hunting, leads his niece on a trail by acting unwittingly as an understudy for a fox, it is too good a joke to keep. Once, I know I could have bound Mr. Talbot to secrecy; but he feels very disgusted over my steady refusal to follow the hounds, so that I can't be so sure of him now.'

"He thought it out for a moment and then said, with great dignity: 'The refining influence of a young woman on a wayward young man is precious enough to warrant a concession on a point not absolutely essential. Perhaps you had better yield in this matter, my dear.'

"Well, of course, being docile and open to good advice at any time, I succumbed to this argument, and have at last consented to ride to hounds with you. But you must first promise me solemnly that you have forgotten forever the time when we unwittingly chased a dispersed liqueur over the field, under the impression that we were on the trail of a flying fox. Of course you will promise; so, thanks! The next meet is on Thursday, isn't it? POLLY."

WITH THE BIG BLACK SEA BASS.

By Charles Frederick Holder.

TO the average eastern fisherman, tales of the big black sea bass of the Pacific Coast seem almost too fabulous for belief. To capture on rods, fish weighing from one hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds seems incredible, but I can vouch for the truth of the figures.

The black sea bass is quite common along the Californian coast, but is most numerous off the island of Santa Catalina, where it begins to bite in June and continues until August, spawning at this time. It frequents pebbly bottoms, and is also fond of kelp beds; its habits are similar to those of other bass. It feeds upon small fry, and at times the gigantic fish is so ravenous that it is almost impossible to catch small fish, the bass taking them from the lines as fast as hooked. One of the oarsmen of Avalon told me that he had known a bass to come up with a rush after a whitefish that he was hauling in and strike his boat such a blow that he was nearly knocked overboard. I have frequently had my fish taken by these gamy monsters, and have observed their rushes, which often took them in a graceful curve from the bottom almost to the surface and down again in a few seconds.

The black sea bass is not a table delicacy; the small specimens of seventy-five or a hundred pounds are fairly good eating, but the adults are coarse. At one time there was a large fishery at Santa Catalina, where the bass were salted and sold as boneless cod, but it proved so unsatisfactory that the business was abandoned. Sportsmen, however, now come from far and near to try conclusions with the giant of the bass tribe, the largest of the North American bony fishes. For many years, the game fishes off the island had been taken entirely on the hand-line. With nearly all

the game and fighting qualities of the salmon, magnificent fish had been ruthlessly pulled in on halibut and cod lines. When I produced a veteran lance-wood bass rod one day, the inhabitants were incredulous, and not a few smiled audibly at my pretensions and my "machinery," as they called it; every one of them to a man deeming it impossible to take these active fighters, weighing from one hundred to three hundred pounds, with any contrivance but a net or strong hand-line. But I was anxious to try the rod, so with a friend, who also had a desire to "break a lance" with the big fish, I started for the fishing grounds.

My friend insisted on taking his own boat, which weighed only one hundred and twenty-five pounds. In this we started one morning at five o'clock, and pulled out into the little bay of Avalon, where the gray hills were reflected as in a mirror. We passed Pebble Beach, the great cliffs of rock that rise nearly a thousand feet sheer from the beach, and finally turned the south end of the island and entered the light-green water, where the ground swell comes in from the open sea. A fairer sight could hardly be imagined; and nowhere else have I ever seen, in the open ocean, such smooth water and such admirable conditions. On the right rose the abrupt walls of the island, canyons winding upward, cutting deep into the mountain sides, which are so steep and precipitous that they have been climbed by few, and only by the most venturesome. Away to the southwest lay the flat-topped island of San Clemente, while shoreward, almost lost in the haze, were the peaks of the Sierra Madre, fifty miles distant, apparently hanging in the air.

Around the end of the island we



A GROUP OF BLACK SEA BASS AND THEIR CAPTORS.

rowed, and having reached the west side, anchored just beyond the surf, on the edge of the kelp, and began to fish with rod and hand-line. Sheepshead of from five to eighteen pounds were caught until it ceased to be a pleasure; then the rod and hand-line were made ready to cast over. The rod weighed only about twenty ounces; it had a multiplying reel, with an extra leather brake, and about six hundred feet of line, in size what some sportsmen call a very light tarpon outfit. The hand-line was a large cod, or what is sometimes called a halibut line, with a hook large enough for a six-foot shark.

We moved out about thirty feet to clear the kelp, and baiting the small line with five pounds of barracuda, and the hand-line with a five-pound whitefish, we cast and began the philosophical waiting sometimes so

necessary to the success of a fisherman. In twenty minutes the click of the reel began its music, and this was soon followed by a rush. Careful manipulation failed to accomplish anything more than the losing of line and tip. In half an hour, another tip went; then we had another strike. This time the reel told the story of the black sea bass. For an hour my friend played the fish, then it got into the kelp, and the rod and line were buoyed on an air-tight oil can, while we rowed back for a grapnel with which the kelp was hooked up. Then the struggle began again, and for another hour the reel sang a variety of tunes. Finally, a shout proclaimed that the unexpected had happened, the impossible had occurred, and a black sea bass of the largest size had been taken on a light rod. The fish was brought to the gaff and hauled alongside, and later was found to

weigh one hundred and ninety seven and one-half pounds. This was the first black sea bass ever taken on a rod ; and if I am not mistaken, the largest fish taken on such light tackle. Opportunely for us, a boat came by, and we sent the fish to town.

Soon the hand-line began to glide over the rail, and on taking hold of it, I could feel a vibrating surge that told of big game. It was either a shark or a big bass, and at first I thought the former. The slack was coiled in the bottom for safety, and when about fifteen feet of line had gone gently over the side, I gave the word; my companion cast off the anchor, while I jerked the hook into the unknown. Before I could release the line or even unclasp my fingers, the acknowledgment came in a jerk that nearly lifted me from the boat; the next second the coil was leaping from its place with an ominous hum, whiz and whirl like a living thing.

The first attempt to stop this rush jerked the boat around as though on a pivot. While bracing against the rail, endeavoring to stop the line and hold it, the fish hauled the stern almost beneath the water, going at a rapid rate directly out to sea. So vicious were the downward rushes of the fish that I was more than once tempted to cut the line. Our boat, a mere shell, could easily have been capsized by a twelve-foot shark, and as it is almost impossible to swim through kelp in a sea-way, a capsize would have been dangerous. I decided to hold on, however, and watch the line carefully. For ten minutes the fish apparently did its best to take the boat under, gradually hauling it off shore. Finally, the rushes became less vigorous, and passing the line to my companion, who sat forward on the bottom to steady the boat, I began to haul in, while he took in slack.

The first move of this kind started the fish again into an ugly cross rush and series of jerks, of the kind appropriately described as "arm

pullers." For nearly half an hour, the unknown vented its strength, rushing out and down, coming in so rapidly that it was almost impossible to take in the line; then turning quickly and rushing off, hammering upon the line with heavy, sullen blows that forced me to either give way or be jerked overboard. For three-quarters of an hour, this struggle was kept up, giving and taking, until we were half inclined to give in from sheer fatigue. But finally, by taking the fish on the run, I brought it within twenty feet of the boat, and as it turned, I saw for the first time that it was a black sea bass.

There was no more slacking then; the fish was hauled in vigorously, time and again pulling the rail down so that the water poured into the boat. But finally it was hauled alongside, apparently as big as the boat itself, when it rolled over and over lifting its big tail and deluging us with spray. How it struggled! Beating its huge head from side to side in sturdy blows, and making the slight craft shake and quiver. The fish seemed to know what the gaff meant, and it was a long time before I could reach it. Then when fairly hooked, it tore the line from my companion's hands, wrenched the gaff from mine, and was off with a magnificent rush. A quarter of an hour more and we had it fast to the stern—this chief of the tribe of bass.

Imagine, you black bass fly-casters, a small-mouthed bass six feet long, bulky in proportion, and some idea of this mammoth of the bass family can be obtained. It was a perfect bass in color and arrangement of fins, the giant of its tribe, *Stercolepis gigas*.

So fatiguing had been the struggle that we had not noticed the rising wind, and suddenly we found ourselves among white-caps on a lee shore, with the wind increasing. It was five miles to Avalon, and the fish, which I estimated would weigh two hundred and fifty or three hundred pounds, could not by any possi-

bility be taken in, and as the sea was rising, I was strongly in favor of releasing the game. But my companion wished to take it home; and being a powerful man, he believed we could haul the fish aboard. To this I dissented, for it was manifestly impossible. Had it been attempted, the fish would have sunk the boat, for we could not kill him. We finally decided to tow our prize to Avalon. After much difficulty in a heavy sea, the fish was made fast

efforts the bass was lifted into our shell, bringing down the rail to within two or three inches of the water, so that a breaking sea would have swamped us. The fishermen agreed to convey us into port in case of an accident, and sitting partly on the fish, my companion took the oars, and an hour later we entered port. Our big bass was soon hauled upon the beach by an admiring crowd, and photographed. I heard a stranger say, with an envious inflection:



THE HARBOR OF AVALON AT SANTA CATALINA.

astern, and then taking the oars, we bore away before the wind, which was blowing half a gale. In passing the point we almost swamped, the fish hauling the boat down so that the seas nearly caught us. It was slow and dangerous work, but in two hours we had towed the fish four miles and into smooth water. Here we met a boat, and being almost worn out, we chartered two fishermen to aid us. Their boat was brought alongside, and then by our combined

"The world is theirs," and indeed it was.

For four or five years, I tried my old bass rod on the big black bass of Santa Catalina, and to-day the butt is in two pieces. Tips and parts of tips from time to time have been taken off by the fish, so that only the butt remains to tell the story. I am confident, however, that the old rod repaired will yet take its bass. The catch has been made, and I am determined that it shall be made again.

THE STORY OF AN IDAHO MOUNTAIN LION.

By Rollin E. Smith.

WE were camping in the mountains of central Idaho, my companion and I, for we were gold hunters. But gold was not our only game, for we hunted a mountain lion also. He began the affair, and could hardly blame us for the trouble that ensued.

It was early in the summer, along at that season when the grass of the valleys and foothills is dry and shriveled, and the lean earth is parched until the sheep and cattle can no longer find sustenance,—they must move up, or die. The cattle are taken to the higher valleys, but the sheep are driven up and onward, above the timber on the lower ranges, to the round, bare-looking summits. But these mountain-tops only appear to be bald, for they are green with sweet, luxuriant grass all summer; and the days are so mild and the nights so delightfully cool up there, that the sheep wax fat and lazy.

Now the mountain lion is fond of things fat and lazy, and he often encounters little trouble in helping himself from the flocks at pleasure, while the sheep are corralled at night in some low pole enclosure. At intervals between the valley and the summit, permanent corrals are built, that the sheep may be driven by easy stages, and it is not unusual for a flock to be kept for a week where the grazing is good, before moving on again.

Half a mile below our camp, which was four miles from the summit, there was a corral; and with an interest based on the expectation of many juicy chops, we looked forward to the coming of the sheep-men. They came one day, two of them, mounted on stocky, well-built ponies. The broad hats of the men, the usual repeating rifles and six-shooters, and the large, heavy saddles were the

most conspicuous objects of the "outfit" as the young men greeted us without dismounting. We were getting dinner before our tent, and of course we asked them to join us in that meal. They declined, but said their herder would be along in a day or so, when they would all camp at the corral below, staying a week, probably. They furthermore said, as they started down the gulch, that if we did not come down for mutton every day or two, they should consider it anything but neighborly.

A few days later, one of the sheepmen and his herder with the flock arrived, and on the following day, our gulch was visited by two prospectors, who pitched their camp near the corral. The last arrivals had a large, vicious-looking dog, a cross between a mastiff and a hound, and about that ugly brute hangs this tale, for without the dog there had been no tale to relate. That night we were awakened by the report of a rifle, which was quickly followed by the rattle of revolver shots; then came the sharp yelp of a sheep-dog and the deep voice of the mongrel. The fracas lasted only a minute or two; then, surmising the cause of the trouble, we rolled up in our blankets again.

In the morning, we found the camp below in disorder. A sheep had been killed by a mountain lion, and the mongrel was lying before the tent sullenly licking an ugly slit in his shoulder, while the prospectors and sheep-men were preparing for a raid on the lion. We joined them, and within ten minutes the little party was moving up the gulch toward the heavy timber. Finding the spot where the dog and the lion had parted company, the trail was taken up by the mongrel, and he followed it at a slow trot, holding

his head near the ground. The timber was open, and although he was often out of sight, we did not entirely lose him until we had gone about a mile. The prospectors were acquainted with the country, and they told us that the lion had undoubtedly gone to a certain canyon about three miles further up the gulch we were then following. As we advanced, the hills were closer together and their sides were covered with a dense growth of small black-pines; and it was also noticeable that there were no indications of grouse or other small game, which made it evident that the lion was an old resident.

A quarter of a mile from where the gulch opened into the canyon, we met the mongrel returning. He was as sullen as ever, and I mentally elected him as fit only for lion's meat—which he was soon to become. But he possessed a sneaking sort of intelligence, such as a Bowery tough might have, and was well trained for this kind of sport. He trailed without giving mouth, and when he returned, as in this case, his master knew that it was not without good reason. The mongrel again took the lead, but slowly. We followed, and in a few minutes we were in the canyon, which broadened to a little park of half a dozen acres in extent and was overgrown with trees.

It was a peculiar place, easy of approach through the narrow gulch by which we had entered, but the only egress other than the entrance, was by climbing hundreds of feet over piles of broken rock, full of small caverns. In many places the walls rose perpendicularly. The little park was irregular in shape, branching here and there as if some mighty and irresistible force had pushed itself into the mountain-side, crowding and hurling the rocks about, and finally leaving them piled high against the sheer walls to mark the path of the unknown monster, in its efforts to make a passageway through

the mountains. This was the home of the mountain lion.

The mongrel trailed on straight through the timber toward the further side. It was cool and damp and gloomy down in this great hole in the ground; and one would be surprised if such a place did not possess some strange inhabitant—even a denizen much less earthly than a lion would not have found it uncongenial. I was glad that the timber grew thinner as we approached the western side, and the sunshine on the cliffs above seemed friendly and cheerful. The dog stopped at the rocks, which rose in irregular masses high against the walls.

"Looks like we are stalled," said the owner of the mongrel, looking up at the rocks. "It's sartin the dog can't never locate him up thar; looks like he's safe this trip."

"Reckon we'll have ter lay a bait and watch fer him," suggested his partner.

"Thar's sure somethin' on top of that thar flat rock up yon' 'gainst ther wall," the sheep-man remarked, taking down his field-glass, through which he had been intently examining the rocks. "Here," he continued, handing me the glass; "now look whar I p'int my rifle."

The rock that he pointed out was a hundred yards away and as many feet above the valley; it was flat on top and about a rod in area. Just over its edge, I could make out an object that looked like the head of a yellowish-colored animal. It was the lion, and he was lying asleep in the sun. The sheep-man said, after a long look through the glass:

"No show fer a shot from here, but if one of us was on the cliff up thar above him, 'twould be dead easy to drop a bullet plumb into him."

After a consultation, the sheep-man said that he would climb a tree, and then he would be high enough to have a clear view and an open shot at the animal. We all wanted a

shot at his lionship, but the sheep-man argued, that as the lion had eaten his mutton, his was the only claim worthy of consideration; and the rest of us, he said, would receive sufficient edification in seeing him make a centre shot "jest under the ears of that thar lion." The prospector's claim was, that without his dog none of us would have gotten a shot. But the sheep-man prevailed, and at once started up a fir tree. The branches grew near the ground, and he made good progress until he incautiously trusted his weight on a dead limb.

"Crack! smash!" Like a shot, the sound struck our startled ears. Quickly looking toward the lion, I saw a fleeting vision of a big yellow animal on the rock; but before a rifle could be raised, it had vanished. The owner of the mongrel muttered something about sheep-men in general, and the folly of mingling with them at all, which our sheepish-looking companion did not hear, for he was occupied with his bruises.

We went back down the gulch, a mournful procession; but two of the number—the owner of the mongrel and I—declared that we would devise some way to kill the lion. The prospector came up to our camp, and we talked over various plans, but agreed on nothing. We trusted that something would happen to aid us, and it did that night.

Along toward morning, the sheep-men were awakened by the sheep rushing from one side of the corral to the other, then packing themselves into a solid mass in one corner of the enclosure, which alone saved the flock from a general stampede. One of the dogs went out into the darkness, barking and yelping, and when he reached the further side of the corral, there was one sharper, shriller yelp, and the dog did not return. The sheep-men hastened out, followed by the prospectors and the mongrel. They found a sheep that, like the first, had been killed

by some animal biting it through the throat. Stretched beside the sheep, was the shepherd dog, bleeding and helpless. The mongrel was eager to take the warm trail of the lion, for lion it was, but he was restrained. As it was nearly daylight, the owner of the mongrel came to our camp and reported. I was anxious to follow most any plan that promised success, and so agreed to do as he suggested, and ride to the cliffs, while he should follow the lion's trail with the mongrel.

We set out at once, and the sun was just above the distant range of mountains as I approached the edge of the cliffs; but down in the deep canyon everything was hidden in gloom, and a thin mist hung over the tree-tops. How lonely it seemed up there where the view extended for miles over trees and hills and mountains, where the only touch of civilization that ever invaded those solitudes was given by such intruders as were then within its bounds! The scene below changed rapidly, for the mist rose with the sun and rested half way up the side of the canyon wall, when it gradually resolved itself into thin air. Then it was not long before I saw the prospector and the mongrel. Poor dog! how little he knew, as he moved along with his ugly head almost touching the ground, the fate that awaited him. Through my glass, the man and dog could occasionally be seen among the trees, and I watched them until the mongrel led to the rocks near the scene of our former adventure.

The prospector retreated to the cover of a boulder, and for half an hour I watched the rocks below; then my attention was attracted by the strange actions of the dog. He crawled out from the bushes, slowly, cautiously, like a pointer on a hot scent. The prospector did not see him. Skirting the edge of the rocks for a few rods he stopped; then, springing forward, he gave mouth to a deep, hound-like bay,



THE MOUNTAIN LION HELPS HIMSELF FROM THE FLOCKS.

musical and fierce, as it echoed through the canyon. At the same instant, what seemed like a shadow from among the rocks met him on the bound. What a mix-up followed! It was a revolving mass of dog and lion; snarling, snapping, baying. It lasted only an instant; then the prospector, whom I had not seen in my excitement, was bending over the gashed and mutilated body of his poor, ugly, Bowery-like mongrel. The lion easily escaped among the rocks. I met the prospector where the gulch broadened out below the canyon, and he was disheartened, for he had a great affection for his dog. When a mountain man has taken several seasons to train a dog for lions and other big game, that dog is without price: he is like the favorite horse of an Arab.

The sheep-men had gone with their flock to another corral some miles above, when we returned. Unfortunately, they had left us no mutton, so the prospectors suggested our going to a deer-lick that evening, to kill a deer; for our camps were nearly out of meat. My friend and I begged off, for we should have to be out all night, if no game was killed in the evening; and then we should have to be at the lick before the faintest signs of daylight began to glimmer through the trees, for at the first tint in the eastern sky, the deer leave for higher grounds. When you are in the mountains, the luxurious warmth of the blankets is too genial to be left unnecessarily for the early morning mists and hungry mosquitoes. However, such laziness was not to go unrebuked, and it received one that left a lasting regret in my mind.

"Looks like our neighbors have got a buck," my companion said, looking up the gulch the next morning.

We were sitting in the sun enjoying our pipes and discussing the program for the day. Sure enough, they were coming down, one man carrying both rifles, and the other

had over his shoulder what appeared to be a saddle of venison. Coming to our tent, he threw his pack on the ground, saying: "Reckon I'm about even with that fellow now."

It was the skin and head of a mountain lion; and as he unrolled it, the size astonished me.

"It's the one we were after. See them marks on his throat and shoulders? That's whar the old dog had him." And the marks that he pointed out had been made by some animal only a little less powerful than the lion itself.

The story he told was, that they found no deer in the evening, so had camped near by, and in the morning they went again to the lick, reaching it before daylight. The lick was a small marsh surrounded by trees and thick-growing bushes. The two hunters approached it cautiously. Occasionally a gentle splash told that some animal was feeding in the marsh, and when objects began to show, they saw a small deer a few rods from them. As only a buck would be killed, they waited for better light, so that no mistake might be made. In looking about, something among the thick branches of a fir tree between them and the light attracted the attention of one of the hunters. After watching closely for a few minutes, he became satisfied that it was some large animal. Calling his companion's attention to it, they determined to kill it if possible and leave the deer for another time. Both of the hunters took aim and at the word, fired. The smoke hung over them in the heavy air, hiding the tree, but a mighty splash and struggle in the marsh followed. When they dragged the animal out, they were delighted to find that they had killed our big mountain lion.

I begged and bargained for the skin, but the erstwhile owner of the dog was obdurate. He declared that he should always have a feeling of satisfaction in its possession; keep it he intended to, and keep it he did.

HOW BETH GOODWIN MADE HER CENTURY.

By Frank S. Wells.

THE bicycle element in the little town of Hampton was bubbling over with excitement. The cause of this unusual state of affairs was the announcement that the president of the Ladies' Health Cycle Club had offered a gold watch as a prize to the member that could ride to Halseyville and return in the shortest time. The distance was just one hundred miles. Now, the president had some ideas of her own about what a woman could do, and declared that if a man had made the run, so could the girls. On several occasions, by starting early in the morning and riding the whole day, the trip was made one way; but none had been brave enough to attempt the round trip, and there was much difference of opinion as to whether there was a girl in the club with the needed endurance.

Beth Goodwin had been riding only one season, but she was a strong, healthy girl, and soon outclassed the majority of her companions, who had had greater experience; there were only a few in the whole club that could keep up with her on their weekly runs. She was the most enthusiastic of all the girls over the offer, and had trained hard and thoroughly under the critical eye of Guy Bruce, who was a particular friend of Beth's, and an all-round athlete. He had taken pride in coaching Beth in her training, and fully believed that she would

win the race. Day after day he rode with her to the race track at the old driving park, and watched her as she spun over the smooth surface, mile after mile. Sometimes he would ride with her, setting the pace; constantly cautioning her about breathing improperly; correcting the awkward and unnecessary motion of her ankles in pedaling; noticing every defect in position and action. At home he had enlisted her mother's aid, and established the most rigid rules as to what should and what should not be

eaten. As the result of this system, his pupil was a very attractive specimen of womanhood; her face shone with health and strength and beauty; her form was grace and symmetry themselves, and Guy would say, with pardonable pride: "That's what cycling does for women."

Beth had imbibed the confidence of her train-

er, and when the eventful day broke bright and clear, she rose at an early hour with a light heart, and after her "training breakfast," as she laughingly called it, started on her wheel for the village post office, where the riders were to start promptly at seven o'clock. As she rode slowly along, enjoying the fresh morning air, she was overtaken by Marion Holmes, another member of the club, who was also on her way to the meeting place. It was still early, and as they were in no hurry,



BETH GOODWIN.

they turned down a shady lane that led in a roundabout way to their destination. Never before had Beth been in such excellent spirits or so confident of success.

"Why, Guy. Bruce told me only yesterday that he knows I will win," she declared, "because I have such 'good wind.' He says that I'm a 'stayer,' whatever that is."

As they rode gaily along, she did not hear the faint s-s-s, s-s-s, at each revolution of the forward wheel, nor did she detect anything wrong until the wheel struck a rut; then she felt the wooden rim come suddenly in contact with the ground. Somewhat startled, she leaped from her wheel to make an examination. One look was enough. The front tire was perfectly flat!

A look of disappointment came over her face, and two big tears rolled slowly down her cheeks as the cause of the trouble became evident. "Punctured," she groaned, and dropped in a discouraged heap by the roadside and buried her face in her hands. The bright outlook of a moment before was a thing of the past. Her companion, forgetting that Beth was her most dangerous competitor, picked up the disabled wheel and stood it against the fence.

"I don't believe it's much of a hole, Beth," she said, after looking it over carefully; "I can't find it at all. Perhaps the valve leaks, or maybe you didn't screw the cap on tight. Hold my wheel while I blow it up again; maybe it's all right after all."

Marion soon had the little tire-pump screwed to the valve and was puffing away at the damaged wheel, while Beth's face brightened hopefully as the tire began to fill. Slowly the tube regained its rotundity, and Beth gave a sigh of relief as she unscrewed the pump and refitted the valve-cap. "I thought that I was out of the race, but it doesn't appear to leak now," she said.

They mounted and set off at a good pace for the post office, for it

was almost seven o'clock, and they had no time to lose. But Beth soon found that she had been mistaken, for they had ridden only a short distance when she again discovered that her tire was flat. Another stop was necessary, but this time her companion did not dismount but rode on, calling back that she would tell Guy Bruce to come and help her. Beth gloomily followed, trundling her disabled steed.

When Marion Holmes offered to tell Guy of Beth's accident, she fully intended to do so; but on arriving at the post office, she found the other riders lined up ready for the start, and forgetting all else in the excitement of the moment, she took her place just as the word was given, and amid shouts of encouragement from the friends of the different riders, they glided rapidly down the road toward Halseyville.

As for Beth, when she arrived at the little square in front of the post office, she found it deserted. With a heavy heart, she led her wheel slowly up the village street toward the store where Guy worked, stopping now and then to explain to her curious acquaintances why she had not started with the rest.

Guy, who was unable to be present at the start, was standing in the door as she drew near. He gave a low whistle of surprise and disappointment, and hurried forward to meet her. It took only a moment for Beth to explain, and when Guy had examined the tire, he stood up with a frown and exclaimed:

"It was a mean trick for Marion not to tell me. You could have started just as well as not, for it will take only a few minutes to plug the hole. If it wasn't so late, you could start yet, but they have too much of a lead for you to catch them now. But I'll fix the wheel right away, so that you won't miss having a ride this pleasant morning."

"All right, Guy. I'll go home and tell mother that I didn't make the

BETH'S FACE BRIGHTENED HOPEFULLY AS THE TIRE BEGAN TO FILL.



start; and then I'll go for a little run in the country."

At nine o'clock Beth returned, and the young man was just wheeling her machine out as she approached. It shone and sparkled in the morning sun as though fresh from the factory.

"Oh, Guy, how did you fix it so nicely? And in such a short time, too!" cried Beth, as she saw it. "It looks just like new."

"Well, there wasn't much to do; trade has been dull this morning, so I gave it a good cleaning while I was at it. That enamel is without a scratch, and it took only a little rubbing to make it bright."

After thanking him with a smile that more than repaid him for his work, Beth mounted her wheel, trusting that the exhilarating exercise of a run would cause her disappointment to be forgotten. Unconsciously, she took the direction of the morning's race.

Mile after mile, she rode at a rapid pace over the smooth roads, passing green fields and comfortable-looking farm-houses, pastures and meadows; but she gave them little thought, for her mind was still dwelling on the events of the morning. Finally, she began to realize the speed at which she had been riding, and that she was somewhat weary. Stopping at a farmhouse, she thoroughly enjoyed a glass of milk and a luncheon, which the woman of the house insisted on preparing for her.

Thanking the good woman for her hospitality, Beth was about to mount her wheel for the homeward ride, when the woman exclaimed:

"Say, ye ain't one of them girls thet went by here toward Halseyville this mornin', be ye?"

"No, I am not one of them, but I would like to know about what time you saw them pass," said Beth, "and how far is this from Hampton?"

"Well, I reckon it's about es fur to Hampton es it is to Halseyville, but we figger on its bein' closer, 'cause the goin's better, an' we c'n make it

quicker with the team. Es fur them girls, they went past here about an hour ago, a-ridin' like wild. I only seen two of 'em, but my daughter, Mary says she seen another earlier in the mornin'."

Beth was making some rapid calculations. "Why," she thought, "they're only riding about six miles an hour, for it's only a little after twelve o'clock, and they started at seven. If they passed here an hour ago, they made the distance in four hours, while I started at nine and reached here at twelve—just an hour quicker than they made it. Now, if I thought the first girl that passed wasn't going to hold out the whole distance, I would ride on and try to overtake them."

Thoughtfully, she mounted her machine and rode on toward Halseyville, thinking that she would turn around at the top of the next hill and make her way back home. She felt greatly refreshed by her rest, and, assisted by a light wind at her back, she seemed to fairly fly over the ground. Along the "stake-and-rider" fence that skirted the road, a squirrel darted as if challenging the young cyclist to a race; everything seemed so bright that Beth forgot all about her disappointment of the morning, and fairly revelled in the glories of the day. The hill, where she purposed ending her journey, lay just ahead, and was the only bad spot between the two towns. The slope on the Halseyville side was abrupt, the road was full of cobble stones and there were numerous breaks made by heavy rains. At the bottom, a brook wound its way across the road and was spanned by a rickety bridge that was nothing more than a lot of rotten old planks, some of them rudely fastened with nails, while others were held in place by large stones placed on either end.

When Beth reached the spot where the descent began, she dismounted from her wheel and looked down the hill, half inclined to continue her ride

until she should meet one of the returning century girls, to have her company back. The scenery was wild and picturesque along the stream, and the shade from the giant trees and wild tangle of vines invited her to descend. Toward the bottom of the ravine, the underbrush was thick and almost impassable.

Turning to take a last look at this wild scene before remounting her wheel, Beth saw something way down by the old bridge that made her hasten forward. Fluttering from a bush was a white object, and lying in the underbrush near by was what appeared to be the handle-bars of a bicycle, half concealed. Dragging her own wheel behind her, Beth hurried forward, a queer feeling as if something terrible had happened making her tremble with excitement. The white object, Beth found to be a lady's handkerchief. She then started to pull the wheel from its place among the briars, but suddenly dropped it and stood still in terror; for just beyond the bicycle and almost hidden from view, lay the motionless figure of a woman. The dress was caught and torn by the briars, the face scratched and bleeding. But what struck Beth with horror was that she recognized the figure as that of Marion Holmes. Beth pushed her way through the thick bushes to the prostrate figure and shook it, calling, in a frightened voice: "Marion! Marion!"

The girl's body was not cold, and Beth thought that the heart was faintly beating. Encouraged by this, she managed to clear a small spot among the brambles, and to lay the prostrate girl in a more comfortable position. She then made her way to the stream, and saturating her handkerchief with water, hurried back and bathed the injured face, wiping away the blood and hunting for the most serious wound. As she gently wiped the cold face, she felt a quiver run through the frame, and the eyes opened for an instant and then closed

again. But the heart seemed to beat a little stronger, and after a few moments the eyes opened again, and a sign of recognition passed over the girl's face. With a sigh of relief, Beth began to think of assistance; and after making Marion as comfortable as possible, she quickly pushed through the bushes to the road, mounted her wheel and flew on toward Halseyville.

Fortunately, she soon came in sight of a farm-house, and as she rode up, the farmer, who happened to be near, stood in open-mouthed wonder at her frantic haste. Beth lost no time in explaining the case to him, and at once he set out with a boy for the gully, carrying with them an impromptu litter on which to bear the injured girl. Beth remained behind to help the farmer's wife make things ready for the reception of her friend. Then she started for Halseyville and a doctor.

It was half-past three when she mounted her wheel, and before her was a ride of twenty-three miles. The road was straight and in fairly good condition; there were a few hills, but they were comparatively easy. The thought of poor Marion lying there almost dead, and without medical attendance, lent wings to her feet, and she fairly flew over the ground. She found the country road quite rough and rocky in places, but by taking a path at the side, the riding was much smoother. Guy Bruce's opinion of Beth's "wind" was well-founded, for she spun over the ground, covering mile after mile, without seeming to notice the exertion.

In spite of her great efforts, it was after half-past five o'clock when Beth jumped from her wheel and stumbled up the walk to the doctor's house. She found him sitting on the piazza enjoying his evening cigar. To her excited account, he exclaimed:

"What! Did you say you've come all the way from Hampton since nine o'clock, and stopped on the way to nurse a sick girl?"

Beth nodded.

"Well, you just sit down here, and don't you stir out of this house to-night. Mary," he called to his wife, "this young lady will stay here to-night and keep you company. I am going to see a patient on the Hampton road, about twenty-five miles out, and won't be back till late. The roads are good, so I'll ride my wheel."

Beth started up. "I thank you very much," she said, "but I must get home to-night. Mother doesn't know where I am, and the last train has gone, too, so there is no way to send her word."

"My dear young lady," exclaimed the doctor, "do you realize that you are fifty miles from Hampton, and that it will be very late to-night before you can reach home? Besides, for half the distance you would have to ride alone."

Yes, Beth knew all that, but as she persisted, the doctor could only make her eat some supper and take a stimulant before starting on the return trip. He was a jolly, good-natured man, and for all her weariness, Beth found herself listening with interest to his droll stories and pleasant conversation, so that the time did not seem long before the little farm-house loomed up in the distance.

They found that the sufferer had regained consciousness under the kindly care of the farmer's wife, though she was so weak that it was uncertain at times whether she breathed or not. When Beth saw that she was not needed, she quietly slipped out to her wheel. It was half-past nine when she began the lonely twenty-five-mile ride.

Beth was a fearless girl, and knew the way thoroughly, but she could not throw off the feeling of dread that passed over her as she approached the rickety bridge and came to the spot where Marion had been thrown. When safely past the dangerous spot, she breathed easier, and began the fatiguing work of climbing the rough incline on the Hampton side

of the ravine. Just as the brow of the hill was reached, she saw, outlined against the sky, the figure of a wheelman, and a moment later a familiar voice called out:

"Hello, there! Is that you, Beth?" and Guy Bruce leaped from his wheel and grasped her hand. "Why, Beth, you've given us a terrible fright. What on earth are you doing way out here at this time of night? But don't stop to explain now; we'll have plenty of time for that on the ride home. You haven't been to Halseyville, have you?"


They were soon riding along the level road, with the moon to light them on their way; and it would have been an ideal journey if Beth had not been so nearly worn out. She was so exhausted, now that the excitement was over, that will power alone kept her moving, and the thought of her mother's anxiety sustained her. As they sped along, she told Guy the story of the exciting afternoon. When he learned the reason of her long journey, the carefully-prepared lecture he had in store for her was forgotten, and instead, he exclaimed: "You're a brick. Not another girl in the club would have done it, after the way she left you this morning."

"No, Guy; I only did what any other person would have done under the same circumstances. I could not let her lie there while the farmer boy went for the doctor; I wouldn't take the chances. Marion must have been the first rider that the girl saw pass this morning, though I don't see how the others missed seeing her when they went by. Had any of them returned when you left?"

"Yes, all but two or three," said Guy, with a chuckle. "They came in together—on the train. The rest stayed in Halseyville, too tired to ride to the station. Beth, the prize is yours! You're the only one that has made the full hundred miles, and if there was ever a century made in a better cause, it has yet to be recorded."

THE SPORTSMEN'S CLUBS OF CURRITUCK.

By Alexander Hunter.



MOST of the Virginia and North Carolina coast line, beginning only a few miles below Virginia Beach, and extending over a hundred miles to Hatteras, are taken up by five great sounds: Currituck, Albermarle, Chowan, Croaton and Pamlico. All of these bodies of water were undoubtedly at one time a part of the ocean, but a sandbar extending from north to south as straight as if laid out by a surveyor's compass, interposed and stopped the billows. Five great ponds of shallow water were left, all of them fed through narrow inlets by the sea, except Currituck. The frequent rains make this piece of water almost fresh, though at times the incoming tide leaves the water slightly brackish. It varies in depth from two to four feet, and the bottom is as thickly covered with wild celery as a well-kept lawn with grass. The peculiar condition of the water is what makes this favorite food of the waterfowl so abundant, and its being so plentiful, has made the sound what it is to the sportsman.

Currituck Sound is interspersed with many islands and marshes, varying from a few square feet to hundreds of acres; and there is not a foot of this ground in the whole territory that is not owned, registered by title deeds, recorded in the archives, and watched over as if it sheltered a gold mine. All the best points have been bought by syndicates, and the members of them have formed clubs. As a consequence, a small area on the North Carolina coast contains the largest collection of clubhouses found

anywhere in the world, in so small a space. A strip about forty miles long by three to ten miles wide, is literally sown with them, varying from the spacious mansion to the shanty of the market gunner.

In the early autumn, vast flocks of ducks and geese, starting from their breeding grounds in Labrador and flying southward, follow the trend of the Atlantic Ocean and stop wherever they find food. The higher-grade varieties, such as the canvas-back, red-head, spoon-bill and shoveler, are inordinately fond of wild celery, and vast numbers wend their way to this favorite haunt at Currituck, which has been famous for over two centuries in consequence, for its wild-fowl shooting. And this is the only attraction the place has, for if there is a spot on earth otherwise more dreary and uninviting than this region, I have never heard of it.

The strip of sand that separates the Atlantic Ocean from Currituck Sound is the very embodiment of desolation. In the winter the storms careen over it at will, and the low marshes and sea meadows are alternately flooded with water and swept by shifting sands, and in the summer the sand-flies and mosquitoes make life a burden; yet there is a hardy race which inhabits these shores, and its members have lived here for two centuries. The men are as tough as pine knots, have sallow skins that are as thick as parchment, and loose, raw-boned figures. They earn their living entirely by fishing, hunting, and acting as guides; at home they are as lazy as Indians.

To belong to a crack club on Currituck Sound is almost as expensive as keeping a yacht; for the keepers and attendants are regularly employed all the year round, and the extras amount to a large sum. Take



THE PAMUNKEY CLUBHOUSE.

the Pamunkey Club, on Pamunkey Island, for instance, the shares of which originally cost \$75,000 each, and are now held by four men, one of them living in Boston and the others in New York. They keep up their Currituck establishment, though none of them has paid the club a visit for the last three years; for they are likely to come down any shooting season, and everything must be in perfect order for their arrival.

The clubhouse is like an old country inn, and is half hidden by branches and thick-growing foliage. There is no wild celery immediately around the island, and few canvas-back are shot, but it is a fine place for black duck and some of the other varieties.

This little island, resting directly in the centre of the Sound, is the most beautiful spot I ever saw. It is thickly wooded, and also has a profusion of vines, creepers and clinging arbutus. In olden times, it was the dwelling place of the chief of the

Pamunkey Indians. Here lived in happiness the copper-colored chieftain with his court, and if the rugged old cedar and fir trees abounding on the isle could speak, what interesting stories they might tell of a barbaric age! This was certainly a favored spot, and the Pamunkey Indians never suffered, like their brethren in the West, from hunger and hardships; for here were wildfowl in incredible profusion, with deer galore on the mainland, and fish, oysters and clams for the taking. This, in truth, was the Indians' happy hunting grounds!

The Swan Island Club is like the Pamunkey in that there is no wild celery near, but it is probably the best preserve for common duck on the Sound. It has

three thousand acres of shoals, flats and points, besides extensive sea meadows, affording excellent goose shooting in spring, while in the summer the meadows are alive with bay birds; but none of the members was ever known to visit the club during spring or summer. This club is an old one and antedates the war; its membership consists of eighteen men, all of Boston. The initiation fee is \$5,000, and no stock has ever been offered for sale. It has a spacious, handsome frame house with outbuildings for the keeper and assistants.

The youngest of the club family is that on Ragged Island, and in some respects it possesses advantages over all the rest. For those who prefer quality to quantity, this is the place of all others; for, coming after the wild celery, which is so abundant that it is difficult in some places to force a boat through it, the red-head and the royal canvas-back are the chief wildfowl that haunt this region.

Two scores of members, chiefly

from Norfolk, constitute the club; the initiation fee is \$1,000. One feature of this organization, and a good one, is, that the keeper and the guides are paid fixed wages, and are strictly forbidden to receive any fees at all. The guides receive sixty dollars a month each and are found. Their work is of the hardest kind, for they are frequently wet and half-frozen throughout the hunting day. The Ragged Island is the only club that two Presidents have visited; both General Harrison and President Cleveland are honorary members, and each has had good sport there.

The oldest sporting syndicate on the Sound is the Currituck Club. It was formed in the early fifties, when the only mode of communication was to travel down the beach from Norfolk, or by a country road through the great Dismal Swamp. This club is composed of twenty-five wealthy New Yorkers, who have paid \$5,000 each for their memberships, and several

of them come to Currituck each year in their private cars. The keeper of the club, Captain Tom Poyner, is known all along the coast, and if the Theosophists are right, then Jack Falstaff, "honest Jack," has come back re-incarnated in the person of Captain Tom. With the same leering, comical, twinkling eyes; the bulbous, bibulous nose; the bare, round head garnished with side locks; the same jocund voice—Captain Tom is the happy, careless, improvident, sensual Jack all over again.

The fine preserves of the Currituck Club consist of three thousand acres, mostly of marsh land; and the shooting is confined chiefly to the mallard and black duck. The clubhouse is as large as a country-town hotel; its smoking, lounging and drawing-rooms are furnished handsomely, and the building is warmed throughout by furnaces; while for cheerfulness, there are wood fires.

Live decoys are required for shooting wildfowl in the marshes, for after

being repeatedly fired at, the ducks become suspicious, and the way black duck can dart upward, straight and swift as a rocket, when the wooden decoys are sighted, is almost incredible. As for the mallard, they soon learn to circle around the decoys and discover the deception. The keeper's flock of live decoys is the finest on the Sound. He feeds them personally, and they follow him about and come to his call as faithfully as his dog. There is a space of about half an acre enclosed



AFTER A DAY WITH THE DUCKS.

with wire netting, built half in and half out of the water, with sheds for protection. A year ago there were two swan, eleven wild geese, and between fifty and sixty ducks; most of them were originally wild, and were caught when crippled. The record book shows some good bags of duck made at this club. The best for a single day was one hundred and ninety-three, mostly mallard, black duck and shovelers. There have been as many as one hundred killed to a single gun, but the average

on good days was from forty to fifty to each gun.

Close to Currituck is another swell club called "The Palmer Island," and it is so much like its neighbor that one description fits both; excepting that the latter's gun room has the finest collection of firearms of any club in the world. There are guns of all kinds, from four to sixteen bore, and all of the most costly make; indeed, every member of the club seems to be a crank on the subject of modern breech-loaders. The collection cost a trifle over \$30,000.

It is the general idea that when a Currituck club man goes to North Carolina, he gets all the shooting he wants. This is a great mistake. A perfect gunning day does not come more than once a week; sometimes for ten or twelve days there is no sport at all. When the weather is fine, the ducks rest lazily on the bosom of the water, generally far off from shore, or else they assemble on some distant sandbar or oyster bed, and sleep or preen themselves all day. It is useless to plant the decoys, for the birds will not fly, except when stirred up; and then they settle lazily down within a short distance. Then, too, the rest days, when shooting is prohibited, take up half of each week. It is only when a sudden change of weather comes, and the rough water drives the ducks from the ocean and sound to seek protection in the marshes, that the real sport begins. Then the wildfowl fly in every direction, and are attracted by the decoys. It is true, that by getting up before dawn, and lying in wait at sunset, a few shots can always be had; but a clear, calm day sends most of the sportsmen back to the house, though the more enthusiastic may take a dog and go through the marshes for an occasional snipe or black duck.

The oldest, most companionable, easy going, hospitable sporting combination in the locality, is the Light-house Club Company. All the original members have passed away,

but those of the present are middle-aged *bon vivants*, who love sport and good living equally well. This house itself is a big barnlike affair, which is slowly but surely being submerged by a huge sand-mound that towers high above the roof; and a wind storm sends the atoms all through the house until everything and everybody is gritty. The sitting-room is a perfect art gallery in its way, for several of the members are artists and have illustrated local hunting scenes with pen and pencil. The keeper of the club told me that the shooting had fallen off of late years, because of the shameful methods of pot-hunters and market gunners. But this is the complaint of every guide and keeper on the Sound. The club records here show that the greatest bag made in one day is credited to a Brooklyn man, who killed eighty red-heads.

The largest organization is the Narrow Island Club. The house is of frame, covered with shingles, and is built on half an acre of solid ground in the centre of a marsh. There are forty-one members in this club, all ardent sportsmen; and the quarters are well filled nearly all the shooting season, most of the sportsmen coming from Gotham. The interior of the clubhouse is a picture of comfort; there is a billiard-room, card-room, wine-room and sitting-room. The latter is ideal. There are not only easy chairs to fit any form, but inviting the tired hunter to repose, there are wide lounges around the wall.

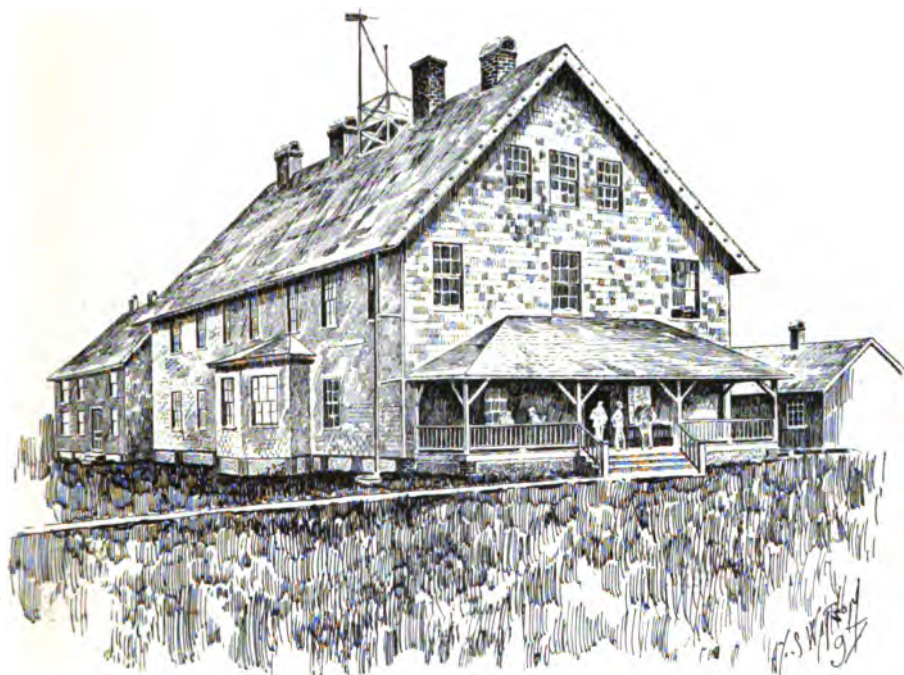
The most sociable club is a new one lately formed on Roanoke Island, where a comfortable building has been erected and completely equipped. The Roanoke Club is the only one where ladies visit. Whether the Roanokers are more gallant than their brethren, or whether they need more watching, may be open to discussion; but one thing is certain, however; if there is not so much draw poker, the house is brighter and more cheerful for the presence of the gentler sex.

Roanoke Island is the natural winter home of the goose, and there are more of them shot here than in any other spot in the country. Captain Spence, the autocrat of the isle, has over fifty wild geese that he has tamed, and on favorable days, he spreads the whole number around, and they keep up such a deafening din that every visiting wild goose for miles is notified of their presence. This flock is replenished in a remark-

forty to fifty is an ordinary day's shooting for one gun.

Among the various other clubs on the Sound, are the Martin Point, the Currituck Inlet, the Little River, the New Inlet and the Big Creek. The latter has a fine collection of Chesapeake Bay dogs.

Every club has its retrievers. Some are crosses, as Newfoundland and setters; some are pure Irish setters, and they work well, but a few days



HOME OF THE CURRITUCK CLUB.

able manner. When the birds swim about before and after the season, they are often joined by wild ones, and some of these follow them into the enclosure and remain over night; then the arguments of the civilized brothers are so potent that the barbarians decide to lead a peaceful life thereafter. They show fight when their wings are clipped, but a corn diet soon reconciles them and they soon fall into the habits of the rest. Seventy-five wild geese have been killed in one day at this island, but

of freezing weather is too much for them, and it is positive cruelty to expose them to wind and water. But a full-blooded Chesapeake is like the stormy petrel, for he delights to brave the elements. This dog has two distinct coatings of hair; the inner, short, fine and silky, like a seal; and the outer, long, coarse and curly. To say that he is a water-dog is putting it mildly; a better way would be to describe him as amphibious. Many a time, in walking along the beach in stinging



THE ROANOKE ISLAND CLUB.

winter weather, I have had my dog leave my side, and swim out and disport himself among the breakers.

Again, I have seen one of these dogs pursue a crippled goose in the open Sound amid floating ice for two miles, finally returning home, dragging the heavy bird, long after I had given up hope of ever seeing him again. They enjoy sport in a blind, too, as much as their masters, and they keep hidden until they hear the shot; then they are in the water in an instant to retrieve the game. In freezing weather their hair becomes stiff, and every movement causes a crackling and rattling; but these dogs never seem to suffer from cold, and can lie down and sleep anywhere. They are affectionate, faithful and have good dispositions; of all the breeds,

there is none more lovable. But while they make splendid companions for those who live near rivers and seas, it would be absolute cruelty to keep the Chesapeake Bay dog where there is no water.

In telling of the club-houses on the North Carolina sounds, there is one that must not be overlooked, and that is the "Poor Man's Club." No luxurious quarters are his; a bunk with some straw, a little sheet-iron stove, a frying pan, coffee pot and tin plate, constitute his commissariat; while the one room answers the purpose of half a dozen. The bar is represented by a stone jug of villainous corn whiskey that would lay out in a state of coma, anyone but a coast North Carolinian. This "club" consists of two market hunters, and the lank, lean, unshaven pair manage to bag more game than the largest syndicate on the Sound. Shooting wild fowl is a business

with them, and they practice every lure, endure every hardship and generally violate every law, to obtain the game. Their time is taken up between sitting in their blinds and snoring in their bunks. I have known them to retire to their unsavory hole on Saturday night and slumber steadily until Monday morning. They are very reticent about the number of wild-fowl they kill, but I have heard them say they often get over a hundred ducks between sunrise and sunset.

It is a surprising fact to reveal, and hard for anyone outside to believe, that the wildfowl here are fed just as regularly as the housewife banquets her chickens and turkeys. The item of corn alone is a very heavy one at every club. In the autumn, the keepers watch for the advent of the

first feathered visitants, and every morning thereafter, he goes to some shallow place and scatters the corn. The ducks soon discover the feed, and after three or four days, they come regularly to the place; they also impart their discovery to new arrivals, and as a result, all the ducks in the vicinity start for their feeding grounds soon after daylight. But if they are shot at incessantly, they seem

then you will know the ecstatic feeling produced by bowling over a canvas-back flying sixty miles an hour; the thrill of seeing a bunch of mallards setting their wings and extending their feet as they prepare to light among the decoys; the tremor that comes when a white swan or a Canada goose advances, beating the air with its broad wings and stretching out its long neck as if it were a



THE NARROW ISLAND CLUBHOUSE AND GROUNDS.

to "drop to the game" and avoid the place.

While the birds have diminished in numbers year by year, these are still the finest waters for wildfowl shooting in the country. Of course, one who would shoot there must have the time and the money, because to run down for a day or two is very unsatisfactory. You should go and wait until the elements are propitious;

telescope. All these varied feelings are what make the sport so fascinating. It is not the mere savage pleasure of killing, but the emotions that respond to the occasion—the excitement of watching the fight between the will power and the nerves, and the joyous throb of the heart that comes when skill and coolness win. These are the pleasures of the true sportsman.

THE SPANIEL, ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT

By James Watson.

IT is a peculiar fact that we are indebted to Spain for all varieties of bird-dogs. Our spaniel sufficiently indicates by its name where the English got the breed; while the pointer was originally the Spanish pointer, and the setter is simply the setting spaniel.

It has been customary to consider the modern setter as being an offshoot from the spaniel, a changed dog as to shape and character. Such books as have been published by "Stonehenge" (Dr. J. H. Walsh), Vero Shaw, "Idstone," and last of all, Rawdon B. Lee, either accept or let the subject pass unquestioned. Such is not the case, however, and the setter of to-day, by conformation, is more closely allied to the spaniel of the oldest illustrations than are the dogs we know as the cocker, or any of the several varieties of land spaniels.

All of the old books agree that the term "spaniel" was derived from the dogs originally coming from Spain. Caius' oft-quoted old book says that the name is "Hispaniolus," and that there were two sorts, land and water. In "The Master of the Game," written in 1402, the spaniel is mentioned as being used in hawking and to "couch" or "set" for the service of the net, to take quail or partridge, and the word is spelt "saynolfe," presumably "spaynolfe," and also "spaynel," "because the nature of him cometh from Spain, notwithstanding that they are to be found in other countries." We also

read of France as producing part-colored spaniels: black and tan, and black and white speckled being mentioned.

The first book that gives us a clear insight into what the spaniel was, is "Hunger's Prevention, or the Whole Art of Fowling by Water and Land," published in 1655 by Gervase Markham. Before quoting from this old book, I would like to point out a hitherto unnoticed fact in connection with it, of peculiar interest to Americans. "Hunger's Prevention" was dedicated "To the Honorable Knight Sir Edwin Sands, and to his much

honor'd and worthy friends, Mr. Thomas Gibbs, Esquire, Mr. Theodore Gulston, Doctor of Physick, and Mr. Samuel Rotte, Esquire, Adventurers and Noble favourers of the blessed Plantation of Virginia."

Gervase Markham was an authority in his day on sporting matters and also wrote



MARKHAM'S "SETTING DOGGE."

a treatise on the horse in which the terms he used are so correct that we must accept his nomenclature as being that of an expert in sporting phraseology. In describing the water and the land spaniels, he speaks of them as the "Water Dogge and Setting Dogge," at the same time saying that they are spaniels. The former is first alluded to and is thus described: "First, for the colour of the best Water Dogge albeit some (which are curious in all things) will ascribe more excellency to one colour than to another, as, the Blacks to be the best and hardest, the Lyver-hued,

Hangers Prevention :
 OR,
The whole Art
 OF
FOVVLING
 BY
Water and Land.

Containing all the Secrets belonging to that Art, and brought into a true *Forme or Method*, by which the most Ignorant may know how to take any kind of *Fowle*, either by Land or Water.

Also, exceeding necessary and profitable for all such as travell by Sea, and come into uninhabited places: Especially, all those that have any thing to doe with *New Plantations*.

By **GERVASE MARKHAM.**

LONDON,
 Printed for Francis Grove, and are to be sold by
Martin Harrison at the signe of the *Lambe* at the
 East end of *St. Pauls Church*. 1655.



TO THE HONORABLE KNIGHT

St. EDWIN SANDS, and to his much honor'd and worthy friends,
 Mr. THOMAS GIEBS Esquire,
 Mr. THEODORE GYLSTON
 Doctor of Physick, and Mr. Samuel
Rotte Esquire, Adventurers, and Noble
 favourers of the blessed
Plantation of Virginia.



Custom which maketh this claim of dedication, and the goodnesse of your noble and worthy Natures, stirres in me a boldness
 A 3

TITLE PAGE AND DEDICATION OF GERVASE MARKHAM'S OLD BOOK.

swiftest in swimming, and the pyed or Spotted Dogge, quickest of sent; yet in truth it is nothing so, for all colours are alike.

"To proceed then, your Dogge may be of any colour and yet excellent, and his tail in generale would be long and curled, not loose and shagged; for the first shewes hardnesse and ability to endure the water, the other much tendernesse and weaknesse, making his sport grievous; his head should be round and curled, his ears broad and hanging, his eye full, lively and quicke, his nose very short, his Lippe Hound like, side and rough bearded, his Chappes with a full set of short Teeth, and the generall features of his whole countenance being united together would be as Lyon like as might be, for that shewes fiercenesse and goodnesse; his Necke should be

thick and short, his Brest, like the brest of a Shippe, sharp and compasse; his shoulders brod, his fore Legs streight, his Chine square; his Buttockes rounde, his Ribbes compasse, his belly gaunt, his Thyes brawny, his Gambrels crooked, his posterns strong and dewe clawde, and all his foure feete spacious, full and round, and closed together to the clay, like a water Ducke, for they being his oares to row him in the water, having that shape, will carry his body away the faster."

Here we come across another curiosity, and no less a one than that the trimming of modern poodles originated in the preparation of the "water dogge." Here is a suggestion, which cannot be overlooked, to the effect that the poodle was originally a spaniel, for it does not seem reasonable to suppose that the

custom could have been transferred to another breed of dogs, also with curly coats and in shape and build so similar to what Markham portrays the "water dogge" to have been. Besides, we have the fact that the poodle is still used in connection with duck shooting. Markham speaks of shooting ducks and using the "water dogge" for retrieving the dead and wounded. On the other hand, he makes no reference whatever to the gun in connection with the dog used on land. This one he called the "setting dogge."

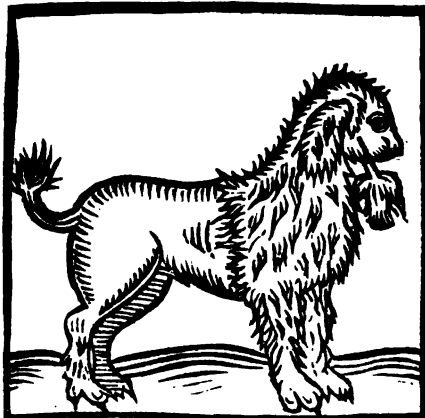
That there may be no misunderstanding as to the breed of this setting dogge, I quote as follows: "Touching the best choice of this Setting Dogge, let him be as neere as you can the best bredd Land-Spaniell that you can procure." He then tells his readers to pay no attention to color, "for no colour is amisse for this purpose, provided the naturall qualities be perfect." And he adds that he has "seene excellent Setting Dogges of a Bastard tumblers kind, for indeed a true Land Spaniel is there Gayffon," probably a misspelling of Griffon. Instructions are given at length for training the dog to set or crouch for the purpose of drawing the net over him and trapping the game. That was the origin of the "setting dogge" of the end of the seventeenth century.

In Captain Thomas Brown's "Anecdotes of Dogs," published at Edinburgh in 1829, the author quotes an agreement made in 1685, between John Harris, yeoman, and Henry Herbert, Esquire, whereby Harris agreed for the sum of ten shillings in

hand and thirty shillings payable later on, to teach a spaniel bitch named Quand *** "to sett partridges, pheasants, and other game as well, and exactly as the best setting dogges usually sett the same," using the same term "setting dogges" as Markham does.

The next step in tracing the development of the spaniel is found in "A Treatise on Field Diversions," by a clergyman who preferred to hide his identity by styling himself "A gentleman of Suffolk, a staunch sportsman." This book was originally published in 1776, and my copy is a reprint published in 1824, with a

preface to the effect that it was "decidedly the best work on the subjects on which it treats, having for many years been out of print, and become very scarce; at the suggestion of several eminent sporting characters of the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, has been reprinted *verbatim*." In it we find for the first time, a division of the family of span-



MARKHAM'S "WATER DOGGE."

iels into something akin to later distinctions. First, we have "the setter," and the author tells us that "there are now various kinds called setters from being appropriated to that source; such as between the English Spaniel and Foxhound, ditto and Pointer and the pure Pointer simply by himself. None have any just claim, however, to the appellation, but what is emphatically called by way of eminence, the *English Spaniel*. The Irish insist *theirs* are the true English Spaniel; the Welch contend *theirs* are the aborigines. Be that as it may, whatever mixtures, may have been since made, there



COCKER BITCH CHAMPION WAGGLES.

were fifty years ago, two distinct tribes—the black-tanned and the orange, or lemon and white.”

The second division is “The Springing Spaniel,” and the opening sentence reads as follows: “The cocking, or gun spaniel of true perfect breed, is of one general or whole color, either black or black-tan, commonly called King Charles’ breed; or red in different shades, paler or deeper, such as in horses we would call a blood bay or a bright bay. I have known some (very rarely) absolutely so; without the admission of a different hair; though for the most part, there is some white on the breast, and bottom of the throat. Coat loose and soft, but not waved; back broad and short; legs short with breeches behind. There is a great variety at this time in different mixtures, of red-and-white, black-and-white, grizzled, etc. Some with a hard, short coat; others with a wavy coat, inclining to curl. But in

all these pied or parti-coloured, there is a tincture of the beagle or water-spaniel.”

Mr. Mott and Sir John Vanneck are mentioned as having the red strain from 1720 to 1776, and as both lived in Suffolk, it is little wonder that the Obo strain from that part of England should have given to America its present numerous family of red and buff spaniels.

There is no division of spaniels by the terms cocker and springer, or present-day Clumber, Sussex and field spaniel, and the description quoted above applies only to the cocker. It is perhaps well to add that, notwithstanding the author speaks of shooting over the English setter as over a pointer, all his instructions for breaking and training the English setter are for the net, while the pointer and spaniel were the gun dogs, the former in the open and the spaniel in cover.

It was in the eighteenth century

that guns began to be developed from the old-fashioned matchlock to such an extent that they became much used in field sports, and with that, we naturally find a decided development in other matters pertaining to shooting.

Then passing from the "Staunch Sportsman's" book of 1776, the next is "Brown's Anecdotes of Dogs," already referred to, and a jump to 1829. The author of this last was Captain Thomas Brown, a member of many royal and scientific societies, also

origin of these breeds, for we learn more than he knew from the books previously quoted from.

The large water spaniel is described as being about the size of an ordinary setter, but much stronger in the bone and shorter in the legs. "His head is long and his muzzle moderately acute, his face is quite smooth, as well as the front of his legs; his ears are long, which, together with his whole body, are covered with deep hair, consisting of firm, small, and distinctly crisped



SUSSEX SPANIEL COLESHILL RUFUS.

author of "Illustrations of the Conchology of Great Britain and Ireland," and of "General Ornithology." This is mentioned to show that he was a gentleman of education and, presumably, a close observer. The illustrations are his own, but they are not much to boast about. His division of the spaniel family shows a great increase, there being the large water spaniel; the small water spaniel, or poodle; the springer, or springing spaniel; the cocker; the old English setter and the English setter. Complete reliance cannot be placed upon Captain Brown's statements as to the

curls, not unlike those of a wig; his tail is rather short and clothed with curled hair. His hair is differently curled than that of the great water-dog and poodle, as those of the two latter consist of long and pendulous curls. His general colour is a dark liver-brown, with white legs, neck and belly; and is sometimes, though rarely to be met with, all black, or with a black body and white neck and legs." It looks very much as if this was a dog more closely allied to the Irish water spaniel than anything previously described, and we know that the "Staunch Sportsman"

spoke of the spaniels of the Irish and also of the Welsh, though he might have referred to what we would now classify as setters.

The small water spaniel, or poodle, is then described, and here is another indication that the poodle was originally a spaniel or the "water dogge" of Markham's time. Brown says that this dog was generally white, though occasionally found with black patches on various parts of the body. "In France," he says, "this dog is a great favorite, and is taught many curious tricks. He is also an excellent companion in shooting of wild fowl."

Of the land spaniels, Brown says: "There are two different dogs which usually pass under the denomination; one being considerably larger than the other, and known by the name of Springing Spaniel." He is described as differing little in figure from the setter, except in size. Their chief difference consisted in the former having a larger head in proportion to the bulk of the body. They varied also in a small degree in point of color, from red and yellow or liver color, to white, which seemed to be the invariable standard of the breed.



CHAMPION BLACK DUKE.
(Cocker Spaniel.)

They were nearly two-fifths less in height and strength than the setter; their form being more delicate, their ears longer, very soft and pliable, and covered with a coat of long, waving and silky hair. The nose was red or

black, the latter being the surest mark of high breeding; the tail bushy and pendulous, and always in motion when employed in pursuit of game. Another point of interest is brought out by Brown's statement that "both



CHAMPION DRAYTON WARWICK.
(Field Spaniel.)

the Springer and Cocker give tongue the moment they either see or smell game," showing that he knew nothing of the Clumber.

Of the Cocker, Captain Brown says it "differs from the Springer in having a shorter and more compact form, a rounder head and a shorter muzzle; the ears are very long, the limbs are short and strong, the tail is generally truncated and more bushy; and the hair of the Cocker over his whole body is more curled than that of the Springer. He varies in color from liver-and-white, red, red-and-white, black-and-white, all liver-coloured, and not unfrequently black, with tanned legs and muzzle." He also speaks of the cocker as being common in Sussex, "from which, in the south, he has obtained the name of the Sussex Spaniel." The spaniels of the Duke of Marlborough are also mentioned as being active and indefatigable in the chase.

Captain Brown makes slips occasionally, and it may be that he has not written from actual knowledge of the "Sussex Spaniel," though there is other evidence to the effect that a liver-and-white was claimed as Sussex, while at and near Rosehill the golden-

liver was alone recognized as the genuine Sussex. His remarks on the setter are devoid of any new information, and contain many wild guesses as to the origin of the "old" and also the English setter. Speaking of the latter, he relates an anecdote about a black-and-tan setter bitch owned by a Mr. Torry, and which came originally out of the Duke of Bedford's kennel.

The development of the several breeds of setters and spaniels must

English water spaniel. The modern field spaniel was of the Brush type, a large cocker, much higher on the leg than the present field spaniel fashion calls for. "Stonehenge's" selected illustration of the cocker in 1870, Ladybird, is one of our present type in body and only slightly lighter in head than we now prefer. His Sussex spaniel George is not a good one at all, yet "Stonehenge" says he was named because of a resemblance to a dog he used in 1866 as the type of the breed. A better Sussex of that date was Champion Bachelor, a photograph of which I received from Mr. Jacobs about 1880-81, and this shows a low, massive dog. It was the infusion of the Bachelor blood in Mr. Jacobs' blacks that produced the great change in the New-



FIELD SPANIEL NEWTON ABBOT DARKIE.

have progressed rapidly between the times of "The Staunch Sportsman," 1776, and Captain Brown, 1829, and the first of "Stonehenge's" articles in the London *Field* of 1865, which were finally published under the title of "The Dogs of the British Islands." This was the model from which all subsequent dog books have taken pattern, and in it we find the three setter divisions of the present day — the English, Irish and Gordon — each of which has been only slightly altered or improved since then. In 1872, we had such dogs as the English or Laverack setter Pride of the Border, the Irish setter Elcho, and one or two good Gordons, in this country, which were possibly as good as anything we have had since.

Spaniels had also reached, in "Stonehenge," the subdivisions of the modern field spaniel — the cocker, Sussex, Clumber, Irish water and

English water spaniel. The modern field spaniel was of the Brush type, a large cocker, much higher on the leg than the present field spaniel fashion calls for. "Stonehenge's" selected illustration of the cocker in 1870, Ladybird, is one of our present type in body and only slightly lighter in head than we now prefer. His Sussex spaniel George is not a good one at all, yet "Stonehenge" says he was named because of a resemblance to a dog he used in 1866 as the type of the breed. A better Sussex of that date was Champion Bachelor, a photograph of which I received from Mr. Jacobs about 1880-81, and this shows a low, massive dog. It was the infusion of the Bachelor blood in Mr. Jacobs' blacks that produced the great change in the New-

ton Abbot dogs, of which Newton Abbot Darkie, imported by E. M. Oldham, was a good specimen. My Benedict, by Bachelor, was good in body, but rather weak in hand. It was not until 1872 that the Sussex had a class devoted exclusively to themselves at English bench shows, they being lumped with "other than Clumber" up to that date. The Clumber's early history, like that of the Sussex, is veiled in obscurity, and it is difficult to understand why so little was known of them until "Stonehenge's" article appeared, yet they could not have been suddenly developed. Captain A. W. Langdale, who wrote much of Vero Shaw's accounts of these breeds, and who was one of the best-informed men on spaniels twenty years ago, says: "The Clumber is believed to be one of the oldest known breeds of dogs of the genus spaniel," and

there is no doubt that it must have taken time to reach his peculiar characteristic of being mute. Of the Irish water spaniel, early records are also very deficient, and in "Stonehenge" and Vero Shaw we get no further back than about 1810, when there seems to have been several varieties, one undoubtedly that described by Captain Brown. It is worth while harking back to Mark-

of America. It is not intended, however, that this should be a description of present-day spaniels, but rather a collection of information mainly from unquoted books, tracing the various breeds of setters and spaniels from the original starting point, the dog that came from Spain, to the subdivisions of the present day.

So far as I know, there are only



COCKER SPANIEL CHAMPION MIDDY.

ham's water dogge, and noting that they were liver-hued in his day, and also that their heads were curled. Within the knowledge of the present generation, there has been no change in the type.

In the way of modern differences, we have the change in the field spaniel already referred to in the Newton Abbot strain, and the rapid development of the resuscitated red cockers

two copies of Markham's old book on "Hunger's Prevention," in existence. One is in the British Museum, and the other — that from which the prints here are reproduced — is in my possession. I picked it up as an unknown bargain at a sale of old books in New York a few years ago, and it seems to shed much valuable light on the origin of some of our modern hunting dogs.



THE ST. NICHOLAS SKATING RINK IN NEW YORK, WHERE THE FIGURE SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS WERE HELD THIS WINTER.

FIGURE SKATING ON RINK AND POND.

By George D. Phillips.

UNTIL one is sufficiently expert on the ice to become a good figure skater, he has not acquired the true art of the sport, nor can he appreciate its fascinations. It is only by a natural balance and hard, intelligent work, that one is able to reach anything like championship form.

The building of artificial ice rinks in this country during the last two or three years has given a great impetus to the sport, and made the development of excellent figure skaters possible. At present, New York, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Washington and Chicago have rinks; and seven or eight others are projected for next year in as many different cities.

New York city has been particularly unfortunate in the past, owing to its changeable climate and a very limited number of outdoor skating days. But now that its skaters can count upon good ice under cover, irrespective of wind and weather, for a period of five consecutive months, it is fair to presume that in the next two or three years this city will more than hold its own in producing first-class figure skaters. Records of the past show that the vicinity of New York has been the home of more than its share of the figure-skating experts of the country. But to the old Philadelphia Skating Club belongs the honor of the first figure-skating contest held in this country, which was about 1863. The first competition in New York was at "Mitchell's Pond," Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, in 1867. This site is now occupied by the Plaza Hotel.

To Robert Edwards, of the New York Skating Club, is due the credit of the first regular figure skating programme ever properly introduced, and it is now partly in use by the National Amateur Skating Association

in all of its championship contests. This programme, as originally presented by Mr. Edwards, was amended at the meeting of the American Skating Congress in Pittsburgh, in 1868, and the last changes were made at a joint meeting of the National Amateur Skating Association, the New England Skating Association and the Canadian Skating Association, held in New York in February, 1891. At this meeting, both the New England and the Canadian Associations discarded their original programmes, and adopted the following:

1. Plain forward and backward skating in various ways.
2. Outside edge roll forward.
3. Outside edge roll backward.
4. Inside edge roll forward.
5. Inside edge roll backward.
6. Figure eight on one foot forward.
7. Figure eight on one foot backward.
8. Cross roll forward in field and eights, single and double circle.
9. Cross roll backward in fields and eights, single and double circle.
10. Change of edge roll forward, beginning on either outside or inside edge.
11. Change of edge roll backward, beginning on either outside or inside edge.
12. Spread eagle on inside and outside edges.
13. Curved angles—threes, single, double, chain and flying, beginning on inside or outside edge.
14. Curved angles—rocking turns from outside edge to outside edge, or inside edge to inside edge, forward and backward.
15. Curved angles—crosscuts or anvils.
16. Grapevines, including Philadelphia "twist."
17. Toe and heel movements, embracing pivot circling, toe spins (pirouettes) and movements on both toes.
18. Single and double flat foot spins, cross-foot and two-foot whirls.
19. (a) Serpentine on one foot and on both feet; (b) Change of edge, single and double.
20. Loops and ringlets on inside and outside edges, single and in combination.
21. Specialties, embracing original and peculiar movements.

Previous to 1891, the Canadian and Boston skaters who competed in New York were seriously handicapped by their unfamiliarity with our programme. Likewise, the New York skaters were handicapped in other localities, for the same reason.

All foreign competitions are skated by a programme that calls for a certain number of set figures, each having its own value, and the competitors are allowed five minutes each for specialties, the score for which ordinarily is about one-third of the total amount of possible points. Our form of scoring gives each section on the programme an equal value. This has been frequently discussed among skaters, and it seems to us on this side of the water much fairer to have a programme wherein a man's general ability is proven and his average reached.

It is only fair to admit that foreign figure skaters have improved very much in the last ten years. Their ability to skate "to place" is very marked; but when it comes to a matter of grace and ability to skate the plain rolls—the very basis of all figureskating—we find the foreigners very weak and anything but graceful. A man who is naturally awkward can never make a successful figure skater. Supple joints and a natural balance can not be acquired.

In his article on figure skating, T. Maxwell Witham claims to have known an instance of a man's practicing upon the floor of his room, before a cheval glass, and then, with very little outdoor practice, become a brilliant and graceful skater. This country has as yet failed to produce such an example. Nothing but hard work and the use of a man's brains will make a successful skater. I would call attention to Herbert S. Evans, of Boston, as an example of what hard and intelligent work will do for a figure skater. In 1891 Mr. Evans finished last in the amateur championships held in Albany; but in 1896 he not only won the cham-

pionship, but he had also acquired the most absolute and complete control of his balance of any skater that I have ever seen. During the five intervening years, he had devoted a great deal of time and intelligent study to the art, and certainly deserved the championship and all the glory that went with it.

Louis Rubenstein, of Montreal, who won the championship of the United States and Canada on several occasions, and the world's championship at St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1892, used to devote several hours each day to practice, and for this reason only has he been able to excel all competitors in "place" skating. His double one-foot eights are marvels of accuracy, and no one with a compass could make a more beautiful figure upon the ice. His control of the "anvils" is also remarkable.

One style of figure skating that promises to be very popular in this country is termed "hand-in-hand skating." This was instituted by the London Skating Club, and they have published numerous works and diagrams regarding it. The greatest attraction of this style of skating is the social side of it. A lady and a gentleman skating their changes of "edges," "threes," "rocking turns" and "Q's," will find infinite amusement, and hard work is forgotten in the pleasure of social intercourse. This has already taken a firm hold on the skaters of New York, and promises to be quite a feature in the future.

A proper outfit for one who wants to become a good figure skater is an absolute necessity, and strong, lace shoes, with stout soles are an important part of it. In this country and in England, the majority of good skaters have their skates screwed to the soles of their shoes. In fastening the plate of the skate to the sole of the shoe, it will be found advantageous to have the runner about one-eighth of an inch on the inside of the centre, and the skate itself should have its bearing just back of the ball of the foot.



EVERY FROZEN POND HAS ITS FASCINATIONS.

The skates used in France will scarcely become popular in this country, as they are very much higher than ours, which we believe to be a detriment; and they have a very long heel, somewhat on the pattern of hockey skates, and which, for our style of figure skating, would be likely to cause many unfortunate

falls. Most of the English skaters use what is termed the "Dowler blade," made on the ordinary seven-foot radius, slightly concave. This makes it a little wider on the ends than in the centre. It is open to question if that is any advantage. The consensus of opinion among the American skaters is against it. Foreign skaters do not

yet understand the toe movements, though they comprise a large percentage of our programmes, and an ingenious skater can originate many new ones. Furthermore, they can be executed with extreme grace.

Figure skating in Europe is now controlled by the International Skaters' Union, which is composed of all the National Skating Associations of foreign countries. The only member in this part of the world is the Canadian Association. In the United States, our contests are entirely governed by the National Amateur Skating Association, which was organized in 1885, and it is still the ruling body for both figure and speed skating championships. An effort was made this year to form what was termed an International Skating Association, but as it had no standing of any description, it was promptly "laughed down" by the associations of Europe, the United States and Canada.

Figure skaters should bear in mind that the first step toward success is gracefulness. I have seen in competition several foreign skaters who failed to understand why they were marked so low in many sections of the programme. They did not seem to appreciate that flying arms and legs make grace and beauty of action an absolute impossibility.

It is not always the brilliant skater that is the most successful in competition. Quite frequently the public is carried away by seeing a man in the championship execute three or four most brilliant movements, and they fail to realize his extreme weakness in many other sections. It is the man who executes the figures with the least possible effort, and looks as though every one of the sections of the programme were perfectly easy and under his control, that generally makes the winner.

To be a successful competitor, one must have considerable muscular endurance. When it is considered that it takes each skater at least an hour to

make all the necessary figures on the programme, it will be seen that, with an entry list of nine, as in the championship this winter, it means nine hours of almost continual skating, as every section is executed in turn. It is certainly a very tiresome undertaking.

Good judges for figure skating contests are not numerous. A man should thoroughly understand when a skater is executing all his movements, both forward and backward, and upon right and left foot alike, and upon inside and outside edges, wherever it is possible. Even then, deception can be used at times. A notable instance of this occurred in 1868, when Frank Swift, who was then champion, was discovered to be one-footed in his figure eights. He had already won the championship and numerous matches. He would execute his one-foot eight on his good foot, then skate off, turn around a few times and come back, and do it over again on the same foot; and this escaped the notice of the judges on a great many occasions. It is not likely that such a thing could ever happen during the present regime.

The man who has probably done more to foster figure skating in this country than any other is Eugene B. Cook, who has been a delegate to all the various conventions where action has been taken upon the formation of programmes, and whose ideas are largely followed to-day by all figure skaters. Mr. Cook has been, to my knowledge, a first-class figure skater for thirty-five years, and he is considered practically the father of figure skating in this country.

If figure skaters would first give their attention to plain rolls, both outside and inside, forward and backward, and master them completely, they would then be able to take up the rest of the programme successfully; but most beginners do not like to go through the hard work necessary to control these simple edges.



A MOOSE FIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS.

By Frank S. Clifford.

IT was the middle of October when we started for a hunting and camping trip in the woods of Maine. My brother, a friend whom we called Dick, and I made up the party, and we left Salem, Massachusetts, full of great expectations.

We had a complete camping outfit, and besides our repeating rifles, Dick had a Sharp's, that one-time favorite of most big-game hunters. We left the train at a small town on the southern part of Moosehead Lake, the following morning. We remained there two days, laying in a supply of provisions; and with the help of our landlord, we secured the services of a reliable guide. The following morning we started on foot for the heart of the woods. After two days of traveling, we fixed upon a site for a permanent camp in a small clearing, and near by, the guide said, game was abundant. We all set to work and soon rigged up a small cabin, comfortable and cozy.

There was game about, we soon learned; for after a fall of snow, we saw tracks of deer, and even the deer themselves, one day. Fish were also plentiful in the streams, and my brother and I planned one evening

to have some trout for breakfast next morning. Rising with the sun, we took our rods and started for a small stream near camp. As we were going fishing, I did not at first intend to carry a rifle, but finally changed my mind, and took it. And it proved to be the greatest piece of good luck that I have ever had in my hunting experiences. We had not reached the stream when, upon emerging from the woods into a rather large clearing, the stillness of the morning was broken by the most weird, indescribable noise I ever heard. It somewhat resembled the bellowing of a bull, only faintly, however. It stopped almost as suddenly as it had begun.

"Do you know, that noise puts me in mind of a story I once read about moose-calling," said my companion.

"That's so," I exclaimed, instantly remembering the same story. "It was a bull moose, sure."

"Lucky for you I told you to take the rifle," he added.

I made no reply to this remark, although it was at his suggestion that I took it; for I was having a hard time slipping cartridges into the magazine with my trembling fingers.

"He's coming this way," said Walter, as I finished loading the rifle. And so he was, for at that moment the same noise came from a point much nearer than when first heard.

"Let's get behind these rocks and wait; perhaps he'll come within shooting distance," I suggested.

The moose had by this time ceased his bellowing. We scraped the snow away, and lay down behind the rocks, so that only our heads showed above them. I placed the rifle in such a position on the rocks that I could fire easily, although I really did not expect the moose to come within very close range. The further edge of the clearing was about a quarter of a mile off, and I pointed the rifle in that direction; for if he came, that was where he would show himself, I felt sure.

"Did you hear that?" suddenly exclaimed Walter.

I was just about to answer in the negative, when almost an exact echo of the sound we first heard came from a point almost directly behind us.

"I am of the opinion that we are to have an exciting time, if those two bulls get together near here," my companion said, rather coolly I thought.

"You're right on that point," I replied, "for—" but I did not finish. At that moment a loud crashing in the bushes was followed by a bull moose emerging from the woods about four hundred yards away. He stood perfectly still, his fine head of antlers raised high in the air.

Imagine our excitement on seeing a moose for the first time in our lives! I trembled so that I almost dropped the rifle. But still, I would not now have had it otherwise; nor would I care to be so cold-blooded that I could not feel my nerves tingle at the sight of game.

It seemed an hour that the scene remained unchanged; neither we nor the moose stirred or uttered a sound. Suddenly, a very similar sound arose from a point back of us, and quite

near. Then our moose snorted and walked several yards toward where the noise came from. He stopped when he was nearly in front of us, and stood still again. And now, to our amazement, a second moose emerged from the woods directly opposite the first one. They gazed at each other with their heads raised high in the air. Then our bull lowered his antlers and rushed at the newcomer. The other planted his feet firmly and awaited the attack.

Crash! came their antlers together, with force enough, I thought, to break them into pieces. They were within pretty good rifle range, not more than one hundred yards away.

"For heaven's sake! Why don't you fire?" cried Walter.

"Fire?" I repeated to myself; "have I a gun?" I was so excited in my eagerness to witness the battle that I had entirely forgotten about the rifle; but upon looking, I saw it lying on the top of the rock.

Back and forth surged the two moose, as they brought their antlers together again and again with terrific force. I was trying to control my nerves sufficiently to take a steady aim, when Walter said:

"Now's your chance; they are locked together."

They had in some way gotten their antlers caught so that they could not pull them apart. They were tearing up the ground with their hoofs and snorting like enraged bulls.

I took aim as steadily as possible at one of them, and fired. Spat! back came the sound that told the bullet had gone true. The moose was hit below the shoulder, and his leg broken. The instant the rifle was fired, both moose stopped fighting and stood still, probably filled with amazement, while one of them, doubtless, was half paralyzed by the shock of the bullet.

"You've hit him," exclaimed Walter; and in his excitement, he jumped up from his place behind the rock.

The moment the moose caught sight of him, they renewed with more vigor than ever their struggle to get free; but the wounded one could not longer stand up, and fell heavily to the ground, giving his opponent's head such a violent twist that he, too, fell. This one tried again and again to rise, but the other's antlers held him down.

Meanwhile, I had somewhat controlled my nerves, and I again took aim and fired at the wounded moose. The bullet hit fairly in the shoulder, passing through his heart and killing him almost instantly. The report of the rifle made the other moose try

desperately to rise again but without success, and before I could fire at him, the report of a rifle rang out, followed by a violent kick from the moose; but it was his last move. We naturally looked around to see who had fired. There stood the guide and Dick a few yards away, the latter with a smoking rifle in his hand.

We hastened up to our game, and the guide was very evidently amused at the scene of our rejoicing. He assured us, however, that we were exceedingly fortunate in having seen the fight; for hunters of many years' experience seldom witness such a scene.

THE DUCK THAT SHANNON SHOT.

By Clyde H. De Lano.

EARLY one fall three young fellows were encamped on a ledge about ten feet above the sluggish waters of Yellow Creek. There was Shannon, tall and lanky, who was the proud possessor of an old army musket, one that did service as a shotgun and never failed to bring a pallor to the face of its owner just before he pulled the trigger. Then there was Denalo, a short, slim fellow, who owned a twenty-two-calibre rifle, the front sight of which had mysteriously disappeared. It had a carved stock—that is, Shannon, with a jack-knife, had carved a stock for it from a "two-by-four," when the original had been broken. To be sure, it was not pretty, and Denalo even went so far as to wrap it up in a sack when going through town. Besides this, he possessed a twenty-two-calibre pistol—a single shot. It was not an expensive arm, having retailed at fifty cents, but on account of a hole in the side of the barrel, the price was reduced to thirty-five cents. It had a faculty of shooting heavenward whenever it was discharged, but it would make a noise.

Marvin completed the trio, but he

did not join the camping party until the second day after the tent had been pitched. The two boys were lying upon the grassy bank of the muddy creek idly watching a cork attached to a line, when Marvin made his appearance, carrying in one hand a grain sack containing a loaf of bread, in the other hand he held something that, years before, had been a revolver.

"You fellows haven't got an extra cylinder, have you?" queried the belated camper as he deposited his single loaf of bread upon the grass.

Denalo and Shannon looked at the new arrival, and then they went around back of the tent to hide their grief, for they thought their friend was beyond help.

Marvin explained, apologetically, that he should have been out before, but he had to saw all the wood for the cook-stove at home, and he could never get up strength enough to saw more than one day's supply at a time, and that it was only when his folks went to spend a week at a camp-meeting that he succeeded in getting away. He had purloined a loaf of bread, and he was certain it would

be more than he could eat in a week. Alas, how changed did he become! Before the end of the week, this same Marvin ate more than a loaf at each meal. But Marvin proved to be a handy man, and but for him, the tent would never have been completed as it was after his arrival.

Perhaps it may be well to say a word in regard to the tent, for surely it was a tent of tents. A fence-board with one end resting in a forked sapling, the other nailed to a tree, formed the frame work. The canvas was a square piece of cloth that had served as the top to a candy-stand. This was thrown over the fence-board and drawn down so as to make an A tent. There were no ends—at least, not until Marvin came. He whittled some wooden pegs for pins, and taking the dish-rags, pinned them together and announced that thereafter the tent would have ends. These crazy-quilt flaps were ludicrous to gaze upon; but what cared Marvin? A man who would go hunting with a gun without a barrel, certainly was not to be disturbed by so small a thing as that. Another distinguishing feature of the tent was its shortness. When Shannon would go to bed, his feet projected eighteen inches, by actual measurement.

Game was scarce. Now and then a snipe would alight on the bank at the edge of the creek. Then, breathlessly, Denalo would reach down, take up a pinch of mud and mould a sight upon the end of his gun-barrel. Then he would aim and fire. When the snipe heard the report of the musket, it invariably flew away.

Thus the days passed, and the time to break camp drew near. As yet, no game had been shot, and an occasional bullhead was the only thing that could be boasted of in the way of fishing.

One afternoon, as Denalo and Marvin sat in the tent discussing the advisability of milking a farmer's cow, the patchwork end of the tent was thrust hastily aside, and the tall

form of Shannon was outlined against the sky. Every feature of his face showed excitement. "Sh!" he whispered, in a husky voice, at the same time glancing apprehensively over his shoulder.

Breathlessly, the boys waited.

"Sh!" repeated the excited Shannon, holding up one finger to emphasize his command, with the other hand reaching for his musket. "Sh! a duck."

Both Marvin and Denalo had expected to hear that a band of highwaymen were approaching, and so were unprepared for the shock that Shannon's statement gave them.

Tremblingly and silently, Denalo passed the faithful twenty-two calibre pistol, with the hole in the side of its barrel, to Marvin, and with the same unsteady hand that told of excitement unnerving him, he reached down for a little dampened earth with which to mould a sight for his barrel. Marvin's knees trembled, and he appeared to have hard work with his breathing apparatus. Silently the little party filed from the tent. A hasty consultation followed in whispers. Shannon was to shoot first; if he missed Denalo was to shoot; while if Denalo missed, Marvin was to point the pistol at the ground and shoot, for it was hoped that in its heavenly course, the bullet would find its mark. Sheltered by some straggling bushes, they lay flat upon the ledge and waited.

Around the bend in the creek, some fifty yards distant, floating slowly with the current, came a solitary duck. Little suspecting the destruction that was in store for it, he pecked contentedly at bugs and things in the water, first on one side and then on the other. With saucer-like eyes, and breath that came hard, the boys watched its slow but certain approach. Shannon trembled slightly, not altogether on account of the duck, but he was wondering where he would be after the shot was fired; Denalo's hand shook so that every

vibration threatened to dislodge the mud sight. Marvin was sure that the beating of his heart would scare the duck before a shot could be fired; his teeth chattered so that he was compelled to keep his mouth wide open. Denalo glanced at him and scowled. That did no good, and he continued to lie there, his eyes popping from his head, his mouth open to its widest extent, while his right hand shook like an aspen as he held the pistol pointing earthward.

The duck presently floated abreast of Shannon. The great army musket thundered out, pouring forth its load of deadly pellets as perhaps it had done in days of yore. When the smoke cleared away, there floated the

duck, while on the ledge Shannon was tenderly nursing his nearly-dislocated shoulder.

That was a joyous night for the boys as they sat in a triangle upon the ground and devoured the delicious meat of the duck.

Morning came. A farmer's boy, with a crooked branch for a fish-pole, stopped as he passed the tent. "Hello, fellers," he said. Then, as his glance fell upon the head of the duck where it lay on the ground, and he saw the feathers strewn about, he exclaimed, in a voice expressing admiration for their marksmanship:

"Gosh! you uns shot one of them there hell-divers, didn't yuh?"

A HUNTING ADVENTURE IN ARKANSAS.

By R. Edson Storey.

ARKANSAS, famous for its Democratic majorities, warm springs and malaria, has other things as well. It has miles of cypress swamps and canebrakes, in which there are ducks and bear; it has also a vast district of hills and game, natives and "moonshine" whiskey. For a brief, a very brief space of time, it also had me.

Perhaps the natives—poor whites—are the most characteristic feature of this part of the state, and their most striking peculiarity is their lack of progressiveness and utter indifference to the existence of an outside world, or any world at all. Some years ago, when a railroad pushed its way fifty miles into their hills, in order to connect some mineral springs with the light of day, the natives woke up—a strange thing for them to do between elections—and held indignation meetings at the country stores and corner post offices; for this new thing that their fathers had never needed, nor their grandfathers desired, would set fire to

the country or kill their hogs or disturb the slumbers of the natives.

The road was finished, however, and it made accessible, hunting grounds that were before seldom visited by sportsmen. Deer and turkeys were plentiful, and smaller game, such as ruffed grouse, quail and squirrels, were found in numbers to delight the wielder of gun or small-bore rifle.

Late one fall I visited the little health resort at the end of the road, intent on a few days' shooting in a country that gave promise of something novel in the way of sport. Reports of small game, which I had heard, were easily confirmed. So, after a day or two spent in visiting the springs and in studying the natives, I engaged a saddle-horse, intending to go for some shooting over the hills a few miles from town, on the following day.

In the morning, before the frost was off the brown leaves that covered the hills, I was well into the country. Several natives on their

way to town were passed, and it was amusing to see them stare, with open mouths as well as eyes, as if a stranger riding out in the morning with a rifle across his saddle was the most suspicious object imaginable. I learned later that he was, among those hills.

I stopped at a tumble-down shanty several miles from town, to inquire about an unused road that appeared to lead away from all signs of fields and travel. I was met at the door by a tall, lank, yellow-skinned man, a short, skinny woman, and a swarm of skinny, yellowish "young-ones." The man "lowed he didn't know" much about the road, but he was very curious to know my name, where I came from, what I was doing around there, where I was staying in town, and did I know the sheriff, and how much my rifle cost, besides a few other items of interest. While the skinny young-ones stood around in mute admiration of their father's cuteness as a cross-examiner. I finally broke away and jogged down the deserted road, and was soon in timber that promised good sport.

Dismounting, I secured my pony and prepared for a several hours' tramp over the steep hills. I had taken a small-bore rifle, for I felt sure of finding good squirrel shooting, if nothing larger, and with the rifle, I was ready for anything.

Hardly had the horse been left, when, pattering across the dry leaves, I heard a squirrel, a big gray, a short distance ahead. As I started toward him, he frisked up the opposite side of a large oak. I approached within a few yards of the tree and stood with rifle in position, waiting for curiosity to get the better of squirrel judgment. After a minute or two, the end of a bushy tail flirted from behind a branch, sixty feet from the ground; then, as the rifle was pointed at the limb, the tip of a nose appeared, then half of the head. This was enough; the trigger was pressed, and at the sharp report of the thirty-

two calibre, the squirrel was launched into space and came whirling down, minus the top of his head.

This one had hardly been hung up where it could be found on my return, when the spiteful barking from a tree a hundred yards away told that another gray was out enjoying the morning air. And he was fully awake, too, for as I approached, he frisked into a hole in the tree, where I had to leave him in security. For several hours I strolled over the hills and down into deep ravines. Squirrels were numerous and the sport was exciting. By noon I had a heavy string of grays, most of them, it was pleasing to note, shot through the head.

In working again toward the higher ground, hoping to find a ridge that would lead back to my horse, I followed up a ravine that appeared to reach the tops of the hills; it was a gradual ascent and much easier walking than the steep hill-sides. I had gotten well up, and the sides were quite abrupt, but not more than ten feet high. In a few minutes the top would be reached, I thought. On every side the woods were thick, and the embankments on either hand were thickly overgrown with brush. Turning an abrupt angle in the ravine, I saw that, four or five rods ahead, my way was blocked by a rock. Like the sides, it was only eight or ten feet high, and I looked about for a way to climb out, for I did not want to go back down the ravine.

Hearing a noise above and back of me, I turned, and was startled to see my lank and inquisitive friend of the morning calmly sitting on a rock upon the edge of the bank, and only a few feet away. A long, muzzle-loading rifle, of the old Kentucky type, rested across his lap, the muzzle pointing down in my direction. The man was apparently gazing across the ravine into nothingness, but he appeared to be deeply absorbed in biting a chew of tobacco from a plug.

"Hullo!" I called out.

He deliberately shoved the plug down into his pocket, and began whistling softly. But I was certain that, out of the corners of his eyes, he was watching me. Not at first seeing any way to climb out of the gully, I started to retrace my steps downward, intending to leave the strange fellow to his meditations. At my first step, he spoke.

"Beats all how keerless-like some folks gits," he lazily drawled; and I heard the click of his rifle. "He'd better stay whar he is."

He did not look at me, and he might have been addressing the trees around him. If it had not been for the long rifle, which continued to point in my direction, the affair might have been looked upon as a joke.

"What ails you, man? what do you want?" I impatiently exclaimed.

"Pears like these strangers runs 'round too keerless. Reckon some on 'em 'll git in trouble," came from the figure above, as it squirted a volume of tobacco juice straight out in front of its head.

Turning in the other direction, I again sought some way to climb the embankment. A vine that I had not noticed before hung down over the rock, but as I approached it, the voice solemnly sounded again:

"Nope; it kaint be done. Reckon he'll hev ter stay here till the boys gits around."

I turned quickly, bringing my rifle half way to my shoulder. The figure had not moved, and evidently did not see my motion. Its jaws were slowly grinding away on the tobacco.

"Say, you blankety blank fool!" I yelled. "What do you take me for? What do you want?"

"Reckon he's gitten' sorter riled-like. Don't know however he's goin' to stan' it till the boys gits 'round," was the only response that came from the chewing figure.

Nor did I; and what was more, I did not intend to stand it much

longer. There was going to be trouble, and that right soon. Then it dawned upon me that I was mistaken for a detective, which was evidence that I was in the neighborhood of moonshiners. Plan after plan flashed through my mind, but before any line of action could be decided upon, relief came from an unexpected quarter. I heard the sound of approaching footsteps in the dry leaves, a horseman evidently. The sounds came from across the gully, opposite my guard. Then some one saluted him.

"Hullo!" the voice said. "Seen anythin' of a stranger round here 'bouts?"

"Nope; haint seen no stranger since mornin'," my guard replied, without changing his position in the slightest. "I hain't been 'round much; jest cum down here to git a turkey or two."

"Well, he's somewhere in the woods, 'cause his horse cum back to town 'bout noon with a broken hitchin' strap; and the landlord at the hotel sent me to look him up."

"You needn't look any further," I called out; "just lend a hand, and I'll be with you."

Greatly surprised, the man looked over the bank; then, in an instant I was standing by his side. We looked across at my guard. He deliberately turned his eyes to the bottom of the gully, gravely spat out his tobacco, and then drawled, in an aggrieved, way:

"Beats all, how strangers 'll go 'round skeerin' game, so's a pore man kaint git none."

Nothing further was said then, but on the way to town, my rescuer, after hearing my story, said that perhaps it would be safer for me to hunt in another direction, should I stay in the neighborhood; for he had heard—of course he did not know—that moonshine whiskey was made not very far from the scene of my adventure. No other explanation of my captor's actions was necessary.

WITH THE DUCKS ON THE TEXAS COAST.

By Harris M. Brown.

WITH the first "norther" of approaching winter, the waterfowl begin to arrive along the Texas coast; in very small numbers at first, but by the middle of October shooting is usually in full blast. November, however, is probably the best month of the entire season. By that time the whole coast country is alive with migratory waterfowl, especially ducks; and then the sounds that come up from the salt-water marshes at daylight are sweet music to the sportsman.

The spoon-bill, fat and unwary, is usually the first of the duck family to arrive, and his appearance always gives delight to the coast hunters; for he is a delicate and easily-obtained article of diet, and it is known, also, that he is very soon followed by all of the other varieties, in quite as good condition and fully as confiding. Young ducks, on their arrival, are not at all particular about the company they keep. Let a flock be flying along the edge of a bay, and almost to a certainty, they will alight with the first swimming bunch of fowl that they see, whether of their own kind or not; though there appears to be no attempt at sociability after they have alighted. They seem to be just as contented in the company of a lot of gaily-painted decoys as if they were mallards, canvasbacks, or of whatever class the young innocents may belong. Indeed, the duck, in many respects is foolish near to idiocy; while in other respects he is one of the sharpest of birds.

After the wild ducks arrive from their far-away summer home, they soon select a small territory, usually a mile or two in extent, for their winter quarters. Prior to making a selection, they are very restless and constantly moving about. The winter home must be supplied with fresh

and salt water and with feeding grounds — wild celery is their chief delight, but they are not at all averse to becoming fat on "mast" from the different species of oak. They also appear to find much nutritious food along the shores of the bays, for flocks are daily found feeding in the shallow salt water. There are only three things that will force ducks to leave a chosen locality. If the food or the fresh-water supply gives out, they will leave, and if persistently annoyed by hunters, the place will be abandoned. Otherwise, they stay there throughout the winter.

There is practically no end to the good hunting grounds along the Texas coast. Every bay and salt-water lake and the mouth of every river, is literally alive with these feathered visitors during the winter. The bays are peculiarly adapted to duck hunting, for they are landlocked and shallow, therefore little troubled by boisterous winds. Again, the growing vegetation through the winter is a great attraction to the ducks.

Two methods are followed by the most successful gunners in hunting ducks along the coast. The one most favored is to shoot over decoys from a blind; the other, to use a skiff entirely concealed with marsh grass. Blinds are made of the material growing most convenient — marsh grass, reeds or chaparral. There is no rule that can be followed in building them, and they are seen in all shapes and sizes. The "lay of the land" controls the shaping of the blind. Sometimes you will find one built in the form of a hollow square, another will be a perfect circle, a third a semi-circle, while still another may form three sides of a square. Then there will be some in which the material is placed in a straight line,

and others are made of bunches of grass or bushes carelessly stuck into the soft earth, and behind them the hunter crouches to await the game. Blinds are usually built at the edge of the water at low tide; for hunting is best during a norther, and the tide is always low at that time. Consequently, a blind is generally a wet place, but in this climate, no ill effects result from a little dampness.

If you would enjoy the best shooting of the day, you must rise before daylight and hurry away to arrange your decoys; and then conceal yourself in the blind before the first

begin to pass your blind, you cannot see to shoot unless they are right over the water, and even then they cannot be seen until they are upon you. That is where speed and accuracy are most severely tested.

It grows a little lighter, and you make out a bunch of ducks three hundred yards off. Yes, they are coming your way; now they change their direction, and are gone. No, they turn again and are coming straight for the decoys at a rapid rate. They turn to leave; no, they are circling. Now they are coming again, slowing down to alight among



A FAVORITE HAUNT OF THE DUCK HUNTERS.

streaks of light begin to illumine the east. Even then you will hear the ducks calling to one another out on the water, or engaging in spirited and loquacious contests over some succulent morsels of food. It is possible that you may have a quarter of an hour to wait before it is light enough to shoot accurately, and the nearby music of almost innumerable waterfowl will irritate your nerves, yet you must sit quietly and listen, for you can do nothing else. The ducks and daylight usually come together. When the first flocks

the decoys. Now is your time! Select your birds and give it to them. Ah, that's the way to do it! And two plump green-heads splash and float, breasts up, among the decoys.

For an hour the shooting is lively; then the flight is over for the morning. How many ducks can one kill during this early flight? The number depends entirely upon his skill and experience as a hunter; it may be two or three, or it may be a hundred.

Now for camp and a nine-o'clock breakfast. Then the day must be

whiled away, possibly with the narration of hunting experiences, past and present, or with the disposition of the game; perhaps with a combination of the two. You might visit the ponds and nearby streams and secure a small number of birds, but the physical labor necessary is hardly repaid by the amount of game secured; so the hunter seldom exerts himself much during midday. In the afternoon, an hour and a half before sundown, the hunter returns to his blind, and if the weather has not changed, he will have almost as good sport as in the morning, and the flight increases as the night approaches. Even after it is too dark to shoot, the whir and whistle of wings will startle you as you are picking up your game, preparatory to returning to camp. The flight may continue for an hour after dark.

The skiff-blind, also used by Texas hunters, is made by completely hiding the skiff with a number of layers of marsh grass or reeds arranged in a natural manner. Two men can work to better advantage in a boat than any other number, for the skiff is slowly poled along by one man while his companion lies in the bow ready to shoot. It is slow work, for the skiff must appear to be drifting, and when it is skillfully handled, very good shooting may be had. While poling along, it is necessary to keep a close watch on the ducks. Sometimes they are much more easily approached than at others. After a shot, the hunters let the skiff remain still or float with the tide, so that the ducks will settle down again near by—perhaps right where they were before. On calm days, when the birds are not flying, much good and exciting sport can be had in the ducking skiff, although large bags cannot be made. But the monotony of waiting is not present as in a blind, and a paddle over the smooth waters of the little bays is a pleasure, even though no game is killed. It should

be understood that I am not advocating the use of anything but the ordinary gun for such work; swivel and punt guns are hardly thought of by sportsmen. There is considerable work connected with this kind of hunting, too much for some gunners, but it often makes the ducks move so that the shooting from a blind on shore is very much improved.

The sink-box, so indispensable on Chesapeake Bay, is almost unknown to the duck hunter along the Texas coast. There are so many easier and equally profitable methods of securing an abundance of game—methods with which our hunters have been familiar almost from childhood—that there is little disposition to investigate other ways as long as the ancestral methods produce such satisfactory results.

The casual hunter secures a few ducks by different methods—as many ways, almost, as the number of ducks that he gets. He will crawl to the edge of a bluff, below which the birds are feeding, and fire down upon them; again, he will cautiously creep to the edge of a fresh-water pond when the ducks are slaking their noon-day thirst; at another time he will get a shot or two as some unsuspecting duck flies within range; or, sailing about the bays, he will occasionally get near enough to a bunch of ducks to get one or two.

The small boy is also a hunter, in this region of ducks. As soon as he is able to convey a small shotgun to the bays, he joins the list of amateur sportsmen. The small boy, whether white, Mexican or negro, infests the shores during the winter. Usually, he does not allow a bunch of wildfowl to approach nearer than two hundred yards before he sends a load of shot in their direction. If he kills a dozen ducks during the winter, he considers that he has done very well; and the amount of ammunition used is limited only by the amount his father will provide for him. It is nothing unusual for the small boy to use one

thousand loaded shells and have not even one little duck in return. If you want to imagine that we have gone to war with Spain, and that you are near a battlefield, go, when the ducks are moving lively, and stand about half a mile to leeward of several small boys with guns.

Exposure to cold, such as is necessary to successful duck hunting along the north Atlantic coast and its tributary waters, is entirely unknown here. It is true that the best hunting is to be had when a "norther" is blowing, but during one of these storms, the mercury rarely sinks below thirty-five degrees Fahrenheit, and often it is not so cold as that. Benumbed fingers are unknown, and while the early mornings that are best suited for hunting are quite chilly, by nine o'clock one is scarcely aware that it is winter. The enthusiasm aroused by the sport counteracts any tendency to become chilled or drowsy, and prevents the injurious effects that might otherwise result from occupying a damp blind.

One of the chief advantages of our duck shooting is, that it is not in any way hampered or restricted. In many places along the upper Atlantic, the best hunting grounds are controlled by wealthy men or hunting clubs composed of them. Such is not the case here. The man who gets to the grounds first in the morning is the man who gets the best shooting. Yet his being there first one day does not give him the claim of priority on succeeding days. As a

rule, no hunter will take another man's blind if the owner wants it; yet there is nothing to prevent him from erecting one alongside that of another gunner.

Usually, by the first of March all of the able-bodied ducks have departed for their summer homes. Many wounded ones, however, remain all summer and raise their young in the secluded marshes.

The hunter in camp has plenty of time to devote to the culinary art; and the proper cooking of a duck is of more importance just then than a "bulge" or a "break" in the wheat market. Often, when the evening hunt is over, I select two or three of the fattest ducks, carefully draw them, insert salt and pepper, also a little chili pepper, — and some Worcestershire sauce if my palate happens to crave such pungent flavor. Then the birds are wrapped in newspapers which have been dipped into the bay until thoroughly wet. A hole is dug in the sand, and the ducks placed in it and covered two inches deep; over this I build a roaring fire, which is renewed before retiring. In the morning it takes about a minute to "peel" the ducks; the skin and feathers come off together. And what a dish it makes! This way of roasting a duck or a fish doubtless came down from the Indians, although they were not particular about drawing the game before cooking. Instead of paper, they wrapped whatever they were to cook in clay, which baked to a perfect shell.



IMPROVEMENTS IN BICYCLES FOR 1897.

By J. Parmly Paret.

THAT the American bicycle is the most perfect mechanical creation of the world, is perhaps a rash statement, but it certainly was the most popular one last month. During the weeks when the big cycle shows were in progress at Chicago, New York, Boston and Philadelphia, hundreds of thousands of wheeling enthusiasts examined and compared the 1897 models exhibited. Every prominent manufacturer of bicycles on this side of the Atlantic was represented at these expositions, and if one had the patience to examine in detail all of the exhibits in any one of these shows—and incidentally, the technical knowledge to profit by his examination—he would have gathered a most favorable opinion of American bicycles.

One thing perhaps more than any other impressed itself upon the average visitor to these expositions, and that is the fact that there are many different makes of high-grade bicycles, which differ one from another chiefly in minor points of construction. To be sure, the oldest manufacturers have had the advantage of longer experience, but many of their expert mechanics have graduated into younger concerns, carrying their accumulated knowledge with them; and they now help to produce nearly, if not quite, as good wheels as those put out by the older companies. At each of these expositions, an initiated but unprejudiced visitor might count a score or more of high-grade bicycles, each of which was thoroughly reliable and up-to-date in all points of its construction. There are always a few cheap imitations, and these cannot be too carefully avoided, but there never was a year when so many reliable wheels were on the market.

Perhaps not since the introduction

of the pneumatic tire, which so revolutionized the bicycle-building industry, have there been fewer radical changes in the models of one year over that of its predecessor. Once it was gearing; then it was tubing; again it was tires, but now each seems so nearly to have reached perfection that the 1897 models differ from those of 1896 largely in the delicate points of construction, to which the average rider is utterly indifferent.

Few changes are seen in weights of '97 wheels, or in gearing. The hubs, spokes, rims and tires of the wheels appear to be very much the same as last year, and the most noticeable alteration which has gone the rounds is that in the framework. After experimenting with both large and small tubing and finally settling down to the satisfactory sizes of last season, the principal manufacturers are now striving to increase the rigidity and durability of their frames. The only noted exception to this is in the D-tubing used in the rear forks of many of the wheels. This D-tubing is simply the ordinary-shaped tubes, flattened on the inside to D-shape to allow more space where the rear tire passes between the forks.

In order to lessen the twisting strain caused by the sprocket-chain connection, a more direct lead from the front to the rear sprocket has been effected in some of the new wheels. This is secured by narrowing the tread more than last year. The sprocket-wheel is thus closer to the crank-hanger, and the lead of the chain is perfectly straight to the rear sprocket, thus avoiding any side friction in the chain. To secure this result, the rear forks converge very quickly just forward of the rear tire, or a sharp angle narrows their width

near the crank-hanger, in order to make room for the sprocket-wheel pushed in by the narrow tread, and thus give the direct lead to the chain.

The hue and cry that was raised two years ago about the breaking of tubing at the joints was followed by many forms of outside reinforcement. Wherever the framework was brazed together, the constant jarring caused by rough riding gradually unsettled the joints, and some form of reinforcement was necessary to give the '96 frames enough rigidity to last as long as the other parts of the bicycle. But a new danger developed last year, and it was found that the outside reinforcement used for the joints of the frame, only shifted the point of danger from the actual joint to the spot where the reinforcement abruptly met the original tubing.

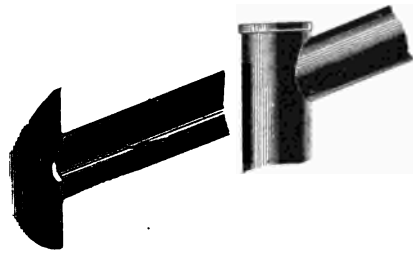
As recently described by an expert, the vibrations of the frame ran along through the tubing until they reached the abrupt point of reinforcement, but beyond this it was impossible to pass on the motion, just as it would be impossible for a rope fastened to a vibrating harp-string, to take up the motion of its thinner neighbor. Thus the constant stoppage of these vibrations at the point of reinforcement, gradually disintegrated the steel at this point, and there remained almost as much danger of breaking as before the reinforcement was used.

This season, flush joints will take the place of the former methods of strengthening. Where the horizontal tube of the framework meets the head, it is brazed on flush and reinforced from the inside by a gradually tapering tube of steel with "fish-mouth" ends, cast at right angles and brazed to the two points of tubing where they come in contact. This is the most prevalent alteration which is found in the frames of the '97 models exhibited this spring.

Another tendency that has been shown by a number of the manufacturers is to lower the frame, particu-

larly on racing wheels. It is claimed for this that the lowering of the power increases the rigidity of the frame. In a number of instances, the crank-shaft is several inches below the axle of the rear wheel, and in consequence, the chain leads upward to the rear sprocket at quite an angle. In one particular racing machine, this alteration brings the pedals, with the usual six-and-a-half-inch crank throw, to within five or six inches of the ground; but this wheel is intended only for track racing or road racing over very smooth courses.

Another feature this year is the general tendency to cast the crank-



NEW METHOD OF INSIDE REINFORCEMENT FOR FLUSH JOINTS.

shaft and crank-axle in one piece, or in two pieces joined inside the hanger, instead of fastening the crank-shafts to the axle at their elbows. It is claimed for this change that it will do away with many accidents through the breaking of the crank connections, and the general adoption of the idea argues rather in favor of the theory. Several variations of this are seen, but the one that seems to meet with most favor is that in which each crank and half the shaft are cast in a separate piece, and the two sections joined in the centre of the crank-hanger by any of a number of different devices.

Some improvements are also noticed in the sprocket-chains, but these are only minor changes aimed at additional strength. Several chains are shown, the links of which can be

taken apart readily, and in case of an accident to one's chain on the road, a new link can be substituted for the broken one in a few minutes. The pins in the sprocket-links of most of the chains this year are case-hardened, too, instead of being made of soft steel, and this materially decreases the possibility of mishap to this most important part of one's bicycle.

Among the many novelties shown this spring, none has attracted so much attention as the chainless bicycle. Some such revolutionizing invention as a practical and economical chainless gear is the invention that may soon revolutionize once more the art of building bicycles. Even the most conservative of experts seem now inclined to the opinion that sooner or later we must come to a chainless mechanism, and that when the invention comes that will transmit man's leg-power more directly to the wheels, and yet as economically in regard to friction, as does the present sprocket-chain, then, and then only, will a new era in bicycle building begin, such as was caused by the invention of the safety and the subsequent substitution of pneumatic for the old-fashioned solid and cushion tires.

Perhaps the most practical of the chainless wheels shown this year is that with the beveled gear. This consists of a steel connecting-rod and beveled-cog connections with the sprocket-wheel and rear sprocket. The alteration of the gear by increasing the size of the forward sprocket-wheel is very simple, but the side thrust or "crowding" which is the threatening evil of all beveled-cog-transmission of power, is the chief fault noted in this invention.

There are one or two other chainless wheels shown this spring, but all seem to have stumbled against that fatal drawback, friction. This one evil of all mechanical devices has ruined the otherwise brilliant prospects of more inventions in the bi-

cycle trade than in any other. One firm has put upon the market a chainless gear which consists of a series of cog-wheels of assorted sizes pivoted in a row on the side of the frame, but the loss in power by friction in this invention is enormous, and its practicability has been questioned by many experts for this reason.

Another concern, from Philadelphia, recently startled the wheeling world with the announcement that a newly-invented chain gearing they had put on their wheels, would make hill-climbing easier than coasting, and knock all speed records into the middle of next century. The peculiarity of their gear lies in the addition of an intermediate sprocket-wheel, or rather two sprocket-wheels of different sizes moving on the same axle. This requires two sprocket-chains, being geared much like a tandem, but mechanical experts glance at the model wheel shown to them only once, and then declare that all the power gained in the intermediate sprocket is lost in the forward sprocket, plus the additional friction caused by the four points of contact in the chain connections instead of two, as in the ordinary gear. The same result with less friction would be reached by moving the smaller of the two intermediate sprockets forward to the driving-crank, and connecting that with the rear sprocket by a single chain, exactly as in the ordinary gear.

Gear cases are another novelty, and one that seems bound to come into use sooner or later. Women's bicycles have had their sprocket-wheels encased with skirt-guards since they were built, but it is a new idea to encase the gearing of a diamond-frame wheel. The advantage of keeping this intricate mechanism dust-proof, added to that of convenience to the rider, would seem to warrant the additional pound or two that would be necessary to add this feature to ordinary road-riding wheels.

Among the "freak" exhibits at

the New York show were the cycle boat, the folding bicycle, and one that was called the "circle" cycle. This folding bicycle, which is intended for military men, dwellers in small flats and others with whom space is at a premium, has its diamond frame made in two parts, hinged together so that the two wheels can be folded parallel, and the "bike" hung up on a nail, or carried over one's shoulder, or wrapped up in a paper bag for transportation. Its increased weight is very small, despite the extra tubing required, and it is claimed for it that on an actual weight of twenty-five pounds, the frame is still perfectly rigid and the bicycle of lasting strength.

The "hydro cycle," or cycle boat, is not a bicycle at all, but a boat propelled by a screw, and the attachment of bicycle methods of propulsion to water is not a startling invention. The same mechanism might be applied to an airship if some means of support were found, for no one questions the practicability of bicycle methods to transmit man's power for any purpose.

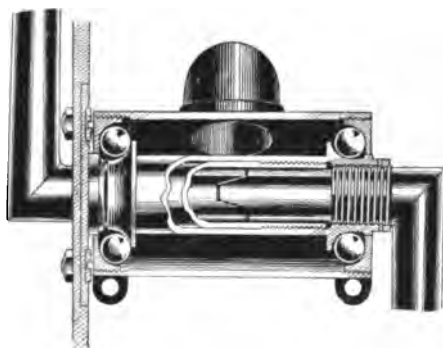
The "circle" bicycle is simply a wheel with a new form of framework, which is intended to supplant the diamond shape so far found quite practicable. Its chief advantage lies in the fact that in the brazed joints little or none of the steel tubing meets at right angles. All the required rigidity is claimed for this invention, but its only recommendation lies in the avoidance of flat joints, and if the new method of reinforcement by flush joints proves satisfactory, the "circle" frame will be unnecessary.

There were no very noticeable features in the tires shown this spring. "Hose-pipe" and inner-tube tires are both still in use, and the roughened surface or "pebble tread" has been adopted by most of the makers. Although nearly every tire manufacturer claims marked improvement in his output, there are no radical changes to be seen in any of them. One well-known concern makes its tires this year in several alternate layers of rubber and canvas, and greater strength, additional resilience and less danger to puncture are claimed for them. Another tire has its bottom face protected by rawhide, while several of the so-called "punctureless" tires are

again shown, and their merits extolled at great length. A majority of experienced wheelmen, however, still adhere to the old recognized brands, and the "self-healing," "non-puncture," and other impregnable tires are still in little repute.

Some new valves are seen, but the best tires of last season caused little complaint in this respect, and improvements were not considered necessary.

Spring frames, spring seat-posts, and other devices to increase the comfort of the rider were lost to sight in the general discussion over saddles, of which "many were shown and few were chosen." The Christy anatomical saddle, with its hideous reproduction of the human pelvis resting on its saddle-pads, has found a number of imitators, and there are several other "reform" saddles shown this spring. One with strips of rawhide, another with open bamboo work in the centre, a third on which the rider rests in a padded open circle, and a pneumatic saddle



"L" CRANKS WITH SHAFT JOINED IN THE HANGER.

that is pumped up for the rider's ease and comfort, all attract attention. A number of needed improvements, too, are made in saddles for women. The objectionable horn has disappeared from most of them, and one or two are shown which are practically seats, and for which comfort, health, and safety are claimed. One of the most important points in bicycling lies in the selection of a comfortable saddle, and too much attention cannot be given to this consideration by those who are buying wheels.

In lamps, bells, pumps, cyclometers, and other bicycle accessories, there seems to be no end to the



THE CIRCULAR FRAME.

variety shown. Automatic bells, electric bells, friction bells, and bells of almost every tone and description are offered; and lamps that never go out, sometimes go out or always go out (although the manufacturers never admit that any of them will ever go out) are also to be seen in equal variety. Several electric headlights vary the monotony of the usual oil lamp, and one or two of these seem quite practicable; while one or two new pumps are seen this year.

It would be very monotonous to give an account in detail of the exhibits at the big cycle shows of this year. At each booth there were

courteous attendants ready and even anxious to explain the extraordinary merits of the wheel made by their firms, and one had to discriminate very judiciously or else he would be firmly convinced that every wheel described to him was absolutely the best on the market. A few of the noticeable features seen at the booths of the principal exhibitors, however, will be found interesting to prospective buyers of bicycles this spring.

The feature of the Columbia wheels this year will be their stud-hubs with tangent spokes whose strain pulls directly from hub to rim. They will all have flush joints, and D-shaped tubing is used on the lower rear stays of the frame. Another attractive feature is the absolutely dust-proof bearings, the oil being fed to the balls through a series of felt washers. A new kind of tubing with five per cent. of nickel steel is also being used in this year's Columbia.

The Victor bicycles for 1897 will present a decidedly altered appearance, for the diamond frame of the men's wheels has been materially altered in shape. The front fork is straighter, while the head slants more, and the general appearance of the wheel is more rakish than last season. Flush joints, and a particularly strong crank-hanger are two other recommendations for Victor wheels this year.

D-shaped tubing will also be used in the Crescent bicycles for this season, while a new method of chain adjustment and a new brake are among the other recommendations that make the Crescent so popular. The Crescent wheels for women are made in several sizes, as last year, besides which there are children's wheels and two grades of diamond-frame bicycles for men. In the Crescent tandems, triplets, and "quads," the rear seat-post is raised above those of the forward riders, so that the last man on the combination wheel can do the steering.

The Wolff-American models for

1897 display several important improvements. Flush joints and a new roller brake, eccentric chain adjustment, hollow axles with self-oiling bearings, tubular hubs and a new method of attaching the cranks and the crank-shaft, are among the points urged in their favor this year. The Wolff-American wheel is made in frames of many sizes and several colors, and through some of the novelties introduced this season added to the old points of excellence, they have found many new admirers.

The Cleveland bicycles for this year have been much improved by the new method of grinding the bearings of the crank-shaft, and an improvement of twenty per cent. in the ease of running is claimed for them. D-tubing, flush joints and a special form of inside reinforcement, are all new features of this year, while the tread has been narrowed one-quarter of an inch. A special Cleveland racer is being built this spring for the first time, with the frame dropped three and a half inches lower than ever before.

The manufacturers of the Barnes "White Flyer" claim that few or no improvements are needed from their models of last year. A special method of chain adjustment and a bend in the rear tubing as it approaches the crank-hanger, so as to permit a narrower tread and a more direct lead to the chain, are the special points of excellence claimed for the Barnes' wheels this year.

The Hunter bicycles for 1897 show a number of changes which are admitted improvements. Their new hubs are said to be absolutely dust-proof, while their crank fastening is simple and secure. Another new feature are the handle-bars of wood of either drop or "ram's horn" pattern.

A new crank-shaft with a patent locking device is the most important of the features shown in the Monarch bicycle this year. Barrel hubs with

special device for carrying oil to the bearings, a patent clamp for fastening the saddle to the seat-post and a special device for holding the handle-bars in position, are also claimed as points of superiority for the Monarch wheels.

The Rambler bicycles this year will have flush joints, but this is not a new feature with them. Connections in the Rambler tubing are lap-pressed without drilling, and have reinforcements on the outside. Dust-proof bearings with spring oilers, and handle-bars and rims with a wood finish are also new. Despite these



THE FOLDING BICYCLE.

new features, their price has been reduced.

Continuous rear stays, triple fork crown, flush joints, a new plunger brake and a two-piece crank-hanger are the most noticeable novelties in the construction of the Lovell Diamond for the coming year. A new method of chain adjustment, too, has been adopted, and inside reinforcement at the points of the frame where most of the strain is concentrated, are also improvements of 1897.

Spalding bicycles this year will have an improved crank-hanger, a new hub appendage for direct tangent spokes, a new method of chain adjustment, and several other improvements, while the Christy Anatomical saddles, with which most of

the Spalding wheels are fitted, show several alterations over last year's models.

The Fowler wheels for 1897 exhibit no startling novelties, but will combine every improvement that is considered valuable by the manufacturers. Barrel hubs and an improvement in the bearings, as well as a two-piece crank-hanger are the most noticeable changes this year.

The Buffalo bicycles will include flush joints, oval rear forks, cranks and axles of one piece and a new device for removing the bearing cases. The front forks have been narrowed about an inch, too, while several other minor improvements have been made in the details of construction.

The Eclipse wheel of 1897 will have an entirely new hub that allows tangent spokes with a direct pull. This novelty has attracted a good deal of attention this spring. Flush joints, D-shaped tubing on both rear stays and rear forks, a new double crown with the upper plate bowed, and an L-shaped crank and axle are among the other Eclipse features this year.

Flush joints are no novelty to the Iver-Johnson and Pithsburg bicycles, and they will be included in this year's models. The front forks and crown are made from a single forging, while new pedals and a new system of oiling the bearing are also introduced this year.

Every Pierce bicycle for 1897 will have flush joints peculiar to this brand of wheel. A number of improvements are also made this year in the fine points of construction while the spokes and hubs of these wheels will also be considerably improved.

Among the new features of the Apollo wheels this year, are the round fork crown, an L crank and axle with a novel method of joining, flush joints and an internal expansion for adjusting seat-posts and handle-bars.

The Liberty bicycles for 1897 will

have many improvements over last year's models. The bearings have been considerably eased by the use of balls with only two points of contact instead of three. The crown and head have been materially strengthened; larger sprockets, improved pedals and direct tangent spokes, are other features of the Liberty this year. No flush joints, however, are seen on these wheels, for they have a method of their own for brazing the joints in the frames.

The new Waverly bicycles also show some novel features this year, the most important of which is a device for crank-hanger and hubs, by which the customary cones and cases are supplanted by sliding shelves, for which their makers claim absolute accuracy of alignment. A new crank-shaft device and a new fork-crown are among the other improvements of the Waverlies for 1897. An ingenious exhibit of this company at the New York show was an intricate machine for testing the friction on their cranks by a waved line made on a card by a fountain pen.

The Union wheels for this year will have D-shaped tubing in their front forks as well as in their rear forks and stays, a novelty which few of the other '97 wheels will show. An absolutely new method of reinforcement in flush joints is used in these wheels this spring for the first time, and great things are claimed for this idea.

The Syracuse wheels, with their crimson rims, will attract a good deal of attention during the coming season; and some of the novelties put out by the makers of this wheel caused much curiosity at the big shows. The convertible tandem, with its front bar that can be taken out, and drop frame provided for a woman, so that the wheel may be ridden either by two men or a man and a woman, proved very popular, although the Syracuse "fire-engine," which is a single wheel with a fire extinguisher fastened to the rear

stays, proved more interesting to the curious.

In the Sterling bicycles for 1897, the crank-hangers have been dropped one inch on the road wheels and three inches on racing machines. Four more spokes have been added to their wheels, and D-shaped tubing is used in the rear forks. A new device in ball-retainers and oiling-cups on both

able in a chain running over an ordinary sprocket. New devices for chain adjustment and handle-bars are also introduced this year.

The feature of the Keating wheels this season will be a twin-roller chain that is quite a novelty. A divided crank-shaft held together by a sleeve in the centre, a single-piece fork-crown, a new pedal of weight-



ARTHUR L. GARFORD,

President of the National Board of Trade of Cycle Manufacturers.

crank-hangers and hubs, are also improvements in the Sterling wheels.

A special feature of the Remington bicycles this year will be the new method of constructing the sprocket-wheel and rear sprocket, which are now cut on the cycloidal pattern with a flange to carry the chain. It is claimed for this that it materially reduces the friction of the chain, and also prevents the vibration so notice-

saving design and a new device for adjustment of the seat-post, are among the other features.

The only change in the frame of the Fenton models for the coming season is in the rear forks, which are now made of D-shaped tubing, heavily reinforced and tapered. The frame of the Fenton racer has been dropped two inches lower, and the wheels have special barrel hubs and

bearings. The cranks are flat and are attached to the axles by the same device as that employed last year.

The special feature of the Premier bicycles for 1897 will be their well-known helical tubing which is considered by the makers to be much stronger than the ordinary weldless bicycle tubing. The Premiers have bearings with three points of contact still, for their makers do not approve of the most recent change in allowing only two points of ball contact.

The Ideal bicycles this year will make a special feature of hexagonal handle-bars and hexagonal rear tubing. The idea of introducing tubing of a new shape in the rear forks, is quite a novelty, but the manufacturers of the Ideal bicycles claim that it is stronger than even the D-shaped tubing.

The Warwick Perfection bicycles will all have vermilion rims this season, but the enamel of their frames will be of different colors. One of the features of the Warwicks will be the pneumatic cushion frame which was new last season, and which is peculiar to this wheel, the principle underlying it never having been used in any other bicycle frame.

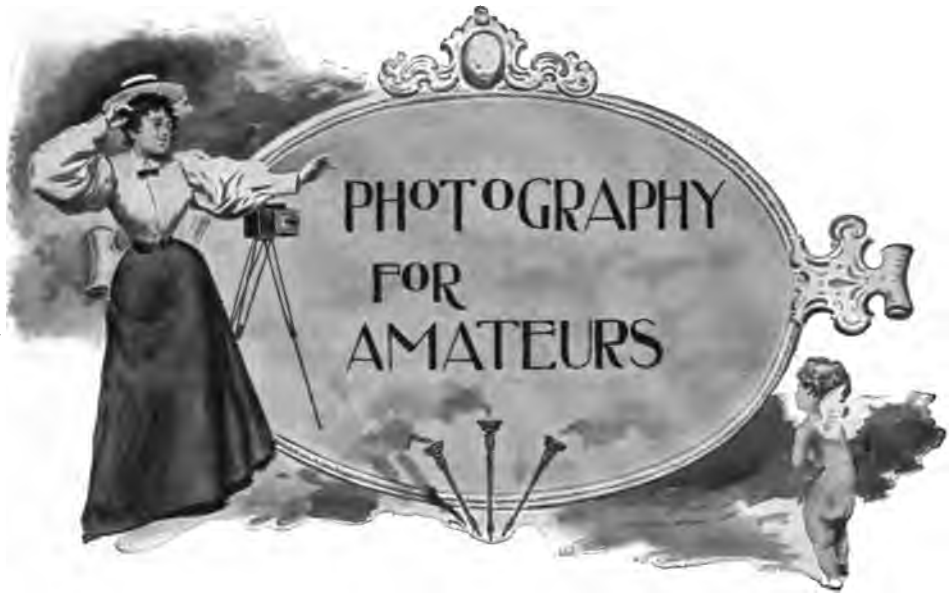
D-shaped tubing will be used in both the front and the rear forks of the Ben-Hur bicycles for this year. Their hubs will be of the barrel pattern and the cranks squared and semi-hollow. Another feature of the Ben-Hur wheel this year will be its eccentric chain adjustment, which can be operated by the loosening of a single nut.

There were hosts of other exhibitors whose wheels had many points of excellence to recommend them, but if one were to describe all of the good things that were seen at the exhibitions this year, it would require an entire issue of *THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE* to give details. Sufficient is it to say that never before in the history of American bicycle manufacture, have so many of the wheels deserved praise as this year. Before

choosing a mount for the coming season, it would be well to consider the arguments of all the prominent manufacturers, and as each will be glad to send elaborate catalogues to any prospective wheelman or wheelwoman, it is very easy to accumulate a complete library of literature on bicycle construction, with the modest outlay of a few cents for postal cards.

The National Board of Trade of Cycle Manufacturers held its annual meeting during the New York show last month, and the reports of the officers and the enthusiasm of the delegates proved the organization's phenomenal success to be even greater than last year. Each one of the large expositions given has proved to be a financial bonanza, and the Board of Trade is investing the profits in Government and other bonds at a rate that promises opulence within a few years. The "circuit" system of cycle shows established by this body has proved most satisfactory, and the big exhibitors are now able to prepare elaborate exhibits, which are shipped from show to show throughout the exhibition season during the early spring.

Perhaps the most satisfactory result of the Board of Trade's meeting was the election to the presidency of Arthur L. Garford, whose name is so intimately associated with the bicycle industry in this country. Energetic, enthusiastic and competent, Mr. Garford is one of the best-known manufacturers of bicycle saddles in the country, and his selection for this very important position has proved to be very popular. Mr. Garford, whose home is at Elyria, Ohio, is actively interested in the manufacture of bicycles, saddles and steel tubing for bicycles, and his interests all lie in the success of just such an organization as the National Board of Trade. His heart, his head and his own personal interests are all in the bicycle trade. A better selection for the presidency could not have been made.



PHOTOGRAPHY WITHOUT DAYLIGHT.

By Frederick J. Harrison.

THAT the sun is not indispensable to successful photography, is very well known, but the most satisfactory methods of producing artificial illumination do not seem to be generally understood. The professional photographer has studied the question of artificial illumination, and the flash-lamp and electric arc light are to be found in many first-class galleries. The amateur finds the electric arc too expensive to maintain, but gets much amusement and profitable study from one or other of the many forms of flash-lights. These differ in quality; some yielding less smoke and more illumination than others. I will not here attempt to discuss the merits of lamps, cartridges and flash-sheets, but will point out the methods of using such a flash-light as may be in the possession of the amateur photographer. Firstly it must be remembered that flame, being opaque, it is well to bear in mind that the powder should be well distributed so that as large a surface as possible shall be utilized. And since several accidents have occurred, a word of caution may be necessary. Never use anything but pure magnesium powder in any form of lamp in which the powder is blown through the flame.

The customary advice given to amateur photographers regarding the position of the flash-producing apparatus is to place this a little above and behind the camera. If this

advice is followed, the result will be flat, lifeless pictures, similar to those made by daylight with the sun directly behind the camera. All trace of shadow, so necessary to give vitality to the photograph, is necessarily absent. The light should come from one side and should be reflected from the other side by a grayish-white reflector to prevent too heavy shadows. This, of course, refers more particularly to making portraits and groups. The light need not be behind the camera, but should not be in the field covered by the lens. The subject should be placed in position and focused, and this can best be accomplished by allowing him to hold a lamp or lighted taper, which should be moved up and down and from side to side so that the whole space to be included in the picture may be known. The gas or lamps should be left burning, for the lighter the room the less likelihood there is of the subject's spoiling the picture by closing his eyes at the sudden brilliant illumination.

The professional photographer, in his daylight studio, has his skylight so arranged that for all ordinary effects it is at the side of the sitter and slightly above him. The side of the subject remote from the sitter is lit by reflection from a grayish white reflector. The amateur photographer in his flash-light work at home will do well to imitate his professional brother. The light

should be fired on one side of the sitter, somewhat nearer to the camera than to the subject, and a reflector should be used to throw back part of the light on to the shadowed side of the face. Such a reflector is easily made by fastening two transom-like shades to uprights. The flash-producing material being placed in the position indicated above, the lens may be uncapped and the exposure made. With nervous subjects, it is well to fire off one flash so that they may be aware of the entirely harmless nature of the light.

Making groups by flash-light requires some study, the whole effect depending largely on the arrangement of the people forming the group. The easiest way to group a party is to make a composite of several small groups. Three or four people of approximately the same height should be grouped together in such a manner as to indicate life and action, and other small groups added to form a harmonious whole. The flash should be fired somewhat nearer to the camera than when photographing a single figure, care being taken that no one subject throws another in deep shadow. In this case, and indeed in all flash-light work at home, where conveniences are at hand and time is not an important consideration, it is advisable to use a reflector behind the flash, so as to use as much of the light as possible. Highly polished reflectors cannot be recommended. A sheet of white paper is preferable, care being taken that the flame does not too nearly approach the reflector. Where the amateur seriously intends to take up flash-light work, a large reflector should be built. A screen some eight feet high and four feet wide, with a top projecting two feet at an angle of forty-five degrees, should be mounted on castors.

The flash should be so fired that the light is directed toward the angle, and with such a screen and the transom reflector, the very best portrait work may be accomplished. It should be remembered that the combustion of flash-powder is attended with much

smoke, and that after one or two flashes, this will interfere seriously with subsequent exposures. A window should be let down at the top to clear the room of smoke, as often as this may be needed. The camera should in all cases be covered with a cloth, and the slide of the plate holder should be placed where it cannot become covered with powder. The appearance of a multitude of black specks on the plate during development is a sure sign of lack of care in this particular. The lens should be examined occasionally and cleaned with a linen rag. These are small points, but their observance will often mean success instead of failure.

Making interiors by flash-light differs little from the method given above. The photographer may go about his work with due

deliberation, and avoid all possibility of under-exposure by giving as many successive flashes as he may find necessary. Wide-angle lenses are largely used for interior work, and the small lens apertures necessary for their successful operation render it necessary to produce considerable more light than when making a portrait with a rectilinear lens having a large aperture. Two flashes may be given in precisely the same location, and the use of the reflector on the side remote from the light dispensed with, one flash being made on that side. By one experimental exposure, made with powder carefully weighed, or with flash-sheets of known dimensions, the photographer

may arrive at conclusions that will enable him to work intelligently and with absolute accuracy. A reflector cannot be used on a large interior or in places away from home. But by making two flashes on one side of the camera and one on the other, a similar result may be obtained.

Flash-light work need not necessarily be conducted at night only. The rooms of the ordinary house are usually poorly suited for portrait work, and under any circumstances the exposure must be so prolonged as to affect the comfort of the subject and hence the picture. A flash-



CLASS II.—GETTING ACQUAINTED.

BY H. G. READING.

(Exposure: One second by flash-light.)



CLASS II.—A CORNER IN THE PARLOR.

By C. F. MOELK.

(Exposure: Four seconds at noon, with weak sunlight, electric light and flashlight.)

light obviates this, and may be used either as an auxiliary to, or as an entire substitute for daylight. Again, there is a mistaken notion that winter is the time for flash-light work. Summer and the fall are equally suited to it, and outdoor work is possible and exactly similar to work indoors.

The exposure is one of the vital points of all picture-making by the camera. With correct exposures only can absolutely perfect pictures be made. Next in importance, is the development of the plates or films. Under-exposed plates cannot be made to yield good printing negatives. Harsh contrasts, white faces and charcoal-black coats, are the inevitable results of under-exposures. Man cannot create something out of nothing, and unless the light has taken effect there is no method of producing an image by development. With a slightly over-exposed plate, care in developing will yield a good negative. Detail should be first sought, and density avoided. When the detail is satisfactory, the proper density is readily obtained. To effect this, tentative development must be resorted to. Those who make their own developers have at hand

a solution of carbonate of soda which may be used to bring out detail.

Development should be commenced with a solution weak in the developing agent proper, but containing rather a larger proportion of sodium carbonate than is usual. Where ready-mixed developers are employed, somewhat less of the solution marked number one should be taken, but the normal quantity of number two used. The object is to bring out the detail in the shadows before the face and lighter parts of the picture are hopelessly over-developed. A negative with transparent high lights and detailful shadows being obtained, the plate may be immersed in a tray containing the developer made as usual, and by examining it every few minutes, the point at which the best gradation is reached may be ascertained.

Many methods of "dodging" a negative have been published. The dense high lights may be rubbed down with a rag moistened with alcohol; the transparent shadows may be held back by painting on the glass side of the plate with tinted ground-glass varnish; but the best negative is one that requires none of this dodging, and such a negative is only



CLASS II.—DOLLY HAS THE CROUP.

BY H. G. READING.

(Exposure: One second by flash and candle light.)

obtained by correct exposure and careful tentative development.

Home photography offers many attrac-

tions. Familiar subjects make capital pictures, and it is not necessary to go far afield to find picturesque bits for the camera. With the aid of the flash light, much entertainment may be had and excellent pictures made. No danger need be apprehended from carefully manipulated flash material, and with attention to details and a realization of the limits of photography generally, the amateur may successfully photograph by artificial light.

PHOTOGRAPHY for amateurs will be made a special feature of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE during the coming year. In this department will be printed selected pictures submitted for the cash prizes offered below, as well as interesting articles on amateur photography and photographic societies. Our *Professor's* "Notes from the Dark-room" will also be continued. The second volume of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE begins with our April number, and as a special inducement to those who subscribe at once, we will send our Mid-Winter and March numbers free. See our *special offer* on page CXXIX.

RULES AND CONDITIONS OF THE COMPETITION.

THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS in gold have been offered by THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE for the best amateur photographs submitted. The competition is divided into four classes, and the prizes for the first, Winter Scenes, were awarded in our last issue. The specifications follow:

CLASS II. Flashlight Interiors and Groups. Prizes: Forty dollars in gold for the best photograph; twenty-five dollars in gold for the second best, and ten dollars in gold for the third. This class is intended to include all negatives made by flashlight or any other form of artificial light. While interiors and picturesque portraits and groups seem most appropriate for this class, its limits are drawn to exclude only photographs made by sunlight—all others are eligible. Entries will close March 8.

CLASS III. Hunting, Fishing and Camping. Prizes: Forty dollars in gold for the best photograph; twenty-five dollars in gold for the second best, and ten dollars in gold for the third. In this class are wanted pictures of general interest to sportsmen of the rod and gun. Views of hunters or fishermen with the "tools of their trade" in

hand; of their camps in the woods; of their favorite haunts; of their game;—in short, any photograph that appeals directly to the hunter, the fisherman or the camper. Entries will close June 1. The prize-winning photographs will appear in our July issue.

CLASS IV. Competitive Sports. Prizes: Forty dollars in gold for the best photograph; twenty-five dollars in gold for the second best, and ten dollars in gold for the third. For these prizes are eligible all photographs taken of sports on the track, in the field or on the water. Instantaneous or time exposures of racing—by men, horses, yachts or bicycles; of field sports in progress—baseball, football, cricket, lawn tennis, golf—all are within the limits of this class. Entries will close September 1, and the prizes will be announced in our October issue.

A few general rules for this competition are necessary: (1) All competitors must be amateur photographers, and must prove their standing, if called upon, before they receive any prizes awarded to them. (2) Only finished prints (though not necessarily mounted) will be considered;—no negatives, blue prints or untuned proofs should be sent in. (3) Details of subject and exposure (date, place, subject, condition of light and length of exposure) must be furnished in each case, with the full name and address of the photographer. (4) The right to reproduce and print in THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE all photographs entered in the competition must go with the prints, and the exclusive copyright on those to which prizes are awarded.

Photographs may be entered in advance for any of the classes, but it should be distinctly stated if they are intended for any other than the class which closes next. A competitor may enter as many prints in each class as desired, but we cannot undertake to return photographs. No entrance fee will be charged and no other conditions than those stated here must be complied with.

Photographs and communications regarding this competition should be addressed to the

PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR, THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, 377 and 379 Broadway, New York.

SOME OF THE PRIZE PICTURES IN CLASS II.

Critical Comment by "Professor."

THE second class in our prize competition has brought in H. G. Reading's "Getting Acquainted," a picture that deserves no little praise. Technically and pictorially it is excellent and shows none of the flash light effects so common in this class of pictures, and so plainly visible in its companion, "Dolly has the Croup," by the same competitor.

"Getting Acquainted" is an apt title; the picture tells a story and tells it well, for the general arrangement is highly pleasing. The subject gives evidence of careful thought. The proximity of Santa Claus to the chimney is appropriate, and the child has a capital expression and is apparently entirely unconscious of the camera. The exposure and development, on which so much depends, leave no room for criticism, and the fact that the picture was made by the aid of a home-made lamp and pure magnesium powder, should encourage those who are unable to invest in any of the regular flash-lamps on the market.

Of Mr. Reading's other picture, I cannot

speak so highly. Here strong shadows are present, far too strong to be cast by the candle light. The face, too, is a white patch with black lines for eyes and mouth. A little less reducing agent in the developer and a slight addition of sodium carbonate or other alkali, would have resulted in a negative having less dense high lights and less transparent shadows. The subject, however, is one of interest; pictures of children are always interesting. The camera was too near the subject, the feet are magnified out of proportion to the figure, and the table appears to almost stand on one leg. These are minor points perhaps, but a picture is made or marred by just such minor points. Uncross the feet, use the swing-back to avoid distortion, turn the table slightly, and let the figure occupy less space in the picture, and an improvement in the general result would be noted. If Mr. Reading would try again with the subject further from the wall, the light more to one side, and use a reflector on the side remote from the light, then develop as sug-



CLASS II.—THE VILLAGE SMITHY.

BY FRANK E. FOSTER.

(Exposure: One second by flashlight.)

gested on another page he would be surprised at the result.

The interior by C. F. Moelk is rather an ambitious effort; it is a picture made by the aid of flash light, electric light and daylight. As a picture, it is of interest only to the owner of the house and to those for whose pleasure the Christmas tree was loaded. Much forced arrangement is evident; the portraits and the dolls are facing the camera in a stereotyped manner, and the pillows and lounge furniture were carefully disarranged. It is, however, a clever piece of work, and shows how, by the aid of flash-

accord with the general terms of the competition. The scene is well chosen, the subject one of interest to sportsmen, and the picture is a flash light study pure and simple. It tells a story of work, pleasure and pride. The wall ornaments are few; this, and the fact that the background is evidently a whitewashed wall, has made the subject a difficult one to handle easily. The picture is almost a study in black and white. The reproduction in half tone is softer than the original print, but even this indicates the extremes of light and shade present and accentuated by the photographer.



CLASS II.—AN EIGHTEEN-POUND MUSCALLONGE.

BY A. W. TANNER.

(Exposure: Two seconds by flashlight.)

light, a picture taken in strong daylight in conjunction with comparative darkness, should be treated. Any attempt to make such a photograph without the aid of artificial light would have resulted in hopeless under-exposure of the inner room and correct exposure of the conservatory; or in over-exposure of the latter if the former were correctly exposed. By the aid of the flash, after the brightest part had been sufficiently exposed, a harmonious effect was produced.

The picture by Mr. Tanner is far more in

The points of view and the general grouping of the subjects are not above criticism. In the first place, the camera was placed so that the plate was parallel to the wall, or very nearly so. The mantel and chimney are therefore not shown in sufficient relief to be entirely pleasing. The grouping is only fair; the presence of the third person seems hardly necessary. He does not belong to the picture, is not necessary to the story and his position is hardly a graceful one. The group proper is some-

what stilted and forced ; part of the taller man is missing, and he is evidently highly conscious of the presence of the camera.

There is little doubt that the desires of the subjects are fully met in the picture sent by Mr. Tanner ; it records the capture of a big fish and shows the captors. But the photographer certainly lost a great opportunity, if this is the best picture made with the material at hand. A group seated around the fire, discussing, pipe in mouth, the exciting events of the day, and for the hundredth time listening to the story of that particular fish, would have made a picture far superior to this photograph. Not that this is unworthy of praise ; for under difficult circumstances, a very good flash light picture has been made.

Of the other pictures, it can be said that they are fairly well conceived, but all suffer from the evident consciousness of the proximity of the camera. The Village Smithy, by Frank E. Foster, offered scope for a picture that would have utterly eclipsed the present effort of Mr. Foster's. Set the men at their regular work, one handling the lever that works the bellows and thrusting the iron into the fire, the other busy at the anvil ; use a flash of good size and an instantaneous shutter, and the resulting picture would be of value.

"A Coming Sportsman" is a good title, but the youngster is not nearly so well posed as his canine friend. Lace curtains and hot-water pipes are not the most appropriate background for the young man of sporting proclivities, but the general technical work is good.

Flashlight work calls for the exercise of considerable care, and small details are likely to be overlooked because of the difficulty in properly examining the subject on the ground glass. It is not an easy matter to determine with accuracy just what is included in the picture, nor can the relative positions of objects, or their lack of proportion, be easily discerned. The eye has to be trained for this class of work, and such training can come only after persistent effort and a careful noting of defects. The tendency is to under-exposure. This can be obviated by the use of a diaphragm of proper size in the lens, a large flash and development after the manner indicated.

CARBON printing is seldom practiced by amateur photographers, though there are signs of its increased adoption by professionals. The difficulties of this process have been greatly magnified. The tissue is sold ready for sensitizing, which is accomplished by immersing it for a few minutes in a weak solution of ammonium bichromate. After drying, it is ready for printing, and development is effected by transferring the tissue to another support and washing in warm water.



CLASS II.—A COMING SPORTSMAN.

BY M. BRUCE.

(Exposure : One half second by flashlight.)

NOTES FROM THE DARK-ROOM

AT a lecture on the X-rays given recently in New York, the photographs were developed in full view of the audience. The exposures were made on sensitive celluloid films, the back of the films being next to the Crook's Tube, and development was effected by the aid of a sponge dipped in the solution.

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Celluloid films are used for lantern slides, and they possess some advantages over glass. They can readily be exhibited in the lantern by placing them between two lantern-cover glasses, bound together along one side. A lantern mat may be gummed to one of the cover glasses.

* *

The progress of development is best watched and judged by holding the plate or film between the eye and the red light. When it is necessary to purchase a new ruby globe, care should be taken to obtain one as near like the old globe as possible. If the new one is lighter in shade, the negatives made may be over-developed ; if



CLASS I.—'OH, WHAT A SNAP!'

By W. C. NICHOLS.

(Exposure: One-fifth of a second under clouded sky.)

darker, they will in all probability be too dense.

* *

A combined background and lantern screen is a useful accessory for the amateur. A roller blind with a shade attached, one side painted grayish-blue and the other pure white, is all that is essential. Such an arrangement will also serve as a reflector.

* *

It sometimes happens that a milky deposit is observed in the film after development, particularly if the water used contains calcareous matter. This deposit is easily removed by immersing the plate in a bath of alum containing a small quantity of hydrochloric acid.

* *

Should the parts of a lens be separated to clean the glasses, care should be taken when replacing them that they occupy their correct positions, and that the screw-threads are not damaged. The part to be inserted should first be turned in the wrong direction until the fittings snap together, and then reversed and screwed home.

* *

A very good vignette may be made by tacking to the printing frame a piece of cardboard having a hole of the desired size

and shape. The edge of the aperture should be graded off, and placed between the negative and the cardboard. To obtain the best effects, the frame should be built up a quarter of an inch all around. The best material for this purpose is sheet cork, for this permits easily attaching the vignetting apparatus by thumb-tacks.

* *

To prevent the legs of the tripod from slipping on smooth floors, it is usual to stick corks on the points at the end of the legs. A better way is to take a short piece of thick rubber tubing and cement in one end a piece of rubber, and in the other end a cork to receive the spike.

* *

Celluloid is sold in sheets of all sizes and colors and may be made to serve many useful purposes in photography. Prints can be mounted upon it, or it may be coated with porcelain collodion and exquisite positives and transparencies made.

* *

When using roll-films, the tinfoil and boxes from which the rolls are taken should be preserved. Each roll, after exposure, should be re-wrapped in the foil, placed in the box, which should then be sealed with gummed paper and marked "exposed film."

Professor.



College Oarsmen Prepare to Race.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY taught the colleges of this country a lesson in sportsmanlike conduct last month which should not be forgotten. For about three months, Yale and Harvard had been squabbling over arrangements for a boat race, in a manner which reflected nothing but discredit upon themselves; each party taking a stand and declining to recede from it. Yale was perhaps the more to blame in the matter, because Yale was an applicant for a race that would, in a certain measure, interfere with Harvard's arrangements. The latter had on hand a race with Cornell, which Harvard, to its credit, declined to withdraw from. Finally, Yale backed down from her position that she would not row in any race with more than one crew, and consented to row against Cornell as well. This, of course, called for consent on the part of Cornell, and within twenty-four hours of the receipt of a request, the Cornellians met and consented to the arrangement, merely suggesting that they would like Columbia and Pennsylvania to be admitted to the race. This, Yale strongly objected to, and so also did Harvard, but for the reason that the Harvard captain knew that Yale would not consent to any such condition.

With that understanding, Professor Wheeler, of Cornell, went to New York and met the delegates from Columbia and Pennsylvania, and very speedily decided to row a second race with them. Harvard wanted the Yale-Harvard-Cornell race on June 24 or 25, and Cornell named June 25, with the possibility of a change to a prior date. Then Cornell suggested July 2 to Columbia and Pennsylvania, and that was at once acceded to. All through the entire arrange-

ments for these two races, the action of Cornell stands out in bold relief as one of the most sportsmanlike ever taken by any college.

What the result of this new arrangement will be, remains to be seen. We know very well that Yale has for years objected to a race with any college but Harvard. She objected to it this year, but had to consent to letting Cornell in, in order to get a race at all. Now, Cornell has no claim on Harvard beyond the present year, and if Yale should insist next year upon rowing Harvard alone, will Harvard consent, or will she tell Yale that there is something due to Cornell? Personally, I have very little confidence in Yale nowadays. At one time, what Yale said was always a true, sportsmanlike verdict upon any subject, but of late years, the undergraduates have simply dragged the college down, and there is no saying what they will do from one year to another. Yale cannot, with anything like respect to herself, refuse to row Cornell next year, and if she insists upon a race with Harvard alone, that college, Cornell, and every other, ought to ostracise her.

There is of course something in all these arrangements beyond the mere boat race. Yale is anxious to renew her old terms with Harvard for an annual football match, a series of baseball matches, and an athletic meeting, all of which she has been deprived of for eighteen months. For her to concede the one point of allowing Cornell to row in the Harvard-Yale race, is giving very little in return for what she hopes to get, and Yale cannot expect to dictate to the entire college world in all matters athletic, as some of the undergraduates seem to think she may do.

From Yale comes the information that Captain Cook has resumed his coaching of

the crew, with the additional news that he has made certain changes in the method of tank rowing, whereby the crew can row thirty strokes a minute in place of fifteen. It is just possible that Captain Cook's plan, of which I know nothing definitely, is the outcome of a suggestion made to him by me a year ago.

I had then just returned from New Haven, where I had seen the tank apparatus for the first time, and was more convinced than ever that my first objection made to it years before was sound. It cannot help making men row slow and spoil the catch at the beginning of the stroke. Meeting Captain Cook in New York, I spoke to him on the subject, particularly with reference to the fast stroke that would be needed at Henley; and suggested that instead of the blade they were using at New Haven, one should be made, say with a steel frame and slats across it, so they might be added to or taken out, to increase or diminish the face of the oar and allow it to be driven through the water at about the same rate that the boat is driven by the oar in racing. We spoke of several ways by which this could be done, and I am a little interested to know whether the new method said to be in use at New Haven is not the outcome of that conversation.

James Watson.

Indoor Rifle Shooting and Cartridges.

WITH some rifle clubs, it is the practice to give up outdoor shooting at the 200-yard ranges when winter comes, and then gallery shooting begins; though even when outdoor shooting is continued through the winter, some clubs have gallery shooting also. And besides the pleasure of a social evening, the gallery is useful to the rifleman, for he has all the practice in "holding" that he would have on the 200-yard range, the only important difference being that he shoots a 22-caliber cartridge instead of one suited to the longer distance.

Indoor shooting has increased in popularity from year to year, until now almost every rifle club of importance in the country has its gallery adjunct. San Francisco has a particularly active club, though, of course, in that climate they keep up their outdoor practice. St. Louis has an enthusiastic gallery club, as also has Chicago, while Milwaukee's club is one of the most enthusiastic in the West. Cincinnati riflemen continue outdoor practice with gallery work, as do they of Pittsburgh. Each city has a large number of live riflemen. Baltimore and Washington have their indoor clubs, and Philadelphia has several very active ones. Among the German-American shooters of the country, the rifle clubs around New York are looked upon as the head and front of the handlers of heavy rifles and

set-triggers. In some of these clubs, 200-yard shooting is continued through the winter, and in all of them, gallery shooting is largely practiced. The distance adopted by these clubs is twenty-five yards.

Anent the rifle matches at the Sportsmen's Exposition in New York this month, most of the club members in the nearby cities have shown more than ordinary interest in gallery practice since the announcement of these events. However, these matches will be of much more than local importance, and will doubtless be the beginning of annual indoor matches that will bring together riflemen from all parts of the country. The time has passed when riflemen are content to "let their lights shine under a bushel," and local experts now become ambitious to try their skill with experts in other localities. The last few years have wrought great changes in this respect in the ranks of the indoor marksmen. What was looked upon half a dozen years ago as an evening pastime, develops with these matches into a competition of almost national importance.

Until within a few years, there were only two kinds of 22-caliber rim-fire cartridges in use, the short and the long. The latter was so inferior in accuracy that it was of no use to the target shooter, so for several generations the 22-short held full sway in the galleries. But as most of the ranges were only about fifteen yards long, its lack of accuracy was not so perceptible as it was when the ranges were extended to twenty-five, and even forty yards, as was done in a Boston gallery.

With the longer ranges, it became evident that the 22-short cartridge did not shoot as closely as some riflemen could hold. Interest in gallery shooting naturally flagged somewhat until the accurate 22-long-rifle cartridge was brought out. The difference in the loads is slight too. The short cartridge contains three grains of powder and thirty grains of lead; while the long-rifle has the same powder charge as the long, but the bullet is longer and weighs forty grains. Another difference, and an important one, is that the shell of the newer cartridge is not crimped into the bullet.

The heavy bullet of the long-rifle cartridge requires more twist of the rifling, but when suitable barrels had been made, marksmen were astonished at the increased accuracy over the time-honored 22-short. Scores were made that were before thought to be impossible, and short-range shooting received a new impetus all over the country. Boston, one of the most progressive of our cities in rifle matters, was the first to adopt the long-rifle and bring out its possibilities. The short was dropped, and went out of use entirely among rifle clubs in the Hub. But to the riflemen of New York and Jersey City, extreme accuracy in the gallery seemed to have no charms, for there is not a club in these

cities where the long-rifle cartridge is used to-day. This is particularly strange when it is known that, for 200-yard shooting, these riflemen desire, and insist on having, rifles and ammunition giving the greatest possible accuracy; nothing but the extreme will answer. Then why this blind idolatry of the imperfect 22-short cartridge?

As to the relative accuracy of the two cartridges at the 25-yard range, the long-rifle will doubtless average 25 per cent. better than the short, while at longer ranges, the difference is greater.

The matches at the Sportsmen's Exposition are announced to be shot at 100 feet, and in the interest of progress, let us hope that it will become so apparent that an expert rifleman can "outhold" the short cartridge, that a unanimous cry will go up from members of all rifle clubs for the cartridge that will give the greatest possible accuracy for indoor shooting.

Rollin E. Smith.

Foolish Lawn Tennis Legislation.

THE annual meeting of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association was held last month in New York, and a majority of those who attended the "convention" went away with the same feeling of impotence that has been generated at each of the conventions of this organization for the last few years. The formality of holding this meeting seems to grow less necessary with every year, for the clique in whose hands the management of the Association rests, so effectually control every act of the governing body that the executive committee to which the members of this clique are annually elected, might just as well decide any points that might come up, at its star chamber sessions, and conduct the rest of the business of the organization through the mails.

One of the members of this committee invariably holds enough proxies to control the meeting, and opposition would be futile even if it were desirable. The usual farce of "I nominate Mr. Smith for vice-president; I move that the nominations be closed, and the secretary be instructed to cast one ballot for Mr. Smith," was gone through once more last month, and the entire board of officers and three of the other five of last year's executive committee were re-elected.

When it came to reading reports, however, none was heard from the handicapping committee appointed a year ago to promulgate handicap events in America; and it was all too evident to those interested in the subject, that this promising movement was to be allowed to die a natural death. For five years, lawn tennis writers have been harping on the absence of handicap tournaments in America, and when official recognition

was finally given to this feature of the sport, and a committee appointed with instructions to report this winter, the movement seemed fairly well launched. But the wretched handicapping of this committee in the only two tournaments "officially" held during last season, evidently discouraged its members so far that a report of their work would seem too much like adding insult to injury.

And so the movement was allowed to drop, although the results of the first year—excepting only the committee's poor assignments of odds—promised ultimate success. The lawn tennis legislators even begrudged the small appropriation that encouraged the work last year, and totally ignored the existence of the committee and its expected report. Only a year ago, when it was suggested that the management of the Newport Casino, where the national championship tournament is held every August, could well be taxed more than five hundred dollars for the privilege of holding this tournament, as it was well-known that it yielded several thousand in profits each year, objection was raised on the ground that the Association did not need money; and now this promising movement is to be allowed to drop because the Association has not the money, or is unwilling to raise the money by such legitimate means as those suggested last year to carry it on.

The dearth of knowledge of the values of odds among American tennis handicappers was emphasized last summer by the conflicting methods adopted by the handicapping committee. At the 1896 convention, the quarter-fifteen system of handicapping was adopted as official, but the committee appointed to carry out these plans preferred the "sixth" system, and used it in both of the official handicap tournaments, in utter defiance of the existing laws. Almost if not all of the other events of the year were handicapped with quarters of fifteen, and when the ranking committee (two of whom also served on the handicapping committee) came to make up its schedule at the end of the season, they went back to the official system in contradiction of what had been used in the official tournaments.

When the subject came up for discussion at the recent annual meeting, a motion was made to substitute "sixths" for "quarters" as official, and without a single word of discussion the matter was voted on and mechanically passed. The clique "pulled the string" and the meeting did the rest. To substitute the smaller units for handicapping means simply to make the work of the handicappers more intricate, the most inadvisable move that could be made, after last year's committee had failed so utterly to adjust the odds between players. They tried to use "sixths" and found the units so small that the differences between classes

were more often two-sixths than one in the official tournaments.

In discussing a proposed change in the playing rule, a year ago with one of the National Association's executive committee, the writer was told that the proposed alteration was unwise, because "the Englishmen have not made this change yet, and they think more about the game than we do." I quite agree with this sentiment, although it seems to me much better expressed in the negative form, for he should have said: "We think much less about the game than they do."

J. Parmly Paret.

The International Cable Chess Match.

THE second international chess match for the Newnes trophy, which was captured last year by American players representing the Brooklyn Chess Club, was played by cable last month between teams of ten experts each, representing the London Chess Club and the Brooklyn Chess Club. The result was a defeat for the Americans by five and one-half games to four and one-half. The intention was that these teams should be representative of all England and all America, but much adverse criticism has been caused in chess circles by the narrowness of the field from which the Brooklyn Chess Club selected its team.

Last year's match in which there were only eight men on each team, was won by the Americans by a very narrow margin. When it was decided this year to increase the number of players on the teams to ten each, American authorities questioned the advisability of this change because of the differences between the Brooklyn and the Philadelphia experts. When it came time to select the players, the Brooklyn management put in two or three local experts in preference to calling on several Philadelphians who would have materially added to the strength of the American team. Had they overlooked their petty quarrels long enough to select a representative American team, there is good reason to believe that America would have won the match instead of losing it. The eighth, ninth, and tenth men on the American teams were all defeated, and several experts who studied the games closely, declared after the match was lost, that had these three men been substituted by the leading experts from the Franklin Chess Club, of Philadelphia, certainly two and possibly three of the games would have been scored for the United States. As the reversal of only one game was necessary for America to win the match, it may be seen that to this narrowness of policy may be attributed the defeat this year.

Of the rest of the American team, only one was beaten, while three of the remaining six scored victories and three games were drawn. Pillsbury, the brilliant young

American master, whose clever play in the recent masters' tournaments abroad has won for him a high place in the hearts of American chess lovers, was the first man on the American team, and was pitted against Blackburn, the veteran British expert. This game resulted in a draw that should have been a victory for the American. Pillsbury secured an advantage in the early part of the game, but was finally forced to propose a draw when Blackburn threatened perpetual check. Showalter, the American champion, who has recently been recognized as a master of the game, scored a clever victory in thirty-six moves over Locock, his British antagonist. The American won a piece early in the game and forced Black to resign after thirty-six moves.

Burille, the third representative on the American team and a Bostonian, was the only man of the first seven to lose, and several of the experts who followed the game most closely, expressed the opinion that both Hymes and Barry, and possibly Hodges, should have been placed above Burille on the American team. Barry, the hero of last year's international match, once more flattered his admirers by winning a clever game from Lawrence, the English representative, after thirty-four moves. Barry had the white pieces and opened with P-Q 4. Hymes and Hodges, two clever New York players who were placed fifth and sixth on the American team, both drew their games against their British opponents; while Delmar, another New Yorker—who played with the black men, by the way—announced "mate in five" after forty-four moves had been scored. Of the last three men on the team, Helms, Teed and McCutcheon, all three were beaten, the last named surviving only twenty-seven moves against Jacobs, his English antagonist—and McCutcheon had the advantage of white men at that, too.

The result of the match therefore was that Great Britain won four games, drew three and lost three, while America—or rather the Brooklyn Chess Club—won three, drew three and lost four games.

The Newnes trophy is open to challenge again next year, and it is to be hoped that if an American team tries again for its possession, the challenge will come from a club whose management will show some judgment in selecting their representative team. If all of the native-born American experts were sifted, a team of ten men could be found on this side of the Atlantic which certainly ought to beat any that can be made up abroad. One of the conditions of the trophy is, that players must be native-born to represent any country whose team plays for this cup, and this bars from an English team such men as Lasker and Tschigorin, the former being a Pole and the latter a Russian.

Walter W. Fosdick.

Good Stories Told by Sportsmen.

THE perverse spirit of the untamed bicycle is known to every wheelman, and the typical "mule" is sometimes docile in comparison.

A novice who recently became fascinated with bicycling, had so far succeeded in mastering his wheel that he could ride as long as the bicycle went straight ahead. But when it began to wander from the "straight and narrow way," he could do nothing but let it go, and trust in Providence.

One morning he wheeled his machine out of the yard, and seeing no one in sight, he decided to ride on the walk. No sooner was he mounted and riding smoothly down the gentle incline, than an old man stepped out from a gate not a hundred feet ahead. To stop was impossible, and his only hope lay in the chance that the man might get out of the way. The novice rang his bell wildly, but without effect. The machine headed directly for its prey.

"Hi, there! Look out! I'm coming! Run! Run!" called the rider, in despair.

The old man heard, but instead of running, dodged behind a tree on one side of the walk. His efforts were not rewarded with success, for, with the accuracy of fate, the wheel swerved from its course, took a turn about the tree, and struck the ill-fated man before he could dodge again.

As the rider went over the handle-bar, he shrieked in disgust: "You old fool, why didn't you run?"

* *

It had always been a principle with B—, who was a thorough sportsman, to encourage youthful tendencies whenever he saw that they turned in the direction of his beloved sport, shooting. He took a deep interest in a friend's son, for the boy took an interest in his guns.

One Christmas B— presented the youth with a small rifle, and shortly afterward, he asked his friend if the boy was taking good care of the gun.

"Good care!" his friend responded, with vehemence; "I should say he was! He oils the thing all over every night and wraps it up in my Sunday trousers."

* *

A young millionaire yachtsman, who knew more of New York's famous Wall Street than of the technicalities of a boat, but who was called a yachtsman only because he owned a yacht, took a party of his friends out for a day's sail on the Sound one day last summer. In the party, there happened to be two old yachtsmen, who really did know the sport from A to Z, and to them it was rather amusing, when, sitting together forward on the edge of the house, puffing away at their pipes, they overheard the following enthusiastic eulogy from their host to a friend:

"Do you know, Jack, I think this sailor's life is an ideal one. Why, when the breezes are strong enough to keep all your sheets full, and she goes jibing along like this, it is simply glorious to sit up here on the bowsprit and put your feet on the gaff."

* *

The endless streams of people were parading up and down the long aisles of the big building, admiring the fine dogs displayed on the benches. It was the great dog show of the year, and the crowd was simply enormous. In front of the long rows of benches they passed, patting and snapping their fingers at the dogs in their fancied good nature, until almost every animal on exhibition began to show signs of temper.

But there was one row of caged benches, whose occupants were not disturbed, and one glance at the long, sharp teeth and ugly looks of the fierce bulldogs behind these networks convinced everyone that they were wisely labeled "Dangerous! Don't touch this dog. He bites."

By some mischance, one of these signs became misplaced and was hung over a bench to which was chained a shivering little Italian greyhound puppy.

A great, gruff Irishman, whose original comments on one after another of the dogs, as he passed their benches, had convulsed those nearest to him, suddenly spied this legend, and read it over carefully twice. Then he looked again at the meek, inoffensive little creature whose trembling legs and quivering body were not calculated to inspire fear, and the humor of the situation seemed to strike him forcibly, for he threw back his head, and after a hearty guffaw, burst out with:

"Bite, would he? I'd like to see him do it! Why, if that shivering spalpeen tried to bite me, I'd draw the teeth of him."

* *

Another good story is told of an Irish visitor to the dog show.

After wandering past the benches of breed after breed, this curious lover of dogs suddenly came upon the first of a row of dachshunds, but he did not stop to look at more than one. At the first bench, one of these curious little bow-legged animals waddled over to his Celtic visitor with his usual lumbering gait. But the latter took only one glimpse and then hurried away.

A few minutes later he rushed excitedly into the office of the managers and asked for the "veteran surgeon." When the dog doctor was finally found, the Irishman declared breathlessly that the "little brown dog down at the end of the third row had two broken legs."

* *

Jones was a most enthusiastic fisherman, but when he started off one morning last summer for a day's sport, his friend Smith

bet him a new hat that he would not catch a fish before sundown. Jones' luck was poor and his skill even worse, and when the sun had set he had not a fish in his basket. But he was not to be beaten so easily. On his way back to the village, he stopped at a fish store and bought a fine three-pound bass, and putting it in his basket, hurried on to Smith's house, triumphantly.

"Well, that's one hat on you," he shouted at Smith, as the latter saw him coming up the garden walk.

"Did you catch one, after all?" asked Smith as he hurried up to examine the prize.

"Guess I did," returned the guilty fisherman, enthusiastically; and then, letting his nature run away with his better judgment, he began to dilate on the struggle he had had with this particular monster of the deep.

"Why, I played that fellow for fifteen minutes before I could get him up to the boat," he went on enthusiastically; "and when I finally did get him up close, I had to gaff him before I could land him into the boat. I was just in time then, too, for the hook tore out of his mouth as I lifted him over the gunwhale."

"Is that so?" responded Smith, wonderingly, as he fingered the fish over critically. "That is curious. I don't find any marks of your gaff or hook. This fellow was caught in a net."

"To See Ourselves As Others See Us."

"I HAVE perused with pleasure THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE from the first issue, and I trust you will meet with success in this undertaking, as a fairly good magazine of this kind will be greatly appreciated by the sportsmen of the United States."—M. E. POUQUE, Salem, Ore.

"We are in receipt of the Mid-Winter Number of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, and cannot say too much in its favor as a first-class up-to-date sporting periodical. This number is in an artistic cover printed in red, green and black with silver background, and for those whose tastes run to fishing, hunting and other outdoor sports, it is just the appropriate thing. We predict for it a prosperous future."—THE PAWTUCKET VALLEY GLEANER, Phenix, R. I.

"The January Number of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE is a very good issue. I read it all, a thing I very seldom do, as there is much in the majority of publications that does not interest me."—FRED P. SMITH, Spokane, Wash.

"One of the brightest and best of all publications appealing to the lover of outdoor sports is THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, and one of the best numbers of it ever issued is that of the current month. The

ablest writers contribute to its pages, and it is superbly illustrated."—THE REPUBLICAN, Alton, Ill.

"The February Number of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE contains a long list of well-edited and illustrated articles, which meet about every line or taste for sport."—THE DAILY HAMPSHIRE GAZETTE, Northampton, Mass.

"I have received a copy of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, a periodical that is in the sixth month of its existence, and which certainly presents a very attractive appearance, being handsomely printed, and illustrated with pictures qualified to awaken the interest of any one who possesses the slightest taste for outdoor sport."—THE JOURNAL, New York City.

"The Mid-Winter Number of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE is the handsomest issue of any purely sporting publication we remember to have seen printed in America. The cover is attractively designed and is printed in silver, green and red, and the illustrations are as artistic as the subjects are varied."—EXPRESS, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I saw the initial number of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE in Albany. It is certainly a high-class publication, and I have read the numbers with much interest and pleasure."—A. NELSON CHENEY, State Fish Culturist, Glens Falls, N. Y.

"There is at last a fit periodical published for sportsmen. Not one of many publications which have been addressed to the tastes of the hunter and fisher has met the demand as THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE. It will suit every one who loves the natural things of the world, even those who never handle a gun or a fish rod. It will please women who never go near the water, and are always afraid when their sons or husbands go out with a gun. It is finely illustrated, and its descriptive articles and stories of travel and sport, will please almost any reader from youth to old age."—HAMPSHIRE GAZETTE, Northampton, Mass.

"THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE arrived all right, and we have enjoyed it very much. If the present standard is kept up we think you will surely make a success of it."—J. C. DAVIDSON, Washington, D. C.

"Most writers of hunting articles were never near any game in their fool lives. Your paper is *some* different from most of them."—W. S. CORWIN, Messina, Cal.

"I take many magazines, and yours easily stands at the head. I own and shoot over some of the best-bred Llewellyns in the western country, and I appreciate a good dog picture. That on page 393 of your February Number is the best I ever saw of its kind."—C. B. RANDLETT, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

EDITORIAL MENTION

WITH this issue, the first milestone in the career of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE is reached, and our second volume will begin next month. Looking back over the brief existence of the MAGAZINE, we cannot help feeling proud of its success. It is our intention to conduct a high-class magazine exclusively "by sports men and for sportsmen," and we believe that such a publication is bound to find a place in the heart of every true sportsman. That our mission has not failed has been more than proved by the kind words of appreciation received from readers of the MAGAZINE and esteemed contemporaries, a few of which we quote on another page so that all may be able to "see ourselves as others see us."

We wish to thank our friends for their kind words, which are always welcome, and to suggest that criticism is wanted as well as praise. We should be glad to hear from all our readers, and would remind them of the old adage: "If you don't see what you want, ask for it."

We shall begin our second volume with the same intention to produce an ideal magazine for sportsmen, as when we started, and with the additional help of six months' experience in learning the wants of sportsmen-readers. The special Christmas and Mid-Winter numbers met with such marked approval that our April issue, which will be the Fishing Number, will also be enclosed in a handsome lithographed cover in colors; other special numbers have been planned for later months' too. A complete index of the six numbers which comprise the first volume, is issued as a supplement with this number, and although back numbers cannot be exchanged for binding, copies of the complete volume bound in cloth have been prepared for those who wish to preserve THE

SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE in some permanent form for library use.

* *

"WHAT constitutes the ethics of true sportsmanship?" is still as much open to dispute as when the question was raised in these columns last month. Hosts of replies have been received from readers of the MAGAZINE, and it is pleasing to note that a large proportion of their writers agree that it is the motive actuating the man, rather than his methods of killing game, that distinguishes between the sportsman and the pot-hunter.

In reason, it could not be otherwise, and it would be an injustice to many a thorough sportsman, if he was frowned upon simply because he shot a bird on the ground, when he knew to a certainty that he could not kill it on the wing. On the other hand, a man may think himself a sportsman because he observes the game laws and never kills game in an "unsportsmanlike" manner; but many such will shoot from morning till night, if game can be found, and take great pride in boasting of the large numbers of birds killed, not thinking that they may be acquiring reputations as game-hogs.

To sportsmen who have watched with anxious eye the trend of sentiment and practice through the last generation, it is a satisfaction to see that it is improving rapidly and radically. Forest and game preservation are uppermost in the minds of men who, a few years ago, gave little thought to the needs of the future. Boys are taught true sportsmanship by example, and it becomes second nature to them; while their fathers had to learn by dear experience that game killed in wasteful numbers would react upon their own pleasure in a way they never dreamed might be possible.

IN turning over the first four or five pages of a recent issue of a prominent weekly journal for sportsmen, one is pleased with its staunch stand for game protection, and better fish and game laws. But the good effect of all this is dispelled by an illustration, only a few pages farther on in the same issue, showing seventy-eight bass, the author says, "the smallest of which weighed one and one-half pounds, and the largest five pounds." This string of fish was taken, we are told, by one man in five hours, from a lake in northern Wisconsin. That the fisherman was proud of his catch is evident by his having had it photographed; but in his account of it, he says to young fisherman: "As you graduate from your novitiate, your desire for slaughter will cease." Now, it would be interesting to know whether this catch was made and the photograph taken before or after the "graduating" process of the angler; also, whether the illustration was published as a "horrible example," or as a standard of excellence for the "novitiate."

In these days of game protection, it is well for a journal devoted to the interests of sportsmen to point out the evils of game slaughter, and for the sportsman-writer to dwell upon the beauties of "graduating" from the desire for big catches and heavy game bags; but it would be better if the former were consistent, and the latter did not boast of his depravity in the days of his "novitiate."

* *

AS the time for the opening of the Sportsmen's Exposition draws near, its immensity becomes more and more apparent. There have been shows before—cycle shows, horse shows, dog shows and shows of various other kinds, but each appealed to a single class of sportsmen. This is not so with the Sportsmen's Exposition, for the gunner, the hunter of big game, the target-shooter, the angler, the amateur photographer, the student of natural history, the traveler—in short, every sportsman will find the Exposition full of interest, and a perfect mine of information as well. Besides the exhibits, riflemen and pistol-shots will meet in a series of matches that promise to result in much more than mere events of competition; for by bringing together competitors from different states, ideas are interchanged, plans for future events made on broader lines, and all danger of sectional prejudice overcome. The follower of the gentle art of angling is also provided for in the arrangements for a fly-casting tournament. Some of the features of this competition are quite novel. The casting will be over an artificial stream indoors, with no winds to bother the competitors, and accuracy and delicacy will be tested by semi-submerged branches, and other lurking sources of en-

tanglement. Among the hosts of other features will be an exhibit of pictures and photographs for sportsmen; hunting dogs, game, fish, guides and a magnificent collection of sportsmen's trophies loaned by their owners. Madison Square Garden, in New York, will be a perfect paradise for sportsmen from March 13 to 20.

Aside from all individual interests that sportsmen may have in the Exposition, the greatest possible good comes to sportsmen collectively from this annual show. Its influence is wide and powerful, and as an educator the Sportsmen's Exposition is the greatest school for sportsmen that could be devised.

* *

AN ornithologist tells us that many of our birds are threatened with extermination. Wrens and bluebirds are driven from their old haunts by sparrows,—and he might have added that small boys are after the sparrows. Terms are slaughtered in thousands, he avers, for the millinery business, and Florida is similarly despoiled of its heron, ibis, pelican and smaller birds. Fashion, at present, is the greatest enemy of bird life. This would indeed be a dreary outlook, if there were no relief in sight. But we trust that as soon as the various state legislatures have wrestled successfully with the theatre-hat problem, that our lawmakers will turn their guns toward the bird-hat menace.

The ornithologist further says that the quail is becoming very scarce. The ornithologist is doubtless a learned man, and probably knows the name of every feather on every bird from a wren to an eagle; but there are some things about the quail that he has perhaps overlooked. In some of the northern states, quail are more abundant now than ever before, and good shooting can be had where, a few years ago, the birds were found only in small numbers. Mildwinters in Minnesota, for instance, have permitted this game bird to increase and multiply to numbers never before known there. An unusually severe winter in some of the southern states invariably kills vast numbers of quail. Maryland, this year, is a case in hand. Then the cry goes up that the bird is almost extinct in that locality; but in four or five years their numbers have again reached the point they were before the cold winter.

In our opinion, there is only one real danger threatening the quail, and that, fortunately, in comparatively few states. This is trapping them for market. Were this practice more general, there would indeed be reason for alarm; but even though not common, wherever it is known to exist, sportsmen should stamp it out by having the law-breakers hounded by the game wardens until their illegal business is too unsafe to be continued.

SPORTSMEN'S BOOKS REVIEWED



By Sportsmen and for
Sportsmen.

Volume I. of "The Sportsman's Magazine."

BOUND copies of the first volume of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, which is completed with this issue, have been prepared. Lovers of sport will find in the 520 pages of this first volume, a veritable literary feast, for among the profusely illustrated pages of these first six numbers of the MAGAZINE will be found nearly one hundred articles and stories of general interest to sportsmen. A glance through the volume index, which is issued as a supplement to this number, will show how completely the entire field of sport has been covered. Hunting, for large game and small; shooting for upland and shore birds; fishing, in fresh water and salt; field sports, both indoor and out; hunting dogs; thoroughbred horses; amateur photography, and all the other branches of sport, will be found fully treated and illustrated.

The department for "Vignettes of Sport," is a particularly attractive feature of the volume; "Current Topics" in sport were reviewed by experts, and the department, "Sportsmen's Books Reviewed," will be found to contain a complete critical record of all books published for sportsmen, reviewed "by sportsmen and for sportsmen."

* *

"How to Collect, Skin and Mount Birds."

OFTEN an additional interest would be given to hunting if the sportsman could preserve an unusually fine specimen of game killed; but birds or heads mounted incorrectly are worse than none at all. The Department of Agriculture of the state of Pennsylvania has issued a third edition of "Taxidermy, How to Collect, Skin, Preserve and Mount Birds," which is published with the state game and fish laws. The notes on taxidermy are concise and practical, and a few illustrations of properly-mounted birds are shown. This little book will be found very useful to sportsmen interested in the preservation of small-game specimens. A close study of these pictures cannot fail to be a help to novices in taxidermy. The ptarmigan, for

instance, are shown in two positions, so that the learner may study the birds in natural and easy postures. For ornamental purposes, there is a variety of small game, and these pieces may be taken as models for panels; and as the originals were mounted by authorities in their art, the accuracy of the work can be relied upon.

Paul G. Richmond.

* *

Spalding's "Athletic Almanac for 1897."

SPALDING'S "Athletic Almanac for 1897," recently issued by the American Sports Publishing Company, contains the most complete tables of athletic records that have appeared for many years. The fact that these records were compiled by James E. Sullivan, president of the Metropolitan Association of A. A. U., with the assistance of William B. Curtis, the "father" of amateur athletics in America, should vouch for the accuracy of the figures given. Mr. Curtis is probably the best-known authority on athletics we have in this country, while Mr. Sullivan's name has been so long and so favorably known in the athletic world, that this little book is issued under most favorable auspices. It is profusely illustrated with half-tone portraits of athletic champions from all sections of the country, which serve to brighten the pages that would otherwise serve as a record book only. Brief summaries of all the important intercollegiate and championship meetings of last season are added to the tables of the best records in all branches of athletics, and the book is most complete in every department. Although bound only in paper and of small size, this little volume will prove an invaluable addition to the student of athletics and an ever-ready handbook for those who are interested in records.

J. Parmly Paret.

COPIES of the first volume of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, bound in cloth with gold-and-black stamping on side and back, can be had at this office. Price, \$1.50, postpaid.

THE FISHING NUMBER OF The Sportsman's Magazine

LIKE OUR SPECIAL NUMBER FOR CHRISTMAS AND MID-WINTER, will have an illuminated cover lithographed in five colors, and though the table of contents will contain the usual variety of sports of all kinds, particular attention and an unusual amount of space will be devoted to fishing. There will be fishing in fresh water and salt water; fishing for trout and fishing for salmon; fishing by men and by women; fishing at home and abroad; fishing for crabs and fishing for saw-fish, and also several special articles of interest to fishermen. But our April pages will not be devoted exclusively to the interests of fishermen, as will be seen by a glance over the few special features announced below.

APRIL IS NOT MANY HOURS OLD before the most enthusiastic anglers have begun to wet their lines in the nearest streams that are likely to yield good catches. Every fisherman, no matter how enthusiastic he may be, does not know where the best fishing can be found, and it is our endeavor to help him. *Kit Clarke*, the famous author of "Where the Trout Hide," is one of the most enthusiastic of anglers and his illustrated article on **Trout Fishing** cannot fail to awaken a feeling of interest in the breasts of all his fellow fishermen. In this article, the author makes some valuable suggestions for enforcing fish laws at the Rangeley Lakes, in Maine, where there is so much fish slaughter.

DEPARTMENTS:
Vignettes of Sport.
Photography
for Amateurs.
Current Topics.
Sportsmen's Books
Reviewed.

PROBABLY NOT ONE IN FIFTY American fishermen knows how much is being done in this country to increase his favorite sport. **What the Fish Commissions are Doing** will describe the work of the federal and state commissions in protecting game fish and stocking our waters. This profusely illustrated article by *Charles A. Bramble*, should prove particularly attractive to all, for whether fisherman or not, every sportsman ought to take a deep interest in this subject, on which depends much of his future sport.

NO ONE WHO HAS NOT TRIED IT can imagine the pleasures of crabbing. *Charles E. Jenny* spent a day **Blue Crab Fishing in Buzzard's Bay**—or rather in one of the small creeks that flow into that beautiful stretch of water—and his description has a touch of humor in it that will be appreciated by all fishermen.

WOMEN ARE SOMETIMES AS SUCCESSFUL FISHERMEN, or rather fisherwomen, as are men (fishermen, not fisherwomen). At any rate, *Jennie Taylor Wandle*'s description of **How a Woman Fished Fox Lake** shows how one woman succeeded much better, with the aid of a little judicious confidence in her guide, than did some men who knew more than any guides they could employ. This is just the plain, unvarnished tale of a fishing trip; and it will be full of interest to many who are not such enthusiastic anglers as those who are veterans.

THE FIRST MILD DAYS OF APRIL are always a sign for yachtsmen to throw off their lethargy of the winter, and all along the shores of our lakes and rivers and bays, your corinthian yachtsman is found hard at work preparing his boat for the approaching season. **The Log of Some Corinthian Yachtsmen**, by *Herbert A. Barnes*, one of the gallant crew of the "Irene," a thirty-foot cabin sloop, will begin in our April Number; and this continued narrative by an admitted "land-lubber," who speaks of going "downstairs" into the cabin, will find a multitude of interested readers who will follow the "Irene" and her jolly crew from New York to Newport through the waters of Long Island Sound.

THERE WILL BE A HOST OF OTHER INTERESTING FEATURES in our April Number and it would require three or four pages this size to describe them all. The bare announcement, however, of a few may be appreciated. **The Prize Winners in the Second Class** of our competition for Amateur Photographers, will be announced and the prize pictures printed. **A Day's Hunt After a Great Elk**, by *Sherman Powell*, will interest gunners for large game and small. *William T. Bull* will describe **How Champion Sweeney Jumps**, and instantaneous photographs of the greatest high jumper the world ever saw will illustrate his methods and his many contortions while in the air.

RARE SPORT INDEED, say those who have tried it, is **Salmon Fishing in Ireland**, and *Captain M. J. Lynch* has had enough experience in fishing Irish streams to be an authority on the subject. Fishermen whose sport has been confined to home waters will be interested in this illustrated article, which will tell how the salmon is caught in Ireland. All should read it.

IN HIS ARTICLE on **A Battle With a Saw-Fish**, *Dr. John D. Peabody* graphically describes an encounter with one of those dangerous salt-water giants of our southern coasts.

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THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE

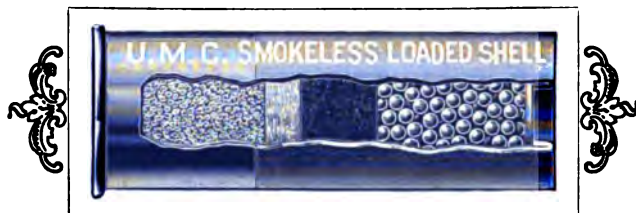


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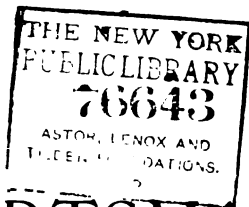
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SALMON FISHING IN AN IRISH STREAM.

"At last the silvery fish came within reach of Mickle's arm."—PAGE 7.



THE

SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1897.

No. 1.



A DAY'S SALMON FISHING IN IRELAND.

By Captain M. J. Lynch.

PATTER, patter, came another dash of hailstones against my window. Half awake, I turned on my bed to doze once more, thinking what an unusually heavy tropical shower we were having that April night in the British Isles. With the next squall came a low growl from my fox-terrier lying on the hearth-rug.

"Strange," I mused, "but it probably comes up in gusts from the seashore, around the eastern gable of the house."

Again the glass rattled, and I indistinctly heard a voice outside. Sport's growl had grown into a bark, and in half a minute I was out of bed, groping my way in the darkness toward the window.

"Are you awake, Master Joe; are you awake?" came the voice, and more hail rattled outside while I

was unfastening the shutter. "Get up, your honor; get up quick. The river's in grand order and the salmon will be rising soon now, when the sun comes over the Burren Hills."

It was Mickle, the water-bailiff—the one-armed, one-legged, one-eyed Mickle. His remarks were addressed to me as I leaned out of the half-open window, beneath which he stood in the dim light of an April morning. The clock had just struck three, an unearthly hour, when sober people are mostly abed, and festive ones are thinking of going there.

Several years of army service abroad in warm climes had accustomed me to sudden midnight rainstorms, and I had learned how to sleep through them. Now I realized that in consequence I had quite forgotten the old bailiff's favorite method of waking me at dawn for

fishing excursions. Not wishing to disturb the repose of a quiet country-house by ringing bells at such an hour, he used to throw handfuls of light gravel at my window to attract my attention. This was what my drowsy fancy had conjured into pattering hailstones.

A hasty toilet and a run down stairs to the pantry occupied only a few minutes. A visit to the dining-room showed the decanters on the sideboard containing sherry, brandy, and whiskey. I knew the key's hiding-place, and strongly suspected that it was also known by the butler,—that over-fed, over-paid lackey, now sleeping soundly in the servant's wing,—but the "Governor," innocent man, always insisted that none of the servants would dare to touch the liquor. I filled a big flask with amber-colored fluid, and quickly stowing it away in the fishing-basket with the sandwiches, I hurried back upstairs and tossed it out to Mickle.

After a hurried glance over the gun room, where trout rods and rook rifles, sea rods and shotguns, reels and revolvers, fly hooks and cartridge bags, dog whistles and cast sinkers, hung side by side in an array that would touch the heart of any sportsman, I selected my eighteen-foot greenheart salmon rod and dropped it down to him. I chose a combination landing net and gaff, and then quietly slipped out by a side door with Sport, and joined the waiting water-bailiff.

Away we started for the river by a short cut through the woods, an occasional glimmering star showing that the rain-clouds, which had concealed the blue for many days, had at length passed away. Soon the light from the east increased and enabled us to notice the white scuts of frightened rabbits crossing our path, and the lazy flapping of an owl as he floated through an opening near the old mill-race, an omen of good luck, my guide presaged, as he branched off on a path leading down

to the mouth of the river. We decided it was better to begin near the sea and fish up the stream to the waterfall.

"Hello, there's the river," I exclaimed; and a lovely view the bridge pool presented as we emerged from the wood into a full flood of daylight. We had come out by the old weir and were looking across a stretch, several hundred feet broad, of rapidly coursing water, racing away down between narrowing banks for about three hundred yards, where it rushed under the arches of the bridge into the larger and broader pool below, which eddied on between rocks and over boulders till river-water and salt mingled with the waves of Galway Bay.

There was a splash in the middle of the pool opposite us, and the spot was marked by tell-tale circle within circle, ever increasing in size, an evidence of some big fish that had tried to break his fast this early morning. Gladdened by the welcome sight, I was soon busy at my fly-book, and Mickle with a knowing look at the water and then at the sky, decided on two gaudy flies, and advised me to put on both the "blue doctor," and the "thunder-and-lightning." These were quickly tied to a strong double salmon gut Mickle had soaked over night, and we moved up stream a little way.

I began at the neck of the big pool, first carefully casting alongside some half-sunken rocks that had often sheltered a waiting fish; then dropped the flies lightly into the middle, where the strong current ran; next I cast to the bank beyond, into almost dead water, but all without getting a single rise. Down along the bank we moved, yard by yard, dabbling the waters at every point, and once I saw a swirl, showing that something stirred beneath the surface. I struck, but the flies came back; I had not touched anything, owing, no doubt, to my overzeal and haste. Again I cast gently over the same

spot. As the flies dropped lightly on the water, the fish rose again and I sent the barb home this time. Then the steady pull on the taut line with the bending, straining greenheart warned me that I had hooked a good fish and must prepare for a battle royal.

No need for the bailiff to tell me to lower the butt and give him line, for I soon discovered from the pull what I had to deal with, and the round butt was securely placed in the hollow above my left hip, while my left hand grasped the rod face-high, keeping it as nearly perpendicular as possible, though the point was dipped down in almost a half circle. My right hand rested on the reel, now clicking away merrily as the big fish rushed down the stream. It was pleasant music, that clicking reel, as it spun around like the screw of an Atlantic liner; it was a new and charming sound to my ears, and served to awaken many pleasant memories of similar scenes almost forgotten.

Seventy, eighty yards ran out and I followed him along the bank. He was right in the middle of the pool, perfectly still for an instant, evidently resting. I did not want him to settle and sulk, or perhaps entangle my line in a sunken branch or other submerged obstacle, so I reeled in with vigor and leaned heavily on the fish. The strain soon became too much for him; for, gradually rising, he rushed to the other side. I let him have line cheerfully, and he took out full twenty yards, but never once showed himself. I now felt that I had him strongly hooked, and as my tackle was staunch enough to hold almost a small whale, it was merely a matter of steady play and cool judgment to ultimately land him safely.

Suddenly, back from the far bank, he dashed again into mid-stream, and I had to reel in hastily. If the hook had not been well driven home, it might have come out when his

sudden movement momentarily slackened the line, but I found the strong, steady pull once more maintained. I determined to make a bold move and force my fish to show himself and keep near the top of the water during the rest of the fight. The bailiff took an iron bracelet about four inches in diameter from my basket. It opened on a hinge, and he passed it around my rod and snapped the catch, shoving it up until it slipped beyond the arched tip and ran down by its own weight along the line into the water; while we eagerly waited to see what effect this iron messenger would have on his salmonship when it landed upon his nose.

Splash high into the air jumped the silver-scaled fish—a monster with arched back, twisted body and poised snout—and threw himself on the tormenting line and tried to break it. But I was quite prepared for this, so the manœuvre ended in failure. But it was certain that he would not again sulk for long with the iron ring on his nose. Away he darted on a mad rush down stream, taking out every yard of line on my reel. Still keeping the butt well down—a risky thing just then—I followed along the bank and at every few paces tried to stop him. Once I stood my ground and got in a few reefs of line, but it was gone again in an instant, and as we were almost down to the tail of the pool, I could not let him go much farther.

Again I made a stand and stopped the mad rush, reeling in about thirty yards under a tremendous strain, for he disputed every inch of it. If he got me down to the bridge, I knew that the fight would be his, for by scraping against the stones he would surely cut the line. Slowly and steadily I kept winding in, moving upward all the time, and as long as he gave way, I did not care whether he bolted up or down, under this bank or over to the other. He jumped and rushed and once again the strain

became too great, and I was forced to give him line, but I gave as little as possible. I soon had him swimming in the centre current above the narrow part of the stream not more than sixty feet away, and now and again his back fin showed out of the water.

Mickle, gaff in hand, was hopping around behind me, more like a wild Indian with a tomahawk than an experienced Irish water-bailiff about to impale a salmon. Sport, too, joined in the infectious excitement and jumped at my feet and barked at every splash that the big fish made. Down along the river bank the cute old bailiff glided, and crept out behind a projecting rock. Once I almost coaxed him within striking distance of the one-eyed gaffer, but Mickle prided himself on his skill, and feared to run the risk of missing his stroke. Off again dashed the fish across the pool, as if warned by instinct of the unseen danger, and it was fully ten minutes ere I had him played back to the proper point.

Then, like a lightning-flash, the cold steel impaled him, and the great, quivering body was triumphantly lifted on the gaff by the exultant bailiff, showing a fish as beautiful as was ever landed. The sheen of his scales and the small sea-lice still clinging to him showing that he had only just come up from the salt water. It had taken me exactly forty-six minutes from the moment he was hooked till he lay on the bank; and he weighed twenty-eight pounds by my pocket scales.

The "thunder-and-lightning" fly was carefully extracted from his gullet, for it had gone down deep; and the bailiff smiled in appreciation of the remarks on his good judgment of water, weather and flies, which I felt in duty bound to make. I had time for only a short rest in the shade, after my exciting experience, when splash! splash! in front invited me to the sport again.

After casting a few times, I hooked another sturdy fish, which forthwith

made play for the farther side, and kept jumping and rushing and boring over there so persistently that I sent the bailiff around by the weir where he cleverly gaffed him—an eight-pounder—right under the opposite bank. When he disengaged my hook, I was compelled to reel it in across the river. On its way, a voracious salmon followed the fly, and I could plainly see the water parting over his nose as he darted at it, and I struck hard when I felt him.

Hooked safe and sure, he was, too. I yelled across to the bailiff to hurry back, and then I devoted my attention to this latest prize. A rush and a splash, and the line came back to me. He was gone, and my "thunder-and-lightning," too, broken off at the shank from the previous heavy strain, no doubt. After another had been mounted in its place, we moved up the river, leaving our catches lying on the bank with Sport beside them as sentinel. Shortly afterwards, I hooked another fish, and he gave excellent battle for twenty minutes, and was then satisfactorily landed—a spring salmon of eighteen pounds, with a short, thick body and great girth at the shoulders, in the pink of condition, and with a coat like glistening silver.

Up along the lovely, wooded, winding bank with many a rise, a miss, a strike, and a break away or an exciting finish, the day went pleasantly by, and my good luck continued. Sport was finally relieved by the bailiff from his duty as sentinel over the slain, and as he frisked up to me, I could see that he, too, was ready for his luncheon. The fish were taken into Mickle's cottage for safe keeping, and I laid down my rod, for the sun was past the zenith, the off hours when the fish lie low.

As we stretched ourselves on the grass back in the shade, and the bailiff filled his short, black "du-deen" from my tobacco pouch, by way of change from his own strong

twist, I gathered from him all the local fishing gossip of the last eight years. Previous to that time he had been my guide and mentor in the piscatorial art, and I had come to regard him as the only man who knew everything about the cunning wiles of the slippery trout and the evasive salmon, and of the surest ways to circumvent their natural cleverness.

I had lots of time to think and talk and listen, for after all, a day's salmon fishing need not be a day of constant walking and hard work. It means early rising, and persistent, skillful whipping of the water. The casting must be gentle, though far-reaching; it must be methodical and still not excessive. The eye should ever follow the cast, yet occasionally glance from river to sky, for a change up there may mean much to the salmon fisher—a change, perhaps, from bright-colored flies to dark, or vice-versa; just as low water or high flood means small hooks or large. Then, too, the experienced angler will often decide that though a pool is full of fish, it is useless to cast for them. Better not to disturb them until that cloud shuts out the bright sunlight or this one brings up a squall of wind and ruffles the water, thus helping to conceal the silken line, and making the flies fall and play more naturally on the surface. While I mused and smoked in comfort there, the old bailiff did most of the talking.

About four o'clock, we turned toward the water again, through a dark angle in the wood, and were soon under the waterfall, where the flood poured down over rocks twenty feet from the big lake above, and formed into an eddying, foaming whirlpool. A flash in the sinking sunlight, and the bend of my rod and the click-click of the reel told that once more I had hooked a sprightly salmon. It was a fresh-run fish, too, I saw from the sheen of his scales as

he jumped, so a fascinating day's sport was not yet over. While bravely he fought for freedom, the "Governor" appeared on the bank above and enjoyed the sport immensely. Here the water was strong and tempestuous and there were many rocks, both sunken and exposed. Often-times my salmon bored down deep, and each moment I feared that my line would come back to me cut by friction against the stones.

The bailiff was all advice and activity, hopping over rocks and running out on points, in the hope of being able to gaff him, and at the imminent risk of falling into the water, wooden-leg and all. Now my fish was off into a clear, deep spot, but he did not give the lordly pull of the morning Leviathan, the twenty-eight pounder, nor was it the sturdy out-and-in boring of the eighteen-pound fish; it was the dashing, impetuous recklessness of a young warrior in his first engagement. Now here, now there, into the bank, behind a rock, then out again to mid-stream with another leap into the air, and then back to still water. After a few seconds' rest there was a renewal of the same tactics, but with lessening force and exhausted energy. At last the silvery fish came within reach of Mickle's arm, and was lifted up on the gaff, still quivering—a fresh-run twelve-pounder.

When the "Governor" counted nine silvery salmon as the day's catch, he was pleased beyond measure with my success, and thought Mickle well deserving of the sovereign I gave him as we started homeward. And now, as I look back upon many pleasant angling experiences, that day on the river with the one-eyed, one-armed, one-legged water-bailiff, stands out prominently above all the rest; and each year as April comes again, the day is recalled with satisfaction—and a sigh!

A DAY'S HUNT AFTER A BIG ELK.

By Sherman Powell.

WAPITI, or elk, now so scarce in nearly every locality where once they flourished in great numbers, may still be seen in bands roaming over some parts of Oregon. They are particularly plentiful in that part of the Cascade range lying between the north fork of the Willamette and the headwaters of the Calapooria, which skirts the lower slopes on the west side of the "Three Sisters." In many of the Rocky Mountain ranges, the winters are intensely cold and the food of the elk becomes very scarce. Storm follows storm until an unusually severe one piles the snow so high that the hungry, half-frozen creatures are driven down from their seclusion in the higher mountain fastnesses into the open country, where, in their weakened condition, they become easy prey to the rifles of the ranchman and hunter.

In Oregon, with her mild climate and heavy timber extending down the mountainsides and along the rivers, the elk winter well. In their retreats among the evergreens of the mountain valleys, they are as secure from the hunter as if in their summer ranges in the higher altitudes. Where the north fork of the Willamette empties into the main stream, there are large groves of huge white cedars. Many trails and trampled vegetation show that the elk gather here during the storms of winter, the spreading branches of the aged cedars making them as comfortable as though in padded stalls.

One clear, frosty morning last September, three of us left our camp on the north fork of the Willamette for a day's hunt after elk, each choosing a different direction. It was quite dark when we started, but the ruby light in the east soon began to appear and reveal one lofty peak after an-

other, faintly at first, then stronger and stronger, until at last the whole landscape stood revealed in its wonderful detail of mountain, stream and forest. In the distance towered the family group of the "Three Sisters," while hundreds of mountains below them appeared to be crowding each other for a sight of their shining faces, and noble forests of fir and pine waved their silvery banners to do them homage.

After a long, hard climb for an hour or more, I paused and made a careful survey. It was a good locality for elk, but I could not decide whether to follow the ridge or to go down into the canyon and along a little meadow through which ran a stream. But there came from the east a sound that at once caused me to change my plans. Plainly, and with rich, mellow tone, the whistle of an elk greeted me. At first I could not locate the direction of the sound, and eagerly strained my ears to catch it again should he repeat the call.

Soon the whistle sounded again, and then I could almost place the elk. The sound seemed to come from a park on the second ridge about eight hundred yards away. I hurried over the flat and up the hill on the other side, then plunged into the gorge, and climbed the second ridge, where I found the park. Much to my disgust, I was joined by our dog, and just before I peered over the comb of the ridge, I turned and cuffed him several times to make him stay in the rear. I waited a few minutes in the hope of getting the exact direction of the elk, and once again did the old fellow call.

Then commenced the trying and exciting game of stalking. The whistle came from a V-shaped grove that stretched back into the heart of the range to the north. Although



THE NORTH FORK OF THE WILLAMETTE, IN THE ELK COUNTRY.

they were out of sight, I knew that I had come upon a band of elk, for the cracking of sticks as the animals walked about could be heard distinctly. How to get close to them was my first thought. The timber was a hundred yards away, and there were only a few patches of brush growing at my end of the park. If I could not reach the timber without being observed, the game would be lost.

After quieting the dog once more, I carefully got into line with the first elder bush and moved forward, crouching low. The bush was safely reached and I looked about for something to shield the next advance. Another bunch of brush answered the purpose, and it was soon gained; there was one more piece of ground to cover, and I took great care in slowly working across the opening. At last I was crouching behind a big clump of alder bushes, with undergrowth on all sides and sheltered by tall firs.

I paused to get my bearings and to locate the band, but I could not see farther than ten feet in advance.

Slowly I crawled forward, and soon the strain on my nerves was slightly relieved by discovering the first of what proved to be a large band of elk—perhaps fifty or more. Not seventy-five yards ahead, and in plain view, were five cows and several calves, while to their left were two spiked bulls and a cow. These were not to my liking, however, and besides, I felt confident that at least one large bull was the guardian of the band, and it was antlers that I wanted.

With the greatest care, I crept slowly forward and soon reached a good-sized bush, when, from the left, a five-pronged bull stepped out of the cover, giving me a fine broadside shot. I could easily have dropped him in his tracks, but the thought of that yet unseen patriarch of the band made me indifferent to his presence; so I waited patiently for him to retire and the star of the herd to appear.

Suddenly there stepped from the brush into a little opening, the most magnificent bull elk I ever gazed upon. His antlers swept the branches

of the trees as he passed, and sat like a rustic chair on his shapely head, so beautifully poised on his graceful neck. His body was well able to support such a pair of horns, his sleek sides and hams shining like those of a stallion. He appeared to stand at least two hands higher than any other elk I could remember. All this was noted in an instant, but before I could level my rifle he disappeared behind a clump of alder brush thickly overrun with a tangle of blackberry vines. This protection screened him as effectually as if a stone wall had intervened.

My spirits rose to the highest pitch of satisfaction. Here was the prize for which I had labored, and as I crouched on the ground I speculated as to how a sure shot might be had. I feared to move, knowing that if he caught one glimpse of me, all chance of killing him would be lost. I could see the tips of his antlers over the tops of the bushes, but the growth was too heavy to get a glimpse of his body.

Would he never come out? If I could have had any kind of a shot, I would have been satisfied, but still he kept hidden. However, it is the unexpected that often plays havoc in hunting, as in everything else. A fiendish howl right in the middle of the band caused me to spring up in time to see the dog disappear behind the alders. Then my morning's labor and my sportsman's dream were over. During the excitement of watching the bull, I had entirely forgotten the existence of my unwelcome companion; while he, equally enthused and chafing under the restraint, had been unable to resist his natural instincts. Sneaking around while my head was turned, the dog had located my prize and jumped him. The leader quickly disappeared through the forest, the whole herd following.

My first feeling was one of anger toward the dog; the next, of chagrin to think that I had not taken the pre-

caution to tie him up when I began stalking. However, regrets were useless, and I spent only a few moments over them. With no heart for further hunting, I strolled idly on to take a look at the tracks of the antlered king. When I found them so much larger than any I had ever seen before, my enthusiasm returned, and I determined to follow their maker to the death if possible. A short distance up the mountain, I met the dog sneaking back, his tongue hanging out and his black hair covered with dust. I tied him securely to a tree and went on. Passing out of the timber and over the next ridge, I had no trouble in tracking the band, for I could read their signs along the naked north flank of the range, the marks of his majesty standing out bold and distinct from the rest, like the footprints of a giant amid those of a troop of pigmies.

On through another belt of timber the elk had dashed, then down into a soft meadow, where the mud was thrown thirty feet or more on either side as they continued their wild flight. On the further side of the meadow, the band separated. The old grandfather took a few followers, and with a more leisurely gait, made for a small lake that lay stretched like a hammock among the sheltering trees, its quiet waters bordered by a broad ribbon of green, with just a narrow edge of white sand between. Stopping here long enough for a drink and perhaps a bath, they wandered away through the timber. Here the tracks led in all directions, but the only one that held any charm for me led up the mountainside, and for all I knew, its maker had started for the headwaters of the De Chutes, in eastern Oregon.

With little to encourage me, I trailed him for more than a mile; then I found that he had doubled on his tracks for a few rods and turned to the right. Ridge after ridge, and gulch after gulch were crossed before

my patience was rewarded by hearing the old fellow whistle, apparently not more than three hundred yards away. As I hurried on in that direction, he signalled again. Pulling an empty shell from my belt I gave an answering call; he replied. Again I signalled, and once more he whistled. Squatting to the ground, I strained my eyes in every direction, but could not

the short time required to jerk the lever and throw in another shell, he was upon his feet, going up the hill with greater speed than ever. Pressing the trigger too quickly, I over-shot my mark; but the bullets already given him were becoming too heavy to carry up-hill. Bewildered, but not conquered, he came tearing wildly down toward me. Once more



THE GREAT BULL ELK AT LAST BROUGHT TO EARTH.

see him. I was about to signal again when I discovered my quarry coming over the top of the opposite ridge.

He must have scented me, for as I raised my weapon he turned behind a tree, dove into a thicket and disappeared. I thought he was lost again, but he reappeared on the side of the thicket nearest me. I fired, whirling him completely around; again I fired, this time knocking him down. In

the repeater spoke. With a desperate effort, the great bull turned and gave a few jumps up-grade, then staggered and fell.

As if determined not to give up, he rose upon his knees, but the last fall was too much for him. His proud head swayed to and fro, then slowly dropped and he toppled over, straightened out with a quiver, and was still.

A SERMON ON BIG TROUT, WITH A MORAL.

By Kit Clarke.



NEW YORK has one prominent business man, a hard worker, and incidentally, in that comfortable condition known as "well fixed," who has for twenty-five years devoted the first ten days of May every year to trout fishing in the waters of Brodhead's brook. During all these years he has never taken a fish save by the artificial fly, while his scores, as well as his trout, have often been remarkably large. Thaddeus Norris, foremost among that famous coterie of quaker anglers, lived many happy months beside the beautiful Brodhead, and the late merry comedian, J. K. Emmet, composed his celebrated "Lullaby" to the accompaniment of its singing waters.

Brodhead's brook is born in a rift of the Pocono Mountains, and hustles gaily over millions of rocks and down lovely valleys, an ideal trout stream for thirty-five miles, until it joins the Delaware River at the Water Gap. Every joyous springtime the little station at Cresco sees the advent of a set of working men from the Metropolis, each with a tidy rod-case in hand, and all bound for Spruce Cabin on the Brodhead, about three miles over the hills. And here, be it noted, some marvelous deeds in piscatorial achievement have gone upon record, trout of three honest pounds having come ashore seeking championship honors, and of necessity, having won merited praise.

It came to pass one pleasant day, that a party of boys—most of us under fifty—sat in merry mood and

big rockers upon the Cabin's broad piazza, and waxed eloquent upon the subject as well as the size of trout, the consensus of opinion being that four pounds was the extreme limit in weight ever reached by the fish. Heavier fish were mentioned, of course, and their merits correspondingly praised, but the verdict of the court was "agin" the plaintiff, with the qualifying clause that he, the aforementioned plaintiff, was either an exceedingly meritorious liar, or his fish were merely "lakers." Exceptions to the rulings of the court were made, and an appeal was taken from the decision, the perpetrator of this legend being the plaintiff and happy appellant, who then and there went boldly upon the stand and avowed his purpose to bring to the surface a veritable *Salmo fontinalis* weighing not less than six pounds, or perish in the attempt. It was furthermore added that even then there was in the speaker's possession a "photo" made from life—or rather, from the skins of the fish—in which were shown six trout with a gross weight of twenty-seven pounds, the largest weighing eight pounds.

Then there followed an array of pointed personal adjectives, such a babel of hard names and criminal aspersions, as to perturb even the bravest spirit, until—well, up and down and all the way through I never





THE SIX TROUT WEIGHING TWENTY-SEVEN POUNDS.

(Taken from Lake La Carpe, June, 1895, by Kit Clarke, E. S. Brewer and Damon N. Coats. Messrs. Brewer and Coats are shown in the picture, which was taken by Mr. Clarke.)

before enjoyed abuse quite so thoroughly. In short, I had lots of fun.

But the six-pound trout had to come, and I knew what many others knew, just where to find him; and I went and found him.

The brook trout is the rose of American waters, monumentally the loveliest living thing to be found in all our broad and blessed land; but that it is a char, and not a genuine trout, is of record among the statutes of ichthyology. The professors, too, have given it a new name, and they can perpetrate a whole lot of other things if they wish, but they can never change its radiant beauty nor detract from its measureless courage.

It is an epoch and an epic to rescue one of a pound in weight from our brooks, but one of six pounds is altogether out of the question, and so the bigger waters must be sought to find the bigger quarries. They are not far away, however, for from the

waters of the now famous Rangeley Lakes in Maine, numberless eight-pounders have been lifted from liberty to the taxidermist's scalpel or the baking-dish, while fish of three or four pounds attract little attention.

Thirty years ago, the late William J. Florence, E. A. Sothern — then among the foremost dramatic favorites — and I lived for several weeks in a little log-house at the outlet of Richardson Lake, and the fishing we enjoyed would have thrilled the heart of a Sybarite. It was comparatively a primitive country in those times, and the journey was tedious, laborious and very muddy; but now railroads run to the very edge of the waters, while the fishing, basing an estimate on last year's results, is simply superb. The little log-house, the superlative of solid comfort, has become almost obsolete, being replaced by commodious hotels; and the delightful backwoods life has

resolved itself into a plain, everyday, go-as-you-please case of pianos and silk gowns. Natty little steamers plough the waters, and guides of all grades, from very good to utterly worthless, are as thick as bees around a hive.

A list appears regularly in a local weekly newspaper published quite near the scene of the all-summer finny war, from which one learns that more than three hundred men are disguised as guides, and it is not even claimed that the list is complete. Some of these guides are worth having—indeed they are invaluable—while a good many are utterly unfit for anything except to sit on a log, smoke a pipe, and in a heroic voice tell about the “gosh darned good time” they had “last summer down to Ed. Grant’s.”

If an exact chronicle of huge fishing events had been kept, I have little doubt that the net results of July 7, 1896, at the famous pool below the Upper Dam would lead the record. It was my good fortune to fall among three distinguished anglers, Thomas B. Stewart, of New York; R. N. Parish, of Montville, Conn., and J. C. Doherty, of Willimantic, Conn.; and on that memorable day we hooked with artificial flies such numbers of big trout as to be almost beyond belief. July is usually the poorest season for fly-fishing, yet fish of two to four pounds in weight came greedily, wildly to the fly, and while it is quite safe to assert that we “hitched onto” fully three hundred trout during the day, they were nearly all returned to the water uninjured, saving possibly a slight infliction of “that tired feeling.” There may be some water in existence that can equal the prolific qualities of this wonderful pool, but if so, its location is “one of those things no fellow has ever found out.”

To the north of the uppermost of the Rangeley Lakes, distant ten or twelve miles from Rangeley village, and reached by buckboard over as

tough a road as ever mixed up a man's breakfast, dinner and bad language, lies a five-mile watery gem called Kennebago Lake; and oh! I wish it were mine! The word “gem” is simply insipid in an effort to describe this lovely lake, while its prolific qualities as a producer of moderate-sized trout merely annihilates any and all alleged fishing resorts I have ever seen, and I have “worked” them in every quarter of the globe. In sunshine or shower, morning, noon or night, from springtime to snowfall, the fishing never varies—it is always good, and he is a lame fly-caster indeed who cannot hook his hundred half-pounders between breakfast and dinner. Of course they all go back to their damp element, save enough for a meal; and oh! such a meal! Such a sweet, delicious flavor—rich, juicy and tender, as becomes this noble fish, but not always found underneath its spotted epidermis.

Here is fact, not fiction: Take one of the liver-fed trout of Long Island, nicely cooked and daintily served at Delmonico's, and what have you got? Why, it tastes almost as good as dried walrus-hide! Catch a Kennebago trout and have it cooked at Richardson's camp—the only camp on Kennebago—and all the Homeric gods would envy you your royal feast; and I could not blame them, because I know what I am warbling about.

It is all fly-fishing at Kennebago—the cast, the rise, the strike, the struggle, the victory—while very little of this ideal angling can be found on the larger lakes in the Rangeley chain, although many fish are taken on the fly. If any angler imagines this distinction to be without a difference, let him deliberate over the matter.

The real, the classic in fly-fishing is a pleasure to be found only in wading a swift, bubbling, dancing brook, where primitive nature adds a crown of ever-changing beauty to the scene, while an air of serene content sur-

rounds the angler and thrills every fibre in his system with a newly-born sense of rapture. A day on a mountain brook among such surroundings, is worth the living, and it is fly-fishing. To sit in a boat anchored in a swift current and to pound the water steadily for hours until your spine is weary, your legs cramped and sore, your arms tired, and with surroundings dismally monotonous—this is fishing with the fly, and it is the principal system of the Rangeleys, but I submit that it is not fly-fishing.

I have been a victim of this method in my efforts to win the glory of conquering a big fish, such as the peerless Rangeleys alone yield, and hours and days of ceaseless and laborious casting convinced me that the big trout rarely rise to the fly. When I began to sink the fly deeply, bringing it to the surface in short jerks, then, and not until then, did I begin to grapple with the old warriors, while the struggles that ensued were battles worthy of a great cause. Yet it was actually bait-fishing and nothing more, though I could go home with my colossal seven-pound prodigy and truthfully assert that it had been taken with the fly.

If it is only the fight one seeks, the battle to the end, there is magnificent sport in this kind of fishing with the fly; indeed, I am inclined to believe that it is as good as still-fishing with bait, and in one respect has the advantage, as it avoids the necessity of wetting and soiling the hands in baiting the hook. But as the fiery rise, the resistless rush for the lure, and the dexterous and thrilling strike are absent, the most powerful and delightful charm, indeed the vital principle of actual fly-fishing, is lost.

During recent years, there has been cause for no little complaint toward a select few who call themselves sportsmen, and who have lamentably abused these generous waters by some frightful carnage. I have been told of favorite localities in deep water—the haunts of big trout—that

were heavily “salted,” and when “ripe” the butchers would anchor and proceed to the deliberate slaughter of countless huge fish. Not satisfied with this disreputable proceeding, the miscreants would leave scores of noble trout to rot on the shore. Just such an event was common talk last summer, and I submit that the law should have been invoked to punish the criminals, for by no stretch of the language can such brutes be termed sportsmen. The



KIT CLARKE IN HIS WAR-PAINT.

“fishermen” who indulge in these cowardly practices are generally “well-heeled,” and the possibility of a mere fine gives them little or no annoyance, for if prosecuted to conviction, they “put-up” and go along their serene way.

The law in Maine is an exceedingly lazy affair, and is weak at its best, but if no other method can be devised to prevent such outrages, I will cheerfully become one of a dozen men to contribute one hundred dollars each

for the purpose of employing two or three able-bodied lumbermen to "lay" for the trout butchers, and when caught to administer a thoroughly high-class and reliable "clubbing," the same to be considered a failure unless a few black eyes, loosened teeth, and an assortment of deep-skinned and lasting bruises are liberally distributed—in short, a "thumping for keeps." I believe this will prove the most efficacious remedy, and the thumped will never dare to make a charge against the thumpers, because of the certainty of public exposure, and the liability of legal prosecution.

Legitimate fishing, either with fly or bait, can never injure the fertile qualities of these splendid waters, but deeds like those mentioned, if oft repeated, will surely do much damage, as also will the suggestion recently advanced that only the smaller fish be subject to capture, the larger to be returned to the water as being the best breeders. This is a most profound error, the very reverse being the case. The big fish reach their enormous size through age, and age loses fecundity, a fact applicable to all things living. Furthermore, the big fish devour the smaller, and are also terribly destructive to spawn—indeed, when all

other methods fail, a spawn bait will surely entice the old reprobates. For these reasons it will be seen that every big fish taken out is in reality a benefit to the lakes; while the smaller, the "pounders," should be returned to the water. From a commercial point of view, the big fish are by far the most profitable, and to them is due the constantly increasing patronage bestowed upon the Rangeley Lakes by sportsmen.

On Thanksgiving Day last year, a few gentlemen called at my home, at my request, with the assurance that something would happen. They came, and it happened. They were my Brodhead angling companions—good fellows who knew it all, and had no faith in the existence of a six-pound trout. But they know ever so much better now, for they saw not one but three huge colossuses of spots, handsomely preserved, each of which exceeded seven pounds in weight, and all taken from the Rangeley Lakes during the preceding July. But those lakes, wonderful as they are, want to hustle around and "lay low," as the entire party have solemnly declared their intention of going down there next summer for the explicit purpose of "doing me up"; and I—well, I wish them success.



HEAD OF A TWENTY-NINE-POUND MASCALONGE.

THE LOG OF FOUR CORINTHIAN YACHTSMEN

BY HERBERT A. BARNES.



Part I. — Brooklyn to Clinton.

OURS was a cruise of four men in a boat — to say nothing of the stove, as Jerome would put it. It was a jolly cruise, too, of about two weeks last summer, from Brooklyn east to Newport through Long Island Sound, and back again. Our right little, tight little eight-ton, centre-board sloop *Irene* did not need a hired crew to handle her, and we four Corinthian sailormen were a community unto ourselves during this brief vacation. The dyspeptic terrors of bachelor cookery and the difficulties of unprofessional navigation were left to the others, and the writer's part in the daily routine was to wash the dishes and keep the log. The results of part of his labor are here set forth, with privileged commentaries.

Our crew consisted of four. There was first the gallant captain, Morley Parston, more familiarly known as "Les," sole owner of the *Irene*; next in point of rank, and by courtesy in being one of the invited, was our first mate, Mr. Charles F. Stoodup, when he was at home, and "His Nibs" when on board; Dudely Forlorn Parston, known to his friends and familiars by the suggestive sobriquet of "Lazy," and chiefly remarkable for the very precise way in which he divides his hair down the centre, was the third member of our crew, and a very important personage, for he acted in the double-barrelled capacity of steward and "chef," refusing to be dubbed anything so common as "cook"; and lastly, the other guest — for Lazy did not come under that heading, on account of his fraternal relationship to the Cap. He was a somewhat nondescript part of the crew, being more of a landsman than a sailor. Therefore upon him devolved the ship's chores, the Cap's cigars, His Nibs's sailing instructions, Lazy's private bottle, and a general rounding up for occasionally misnaming some part of the yacht or outfit. This "passenger" was known to friend and foe alike as "Mr. Barnes of New York," but as that appellation was somewhat lengthy for short orders, his dignity was constantly affronted and his leisure assailed by hearing "Bones" shouted out from all quarters, frequently at the same time. Even the important task of writing the log was frequently interrupted for lesser duties, as you will see by the chronicle that follows.

The brave little *Irene* got under way on Friday—in spite of a seaman's popular superstition—the last day of July, 1896, at precisely 8:55 P. M., which was only three or four hours later than the intended time for starting. The wind was N. by W. —“magnetic,” the captain said, but when Bones asked him what that meant, he replied, “Don't bother,” leaving a conviction in the inquirer's mind that this was some new specimen of vocal shorthand, since one word took the place of two.

A splendid run was made to South Brooklyn, arriving there at 11:20. In the meantime, Lazy and Bones had made things snug “down-stairs in the basement,” as the latter termed it. This was working under difficulties with a vengeance, for the belongings of three untidy men and one tidy one were cast pell-mell into a cabin that measured only a few feet larger than a bicycle-crate, with the ice-box and of course all urgently-wanted goods in the smallest part up forward. But by dint of patience, much hard work, and in spite of each giving the other numerous commands, which were religiously ignored, something like order was established. Then all rewarded themselves with a repast such as Lazy was wont to offer in celebration of every event.

Desultory and more or less edifying conversation was now indulged in, somewhat like the following:

Captain: “Say, fellows, we've had a great run.”

Lazy: “How would steak and poached eggs go for breakfast, boys?”

His Nibs: “Well, Bonesie, old boy, feel seasick yet?”

Bonesie, Old Boy: “Please hand me my pipe, it's in the left-hand cupboard.”

Bones was always polite, never omitting “please,” which was proof that he hadn't made many such trips.

In chatting over the various reminiscences of the evening, another laugh was indulged in at the expense of one of the crew, who shall be nameless. On coming to anchor, the Captain called out: “Haul up the sheet, there!” The nameless one thought this must be a “down-stairs”

order, and after vainly turning over the sleeping kit several times he yelled back: “The sheets haven't come; won't a rug or a blanket do?” and then wondered what the rest were laughing at.

By common consent, at midnight they decided to turn in. After enough scrambling, doubling, twisting and turning to beat the record of any professional contortionist, the berths were made and each settled on his

own allotted six by two. Then it was found that the Captain had secured only six of the nine pillows; Lazy two and Bones one,—in shape, size and color almost exact counterparts of the much maligned German sausage, with contents of equal mysteriousness; while His Nibs made a pillow by combining two oil-stoves, nicely packed around with sundry dish-cloths, bathing-suits, etc. However, such was their happy state of mind, unhappy state of body and elasticity of conscience that they soon composed themselves for sleep as best they could.



TOWING THE “IRENE” UP THE
EAST RIVER.

No sooner had sleep come, it seemed to one of the crew, than "Turn out, you fellows!" was the Cap's command; and turn out they did, in spite of the fact that it was barely six o'clock.

Thus were they rudely, not to say roughly, awakened to the first morning of their cruise. On rising they could not help thinking with pity of the poor mortals left to swelter in the heat of New York, while they were just commencing a two weeks' respite from business worries.

The heat was so intense that, although with some misgivings, all hands were induced to take a plunge into the somewhat doubtful-looking water of the East River—that is, the two brothers did, but His Nibs and Bones had to climb over the boat's side, and hold on for dear life. All hands were considerably refreshed by the performance, and the mud that could not be rubbed off was easily disposed of by rubbing it in. The details of breakfast-making were next on the programme, and by seven, all sat down to oatmeal as course number one, steak as course number two, and criticisms on the cooking served with coffee, for course number three, the fourth course being a solo performed by Bones, with the washing-up mop, two inches of hot water, a small piece of soap and a drying-cloth.

After breakfast the crew got the *Irene* under way, and the Brooklyn Bridge was reached early in the forenoon. A tow was now agreed upon, as it is always difficult and sometimes dangerous to sail through this part of the East River. A tug was hailed, and the following interesting little dialogue ensued between the captains of the respective boats:

Ours: "Hello, Cap! Where are you bound?"

Theirs: "College Point."

Ours: "How much to take us?"

Theirs: "Ten dollars."

Our Captain was observed to smile slightly at this stage of the proceed-

ings. After a moment's respite, during which the smile flickered and died out, he renewed the attack.

Ours: "How much do you expect to get?"

Theirs: "Oh, make it eight."

Ours: "Now come, what will you take?"

Theirs: "Dangnation"—or something like it—"give us six, and hurry up."

Ours: "Take us for three?"

Theirs: "Here, catch the line!"

And so the deal was closed. A



OUR CAPTAIN.

clever throw of the line, and an equally clever catch by His Nibs, and all was made taut. Away the *Irene* went at a spanking pace, the crew wondering if a compromise could not have been made for half a dollar had they held out a little longer.

His Nibs, even when we were under steam, could not sit still a moment. He must be everlastingly tugging at ropes, pulling sheets, tauting bow-lines and doing a hundred and one things—in the proportion of one necessary and one hundred unnecessary. The Cap fooled about

with the wheel, and Lazy worked very hard—at his pipe, for he was wonderfully energetic at this sort of thing; and Bones—well, he meandered around, trying to sort out the ropes and find, by tugging them and making many inquiries, which was which; but he finally desisted, with a chaotic idea of main-sheet, topping-lift, down-haul, throat, etc., and a brilliant conception of a fortune to be made by the inventor of a ship with only one string to pull.

At 9:30 they were off the light-house of Blackwell's Island, going along at a rapid rate, and everyone pleased with himself and each other—but then, this was the first morning of the cruise. College Point was reached without disaster, although the yacht was sometimes pretty well submerged. We cast off the line, bade good-bye to three slips of green paper and also to tuggy, then set sail to the eastward. Before noon we had passed Whitestone, and our indefatigable steward had prepared a great and gorgeous feast. The washing-up process was next performed with its usual good style and superior finish; and by 1:30 o'clock there loomed up in the perspective of the mental horizon of the crew, the prospect of a lazy afternoon.

The wind was favorable, so all sail was set, and little handling was necessary as the *Irene* pointed directly for Huntington, still on the Long Island shore. She was snugly anchored there by half-past four o'clock, and the crew was greatly

pleased at the prospect of stretching themselves a little on Mother Earth.

Everything was made ship-shape, and the crew regaled themselves with a swim, the cold shivers, cigarettes and hot soup; then made themselves look pretty, and prepared to astonish the natives. After supper the finishing touches were put to their already multitudinous charms, and by six o'clock they were ready to go ashore—that is, three of them were, and two hours later, the Captain had quite finished his toilet. Arousing the others, who had fallen asleep at their posts in the Captain's gig, sometimes called the "dingey," they pulled ashore.

At 11 o'clock, keeping country hours, all were in their floating bunks again, and the next impression that reached the brain of Bones was the gruff, "Get up, you!" from the Cap, which startled the crew next morn-

ing. He was always getting up. The rest declared that they never knew such a man. Sunday morning, too, and only seven o'clock! Quite three hours before one's usual Sabbath time of rising; but orders must be obeyed, and so they "got."

Our "second day out," as the trans-Atlantic passengers put it, was uneventful. It was commenced much as usual—with a regular scramble for breakfast. It was then discovered that Lazy was short of only fresh water, sugar, milk and a few other sundries, but after obtaining the first, it was decided to forgive him the rest—for there was no help for it.



"LAZY."



A LAZY AFTERNOON IN PROSPECT.

After the morning meal, some time was spent in deciding whether or not to run across the Sound to Black Rock, on the Connecticut shore; but when all arguments had been heard, the Captain put his foot down and the *Irene* scudded away under double-reefed canvas, and an excellent run was made to the destination of the day. Black Rock was reached toward the middle of the afternoon, and after making everything snug, the hungry yachtsmen indulged in a well-earned supper, and were rewarded for the poor dinner endured. Then followed the interminable washing up again, a most absurd arrangement, for the things were made as dirty as ever the very next meal by the untidy crew, and the washist was ever in despair at the large pile of dishes and things in front of him.

When plans for the evening were being talked over, the attention of the crew was called to a very pretty girl dressed in a dark-blue sailor costume, who was being rowed around in a prim little boat by somebody's brother. Visions of more loveliness

ashore decided the sailormen, and they agreed to spend the evening on land. Darkness soon followed, and out went the anchor lights and ashore went the crew. His Nibs, at the landing, expressed some little dissatisfaction at the way Bones drove a few of his teeth down his throat in making what he thought to be a graceful side spring from the dingey; but some people are never satisfied. However, the charming surroundings, which had been partly anticipated from the view at a distance, restored good nature, if not the lost teeth.

A mile's walk brought them to a trolley road, and a ride of three miles brought them to Bridgeport. Here the evening was spent in the dissipation of ice-cream parlors, fruit stores and cigar emporiums. After a couple of hours of this kind of revelry, the Captain finally called the crew to order, and the return trolley trip was made in safety. They embarked in the dingey and tumbled into their floating home, and turned in before midnight.

The skipper ordered that the first



"BONES."

man to awaken should call the others, for he wanted to get under way by five in the morning. Now Bones was asleep at midnight, and awake half an hour later, owing to an overdose of sunburn on both ears; and according to instructions, he roused the others. To his surprise, they were most unappreciative of his obedience, and positively refused to rise; so poor Bones had to grin and bear it alone unable to sleep, in spite of "that tired feeling." Doubtless because it was now forbidden time, he did eventually get both eyes closed in forgetfulness just before five, only to be rudely awakened a little later.

It was still early Monday morning when the Irenians tackled breakfast with their usual fortitude. Having set sail during the process of preparation they were well on their way to Clinton by the time that meal was finished. There was not much wind, and even the "not much" died out completely two or three hours later.

A swim was then indulged in, much to the delight of His Nibs, who was an expert at this sport. He could actually take one stroke unassisted and two with help. Bones was really a champion, doing nearly three strokes alone, and the Captain, ever ready to acknowledge great achievements, immediately dubbed these two the "life-saving crew." As for Lazy, he thought that he could swim, merely because he flopped into the water fathoms deep, from the end of the bowsprit, got about half a mile away and then came in on his back; but of course, the others knew that the tide took him out and the wind brought him back. The skipper, more dignified, as became his superior position, contented himself with a majestic dive, a leisurely movement of the arms and legs, and a very sedate return.

The breeze finally freshened and away went the *Irene* at a comfortable rate, with no time then for the crew to get out of their bathing suits, for more sail had to be set at once. By noon they were off Indian Neck, and Clinton was reached at six o'clock, and anchor cast. After beautifying themselves, the yachtsmen started for the shore to seek what the town could furnish in the way of innocent amusements.

The Captain, on landing, sent a walking delegate to the back door of a hotel, where arrangements were made for fresh water and ice. This done, blithely the crew tramped to a nearby village of a dozen stores, to buy out the groceries for the commissariat department. An early start was made for the return, that they might take it easy with their heavy loads — of provisions, of course. By distributing the burdens and cheering their way with "melody," they soon reached the dingey, and once on the *Irene* they turned in by ten o'clock, being many hours behind in sleep, due to the Captain's insane idea of starting before daylight every morning.

THE WORK OF THE FISH COMMISSIONS.

By Charles A. Bramble.

"TO this day, pisciculture has nowhere produced results which can be compared to those obtained in the United States, in no other country has this industry attained the same degree of development, perfection and success," wrote Raveret-Wattel, a French authority, in 1880. This statement was true seventeen years ago; it would be true if made to-day.

Many causes have combined to force the United States to take the lead in pisciculture, the main reason being the incarnate rapacity and stupidity of the early settlers, who found the rivers and the streams filled with the choicest fish, but handed them on to posterity choked with rubbish, and in many cases obstructed by impassable dams. From the Connecticut to the St. Croix, every New-England stream that could float a salmon was thronged with them, and folk were kept awake at night by the splashing of the fish as they forced their way over the shallows—at least, that is one of the fish stories handed down along with the depleted rivers.

For two hundred years, matters went from bad to worse. In season and out of season they netted, speared and trapped the fish, and even went so far in their folly as to erect dams shutting the fish off from their spawning-beds and bringing about their extinction in a very few years. Thus it has come to pass that New-England servants no longer have to entreat their employers not to give them salmon more than twice a week. On the contrary, the employers usually have to content themselves with canned salmon from the Pacific coast, or with fish brought frozen from their home in the St. Lawrence.

About forty years ago this country

awoke from its apathy, and Yankee ingenuity is now as busy in hatching and planting fish as it once was in exterminating them. The first experiment in the United States is said to have been made by the late Dr. John Bachman, in 1804, when, as a boy, he impregnated the ova of "corporal" and brook-trout. Little was done for fifty years after this, however, until the "fifties," when many minds began to study the subject. In 1853 Dr. T. Garlick and Professor H. H. Ackley, of Cleveland, were at work hatching ova in a small way, and in 1857 they wrote a book upon the pisciculturist art. Many others soon became interested in the work, though little progress was made in the next few years.

Until 1864, the one aim of the fish-culturist was to raise trout, generally for the market, though sometimes for re-stocking exhausted streams; but in that year the fish commissioners of the New England states moved in the matter of artificial propagation of the salmon, with a view to replenishing streams that had once teemed with fish. Seven years previously the Hon. George P. Marsh had made a report to the general assembly of Vermont upon this subject, and the action taken in 1864 was evidence that the seed had fallen on good ground, although the harvest had not followed immediately upon the sowing.

Dr. Fletcher, of Concord, was sent to the Canadian province of New Brunswick to procure adult salmon with which to re-stock New Hampshire rivers. Two years later he repeated his visit, and again in 1867 the indefatigable Doctor journeyed into the old fishing-ground of the Abanakis, and got 100,000 eggs as a reward, not more than about five per cent. of which proved fertile,

however. After some unsuccessful tests with fish imported from Canada, the states of Maine, Massachusetts and Connecticut decided to go into the salmon-hatching business themselves, and, pooling issues, they built a hatchery on the Penobscot.

Here were conducted the first American experiments with the dry method of impregnation, and some improvements were made in the original Russian details of manipulation, though not in the success of the results, as that was impossible. The differences between the new or "dry" method, and the old, or "wet" method, are all after the "stripping." In the former, the fish-culturist seizes a female fish with one hand and with his other, forces her eggs into a shallow pan. The yield is from three pints to four quarts, according to the size of the fish. The male fish is then treated in the same way, the pan being afterward whirled horizontally so that the milt shall reach all the eggs; a kneading with the hand gen-

erally following. A little water is now added for the first time; then more, and finally the eggs are divided into several pans so that they may not occupy a depth of more than an inch on the bottom of each. They are then allowed to stand for twenty minutes or half an hour, when they will have absorbed a good deal of water and will have swollen considerably. Then they are thoroughly rinsed and carried to the hatching-house. Usually one hundred per cent. are fertile. By the olden method, the proportion of impregnated ova rarely exceeded forty-two per cent., while in nature the average is thought to be not over two per cent. In the wet method, the eggs are received in water, as is the milt, but as no fish-culturist troubles himself with obsolete systems, a detailed description would be of no interest.

In those early days, McDonald jars had not been invented, and all eggs were hatched on trays fitted into long troughs through which water flowed



TAKING OUT THE DEAD FISH.

with a gentle current. Ova are delicate things, as the early experimenters found to their cost. Too much light; too little current; the slightest impurity in the water—each proved fatal to success. Then when it came to shipping the fertile ova, the object for which all this expense and trouble had been incurred, heavy mortality showed that some mistake was being made. Gradually the pioneers groped their way and discovered much, too often through costly failure. It was found that eggs of the salmonidae stand trans-shipment best just after the eyes of the embryo have appeared, whereas, during a period limited by the first expansive movement and the thorough establishment of the circulation, trans-shipment is very risky.

Many interesting problems were solved by these early experiments. It was demonstrated for one thing, that spring-brooks and very clear lakes should be avoided by the fish-culturist. We hear much about the clear, cold waters beloved by the salmon, but as a matter of fact the true salmon is very much more tolerant of warmth than is the brook-trout, and can exist in water as warm as seventy-four degrees Fahrenheit; though he loses his vigor, becomes sluggish, and is no longer a very game fish. This question of temperature is, I am sure, one well-worth studying, and I believe that when we know more about it the peculiarities of certain rivers will be fully accounted for. The fish in some streams are "free-rising"; in others quite the reverse, and this probably depends upon the temperature of the water, as does the season at which fish strike in. Then the absence of trout in many salmon rivers, and the absence of salmon in many trout streams, may also be accounted for by the temperature of the water. In fact, a thermometer should always be a part of the outfit of every fisherman.

The length of time required to



STRIPPING A TROUT.

hatch out ova depends entirely upon the temperature of the water. In the natural method, the eggs of salmon and trout deposited in October do not hatch until April or May, growth being evidently suspended for several months in consequence of the cold. When the fry emerge and have absorbed the yolk-sac that feeds them for some time, they find the waters teeming with the food necessary for their existence. But the fish-culturist possesses the power of hatching his eggs in a much shorter time. Livingston Stone found that the eggs of the McCloud River salmon hatched at a temperature of fifty-eight to sixty degrees (estimated) in forty-two days. The eye-spots appeared in three weeks. Brook-trout hatch in twenty-six days at fifty degrees, while they can be forced by raising the temperature.

A law was passed by Congress in February, 1871, authorizing the appointment of a United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries. William Clift, A. S. Collins, Fred. Mather, Dr. J. H. Slack and Livingston Stone, all



SOME OF THE PONDS AT THE COLD SPRING FISH-HATCHERY.

well-known pisciculturists, were the men who moulded public opinion and made this appointment possible. Professor Spencer F. Baird, the associate secretary of the Smithsonian Institute and distinguished zoologist, was the first commissioner. Under his vigorous sway, the young commission soon began to show results, and hatcheries were established at many widely-separated points, not only for the propagation of salmon and trout but for that of shad, alewives, whitefish, black bass, and other desirable fish; and so great was the enthusiasm of those interested, that they unfortunately permitted German fish-culturists to inflict upon America the carp, a fish that has unfortunately taken a very firm hold in certain waters. However, mistakes are inevitable, and it is good that the pioneers made so few.

Professor Baird continued to direct matters up to the time of his death at Wood's Holl, in 1887. Under his wise management, the Fish Commission grew from a humble beginning in 1871, to a vast machine that yearly produced a million young fish, and distributed them to all parts of the country. Under his administration, sixteen hatcheries were established; two in Maine, Grand Lake Stream and Buckport; two in Massachusetts, at Gloucester and Wood's Holl; two in Michigan, at Northville and Alpena; one at Duluth; one on the Columbia River; two in California, on the Sacramento; one on the Susquehanna, at Havre de Grace; one at the mouth of the Potomac; two in the City of Washington; one at Fort

Washington; and one at Wytheville, Virginia.

He also prevailed upon Congress to make appropriations for the building and equipping of three steam and one sailing vessel, and three transportation cars. Such a record stamps the late Spencer F. Baird as one of the most remarkable men of his day. We have scriptural authority for believing that the man who makes three blades of grass grow where otherwise two would have been, is blessed; then what reward could be too great for him who gave his country fifteen million food-fish?

Professor Baird was succeeded by Colonel Marshall McDonald, whose labors in the field of fish-culture had already made him a man of mark. Several of his inventions have made success in hatching and restocking very much easier of attainment. The McDonald hatching-jar is now a great favorite with fish-culturists, and has largely replaced the older trough-and-screen



STRIPPING A BIG SALMON.

method, in use for many years.

I will confess that my opinion is against some of the attempts made to introduce into eastern waters certain fishes alien to them. Rivers that are blessed with such grand fish as the Atlantic salmon, *S. salar* and the brook-trout, *S. fontinalis*, have little need for the rainbow-trout, and such, to my mind, inferior fish. Ever since 1876 the commissioners have been endeavoring to introduce *Oncorhynchus chouicha*, the famous quinat salmon of the Northwest, and *S. irideus*, the rainbow-trout, into our waters, and they have succeeded in



GATHERING SMALL FRY FOR SHIPMENT.

many cases with the latter, though not, I believe, in a single instance with the former. The theory on which they have worked is that these fish are tolerant of a much higher temperature than are our eastern salmonidae, hence that they will thrive in waters too warm for the native species; but the quinat has failed in southern rivers, and the rainbow seems to flourish best in waters that would serve the brook-trout.

I have had some experience with the *S. irideus* in his native waters, and I consider him inferior in every way to the brook-trout. Salmon, both sea-going and land-locked; brook-trout, black bass and mascalonge are the finest fish of their inches in the world. The only alien fish that I should care to see common in eastern waters is the European trout, *S. furio*. Were that fish really abundant here, every tyro ought to spend a season in fishing for it with floating flies, just to learn what the angler means when he speaks of "fishing fine and far off."

As I have been bold enough to

criticise some of the experiments of the Fish Commission, it is only just to add that through its labors the shad and striped bass have been acclimatized in Californian waters and promise to become commercially valuable. I wish that the same could be said of salmon in the Hudson, but I very much fear that such a result is extremely unlikely. Well do I recollect the shiver that passed down my spine as I gazed on the odoriferous mud-banks of the Hudson at Albany for the first time. I was fresh from the limpid waters of the Nipigon, and the contrast was painful. Whether or not Heindrick Hudson saw salmon swimming under the keel of his vessel in the long ago, or whether they were merely weakfish, we shall never know; but I feel sure that the salmon will not be a common fish in the Hudson in our day, nor in that of our children's children.

Uncle Sam's success in fish-hatching caused a widespread interest in pisciculture, and many states have gone into it extensively. Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maryland, Virginia, Michigan, California, Washington and New York have done much. The Empire state in particular has made a good start, and the first annual report of the Commissioners of Game and Fisheries, published this winter, is such a creditable piece of work that I must digress a little to speak of it. In this report several valuable suggestions are made. It is proposed that the Fish Commissioners should have the power to declare any water closed for fishing for from one to five years, when necessary after re-stocking, to allow the young fish to grow and multiply. Further, the commissioners state that it is wiser to plant 1,000 yearlings than 100,000 fry, as the latter are too often food for predaceous fish; and they also call attention to the need of fish-food if planting is to succeed.

It has been ascertained that the black bass appreciates a nice, juicy

cray-fish, and "thrives" exceedingly upon a diet of these little fresh-water lobsters. The land-locked salmon, or *ouananiche*, has a weakness for smelt and frostfish; the lake-trout is partial to a diet of whitefish; while the brook-trout thrives on fresh-water shrimps and mollusks.

This matter of food is of vital importance, for the size and flavor of all fish depend upon the nature of their diet. The color of a trout's flesh is largely influenced by what he eats; crustacea give the deep rich flesh; aquatic insects a lighter color; while worms still further deteriorate its character.

Mr. A. Nelson Cheney, the New York state fish-culturist, has made a deep study of this interesting question. He finds that trout feeding on larvæ (*phyganidæ*) have red flesh, are golden in hue and beautifully spotted. The

larvæ are usually those of the caddis fly. Shrimps are exceedingly prolific, and are excellent food for salmon and trout. All these may be planted with a little trouble in waters where food is scarce. The early fish-culturists fed their trout largely on beef liver, but the late Thomas Andrews, of Guilford, Surrey, one of the most successful of British breeders, fed his fish on natural food—shrimps, snails, and the larvæ of insects, which he had bred in large numbers. Fry must have food as soon as their yolk-sacs are absorbed, but yearlings are not nearly so tender, an additional reason for preferring them when re-stocking.

Spring-spawning fish may, however, be planted in the fry stage, if put out on a large scale. Black bass are easily introduced, as a dozen adults, thoroughly protected, will do



HATCHING-TANKS AT THE COLD SPRING STATION.



THE CALEDONIA FISH-HATCHERIES.

wonders in the way of stocking a pond. Exhausted trout-streams are perhaps best restored by planting 5,000 or more young fish annually for a few seasons; but food, such as shrimps, should be sown, too.

The New York state hatcheries produce about three million mascalonge annually. The great northern pike is often mistaken for the mascalonge, but the latter has always been restricted in habitat, only half a dozen waters in New York state containing them originally. Mascalonge eggs are now hatched in boxes sunken in lakes, the boxes being provided with a double screen at top and bottom, the inner one being fine enough to hold the young fish, and the outer one to prevent minnows or other

small fish from sucking the eggs or fry through the bottom. Ninety-seven per cent. of impregnated eggs are hatched out in fifteen days, at fifty-five degrees. The fry of this rapacious pirate of the waters are singularly helpless, and suffer heavily from predaceous fish. To compensate for this, however, mascalonge are prolific, one female of thirty-five pounds yielding 265,000 eggs.

A good deal of attention has been paid to the *S. irideus* in this state, as it is hoped that they may succeed in ponds that are too warm for the native salmonidæ. In Europe *S. irideus* is said to stand water of seventy-seven degrees temperature without harm. They are of quick growth, but not very prolific, a female often

HOW A WOMAN FISHED FOX LAKE.

By Jennie Taylor Wandle.



HE summer sun was merciless, and the turmoil of two cities had nearly maddened me, until, tempted by thoughts of green fields and rippling waters, I decided to go a-fishing. This decision was probably reached because memory carried me back to days gone by, when school-time,

play-time, and fishing-time had filled all my hours and made them happy. Why could I not now combine the latter two, rest from the eternal grind of a busy life and be a child again? Very soon after, it came about that at the end of a long hot day, a short dusty ride by rail, and a shorter, dustier one in a country stage, I found myself at one of the bluest and prettiest sheets of water of the Fox Lake chain, beloved by sportsmen of Illinois, and known to those of adjacent states.

It was a beautiful little lake, and the tiny waves softly washing on the beach instantly brought a desire to my mind to splash about in them. Rushes of yellowish-green here and there formed a bordering fringe, and in shallows they extended out some distance in the lake, waving gracefully in the lazy breeze. The sloping banks were dotted with dainty cottages of summer dwellers and with gaily-decorated clubhouses and attractive hotels, while scattering groves of deep and restful green, and feathery clouds floating in azure

sky, completed a picture that can never be reproduced upon canvas.

Fascinated by the beauty of the scene, I mentally extended my vacation, and was soon registered for a week at a quaint little hotel on a bluff overlooking the water.

That evening the few guests—it was late in August, and the end of the season—and two or three sportsmen who came by the same stage that brought me, assembled on the veranda to inspect and prepare tackle for the next day's sport. Fish stories and the evening grew apace. The near future was to disclose deeds of skill and great results. Black bass would stand on their tails waiting for a cast from the *piscator major* of the party; and one would think to hear him talk, that they knew him and would sacrifice themselves that his renown as a fisherman might be sustained. And then they might as well offer themselves up, for he would make captives of them willy-nilly, ere the next day was done, and even a fish could see the advantage of attaching to itself some of the glory as well as the hooks.

The doughty fishermen departed before sunrise on the following morning, in a small steam launch, taking with them plenty of bait and other things; they returned at twilight with most of the former and none of the latter. They had five fish—two small bass, a perch and two bull-heads. Who could blame them for being too tired to tell us more fish stories that night? I did not, and I was glad that my courage had failed me the night before when I wanted to ask, at the end of their stories, to be taken along.

Besides the steam-launch party, another had gone out—a man, his wife, and the only guide and friend of

fishermen permanently located at the lake. The guide was a nice old man who had followed his vocation for thirty years, and knew when, where, and how to fish. The man who went with him was a noisy know-it-all from the great city fifty miles away, with new tackle, and sufficient of it to outfit at least three anglers. The wife was a little woman of pacific tendencies. About three o'clock in the afternoon this party returned; the man cross, the wife silent, while the old guide's face wore an expression that was a study, it was so disgusted, wearied and half amused. The shiny tackle, the luncheon-basket, the minnow-pail and a few other effects were taken from the boat, and finally three fish—and nice little fellows they were, too. The man spitefully threw them away.

Now was my chance, and as soon as the man and his wife had left the landing, I interviewed the guide, much to his surprise, and engaged him for the next day.

"Have you got your own tackle?" he inquired, looking at me out of the corner of his eye, as if the affair was a great joke.

"No, you will have to supply that, and I presume you will also furnish the bait?"

"Wall, I guess I can. The tackle's all right, but I dunno 'bout bait; minnies is awful scarce jest now, but I'll go 'nd see Tom Hawkins to-night 'nd tell him I want—how many shall I tell him; fifty? Wall, I'll tell him fifty, 'nd if they give out I'll git some more at noon, when I go home to dinner. I guess I'll take my own boat—I'd ruther; she's light, 'nd I'm used to her."

"Very well. I leave all arrangements to you, and we'll start as soon after seven as we can," I said, after the matter was settled.

He appeared on time the next morning, and by seven o'clock we had arranged a pail of minnows and three old-fashioned fish-poles with their lines and hooks, in a wee green

boat that much resembled an unripe walnut shell in color and size. As I climbed in I silently invoked exemption from a watery grave, for it seemed to me that there was no room for my guide. He stepped in with perfect confidence, however, seated himself with deliberation, lifted the oars, and away we went, I holding fast to the boat with both hands. Until I felt sure of my ground, or rather the boat, I sat very stiff and quiet. Presently the old man said:

"Wall, now, how do you want to fish? I ain't brought nothin' but jest plain tackle—them new-fangled things, I hain't no use for; these has allers been good enough for me; I manage to pick up good messes of fish with 'em after them city fellers has quit."

I thought of the dear old birch and willow fish-poles of my childhood, and was glad to find that we had but a single thought on the subject of tackle.

"Now, Mr. Stanley," I answered, "I'm here to fish and not to put on style. You know where to fish and how to do it; and I want to carry a good string back to the hotel and beat the cracks you were out with yesterday."

The old man looked pleased, then he folded his arms and bent down over them in a paroxysm of silent laughter.

"You'd orter seen that feller fish yesterday! Why, he didn't know as much about fishin' as a—as a—wall, no more'n a fool! Believe a fool orter fish with a bean-pole and a bent pin better'n he did with all his fancy tackle. He insisted on castin' most of the time, 'nd it took me the rest on it to go 'nd git his hooks out o' the reeds. Land o' massey, how he pestered me! Wouldn't listen to nothin' I said—knew it all, 'nd kept gittin' madder'n' madder cause the fish wouldn't bite. I got tired out at last 'nd let him fish his own way. You seen what we brought in!

"And then he didn't want to pay me

any reg'lar price, 'cause he didn't ketch 'nuff fish. Hope he'll do his fishin' in the city next time.

"I guess we'll do a little fishin' now," he continued; "there's a hole right over here a piece where I almost allers ketch a few."

About a quarter of a mile from the shore we anchored in direct range with the hotel, and swung our lines out. Pretty soon there was a dainty nibble at my hook, and the excitement began, for we had made a bet as to which should catch the first fish. Twitch went his line, jerk went mine; and he cried: "Pull! or I'll win the bet, for I've got one, sure!"

Did I pull? Well! And so did the fish. I finally made a mighty effort, and saw, swinging in toward me, a wriggling something with fins. I did not yell, but I did tuck my skirts a little closer when the thing was in the boat. I had landed a gar-fish, and my shark-catching dream of the night before had come to pass. Somewhere in the fish's interior, down below his quarter-of-a-yard bill lined with sharp teeth, the hook was anchored. After knocking my "shark" on the head, Stanley explored for a while, and finally succeeded in extracting the steel.

"Them pesky gar-fish is 'round us. I'll throw this one back. Reckon he won't bite no more."

"No, no! Don't throw him back," I cried; "You know we are out for numbers as well as quality."

So into the sack he went, and the first thing he did was to poke his bill through a hole in the gunny and snap at my skirts. Stanley came to the rescue and threw the sack to the other end of the boat. In the meantime, the fish on his hook had been capering around in the most dashing manner, and I fully expected to see the rod leap from the boat and go whizzing over the lake; but presently I observed that the old man's foot was on the butt of the pole. No ordinary fish could have uprooted it, and the lake was too small for whale.

The gar-fish being settled, Stanley gently drew his captive toward the boat; the struggles grew wilder, and with a "guess it must be a bass," the fish was lifted into the boat.

"No, 'taint, it's a pike," and so it was. I expected there would be a quarrel in the sack, but Stanley said each fish would be too busy looking after its own affairs to bother the other.

For a time we patiently waited, and then the gars began to be troublesome again, stealing our bait very often, and far too often becoming our victims. We lifted anchor and made for a new place, which happened to prove favorable to our desires; then for a time the fun was fast and furious, made especially so by a third pole which Stanley rigged on the side of the boat. All strikes on this line were to be looked after by me. Presently the pole began to move, and I got the order: "Take it up quick: there's something on the hook!" I gave it a jerk and landed a long, slender fish in Stanley's lap.

"Dre'ful slimy fish, them pickerel," was all he said, as he brushed off the evidences of contact and slipped the fish into the sack.

Order was soon restored and the third pole set again. Once more we fell to fishing and pulled in a few silver bass and several black ones, the heaviest of the latter weighing three and a half pounds. A wall-eyed pike sought his cousin in the sack, two more pickerel followed suit, and a perch or two soon mingled with the other fishy prisoners. More gar-fish stole our bait, and twice the waters were ploughed in furrows before we took from their depths two huge black creatures, all mouths and tails and horns. Stanley showed me how to take a bullhead off. I remembered painful efforts of earlier days, and somehow I could not learn the trick. He wanted to throw the bullheads away, but I would have none of it.

At noon we headed for home and

dinner. At the wharf Stanley strung the fish on a strong cord and ~~slipped~~ them into the water; then I went proudly up the path with him to the hotel. The guests were at dinner, but came out pell-mell. We had beaten the crack fisherman in full view of the whole party, and "with old fashioned tackle." Later there was excitement among the waiters, who were all from the "sunny South." I inquired the reason, and the spokesman said:

"We's been havin' a 'scussion, Missus, and ef you won't take any 'fense we'd like to have you settle it." Being encouraged to proceed, he continued: "We's ben 'scussin' de kind ob bait yo used dis mawnin'. I's been here de whole season, and fished mos' ebery day, and so has de res' ob de boys, but we ain't done ketch a bullhead nor nuffin but a few perch; and, Missus, we'd like to know what you kotch dat big pick'rel and dem bullheads wif?"

"Minnows, my lad," I said to him.

"Dar, boys, I tole you dat, I tole you dat. We's ben baitin' wif salt po'k. Mr. Rollo allus ask us fo' a bit ob po'k when he go, and he allus bring back good fish, but we kaint kotch nuffin wif po'k, nohow."

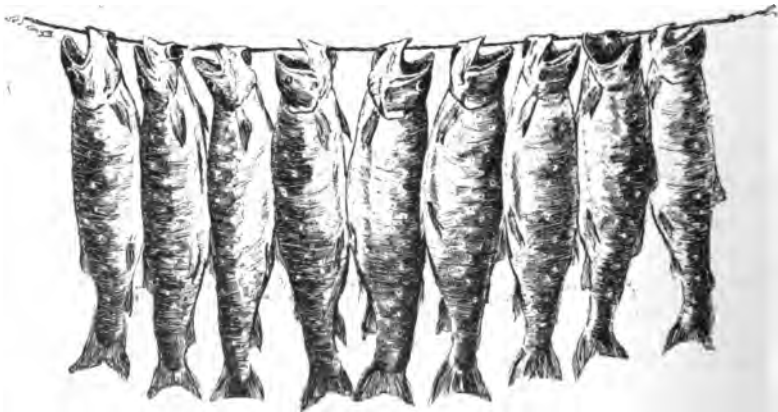
In the afternoon our luck was not so good; we brought in only a few

fish. I arranged for another half-day later in the week, and again we had great sport. We caught some large pickerel and pike, and a good many bass of both kinds. I gave the lot to Stanley, who appeared pleased, but uneasy.

"I don't s'pose you care what I do with them fish, do ye?" he asked, with some hesitation. On being assured that I did not, he said: "Wall, sometimes I git a chance to sell the big ones to them city fellers—that is, I've had 'em ask me to when their flies and reels and fancy tackle haint proved of much account. There's a party of 'em gone up the lakes to-day."

The next morning, as I stepped aboard the little launch to be taken to the stage-station I saw two of "them city fishermen," each carrying a basket in which were several large pike, pickerel and bass. These fishermen had brought in nothing on the previous day; but I supposed there might be other fish in the lake that looked just like those I caught; these certainly did. As I speculated, I glanced ashore and caught Stanley's eye; and the old rascal winked as he called out:

"Come back again next year, 'nd I'll help ye ketch some more big uns."



AMERICAN TRAP-SHOOTERS IN LONDON.

By A. Clinton Wilmerding.

DURING the trap-shooting season of 1894, a party of American pigeon-shots composed of Messrs. Welch, Moore, Post, Capt. Money and the writer, visited London during "international week" to participate in the week's festival of sport. At this time each year, the most noted pigeon shooters of all Europe gather here for a grand combat at the traps. The London Gun Club and the Hurlingham Club are both more than ordinarily exclusive, and the majority of those entering their events are men of leisure and wealth, many being from the old families and bearing titles, and some of royal blood. Special invitations were given on this occasion to members of the foremost gun clubs in this country, and our trip was the result.

It is a fact not generally known here that, although many of our sportsmen are interested in trap-shooting, in comparison with the shooters of England and the continent, we are sadly deficient in numbers. They have at a low estimate twenty men of leisure and wealth who can afford to and do devote themselves to the sport, to one here. The members of our party (with the exception of the writer, who did not participate in the general handicaps) acquitted themselves well, winning several fine cups, sweepstakes and medals.

One of the first difficulties a man has to contend with over there, as he faces the traps for his initial performance, is speed of the birds. We do not have their kind on this side excepting on rare occasions. They are long-tailed blue rocks—the genuine, from the Irish coast—and it takes number seven chilled and all the nitro the law allows or your gun will stand to stop them. There are so many entries during international week—sometimes seventy or eighty men in

one sweep—that to get through ten or twelve events per day, the majority of them are "miss and out," and the writer has seen many of the smaller events won, with a valuable cup or money stake, on five and sometimes on four birds straight. This shows, more than anything else, the quality of the birds supplied.

The financial side of the sport, too, is worthy of consideration here, should any of our trap-shots seriously contemplate seeking laurels on the grounds of the Gun Club or Hurlingham during international week; for, be it known, that while the bird market may fluctuate, as do other articles of produce or merchandise, yet in 1894, fifty-four cents per bird was the figure at which they were liberated from the traps, with an entrance fee ruling at five pounds sterling. With the "miss and out" system, and the very ablest experts of all Europe against you, the fight is at best an up-hill one.

The Gun Club, as its name would imply, is devoted exclusively to shooting. Its grounds are suitably located, very level and surrounded by a stone-wall at eighty yards from the centre trap, and this wall makes the boundary line. A bird falling on top of the wall is "lost." The traps are so arranged that when the wind is from a bad quarter they can be readily shifted to another angle.

The Hurlingham Club is delightfully situated on a small, picturesque stream, and is devoted to numerous outdoor sports, polo being an important feature. The field for this active pastime is beautifully level and has a fine grand stand for guests. The clubhouse is a handsome structure of the colonial order of architecture, spacious and well-appointed throughout, and the grounds are extensive, covering many acres, all



Moore.

Welch.

Alburger.

Money.

Post.

THE AMERICAN TRAP-SHOTS ON THEIR WAY TO ENGLAND.

within a short drive from the centre of London. A charming driveway lined with fine old trees and hedges, so typical of English landscapes, leads to the clubhouse.

The Hurlingham shooting-grounds are surrounded by a board fence of probably fifteen feet in height, which makes the boundary line, at a little over eighty yards, the usual limit. Midway between the ground and the top of the fence, a slanting shelf runs out two or three feet, and if a bird falls upon this he is accounted "lost." Many birds that are badly hit make a last desperate flutter to reach this obstruction, and if they do, they are scored as misses, when they would otherwise strike the fence and be gathered by the dog. The reason for this little piece of architecture was not made apparent to the writer.

A great deal of money changes hands during this gala week at the traps in London, and it is well within bounds to say that scarcely a bird leaves its box that has not side bets upon it, either for or against its securing its freedom, aggregating a thousand pounds or more. Especially is this so during any great event or

exciting competition. Ladies lend their presence on these occasions, and on a clear June day the scene is enlivened by groups of fluttering petticoats and gay gowns in the tents, on a line just back of the scorers' stand, adding color and attractiveness to the prettyscene, in general contrast to the sombre apparel of the attending shooters themselves,

whose costumes are more serviceable than ornamental.

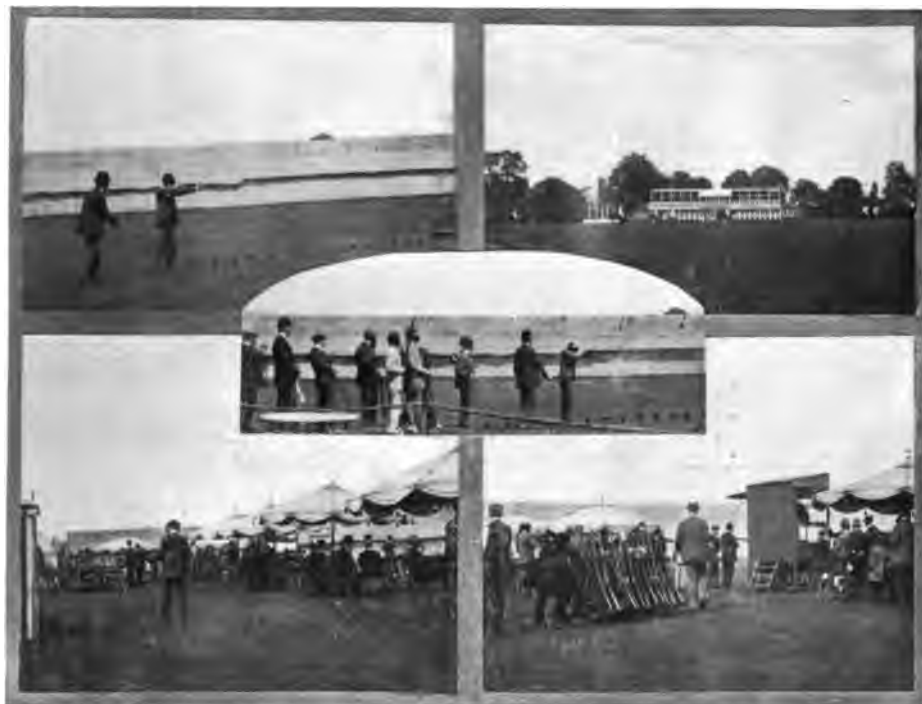
As is the custom in this country, dogs are employed for the purpose of gathering the dead birds, and some of the specimens used, though effective workers, would cast to the winds a modern dog-fancier's ideas of the proper uses of the different breeds. The fact is that a great many different kinds of dogs may be taught to do general retrieving, and several varieties have been made useful for this work. Without the keen nose of the spaniel or the setter, other dogs seek their game principally by sight. It was left to the London Gun Club, however, to demonstrate that a greyhound and a cross-bred bull-terrier were the dogs that would do this careful work most effectively.

One of these dogs at a time is used, and to see its eager intentness in watching the bird's course from the time it leaves the trap, is most interesting. When given the word to retrieve, his speed across the level green, and his handling of cripples—sometimes catching them as they rise from the ground—is very clever.

At Hurlingham very good speci-

mens of pure-bred English retrievers are used, with a relay of setters to fall back upon. These dogs, of course, are very satisfactory, and to their intelligence and keen eyesight is added their strong sense of smell, which though not called frequently into use, is sometimes of great assistance in gathering a bird that has dropped behind a small tuft of grass, or into any unevenness of the ground

pastime are looming up throughout the country each year. The growing membership of the older clubs, and the prominence given to the sport in the daily press, as well as the sportsmen's journals, are also encouraging. Probably the best and most popular grounds near New York are those of the Westminster Club, at Babylon, Long Island. The members of the Carteret Club have taken steps toward



At the Score.
The Spectators' Tents.

Waiting on the Practice Line.

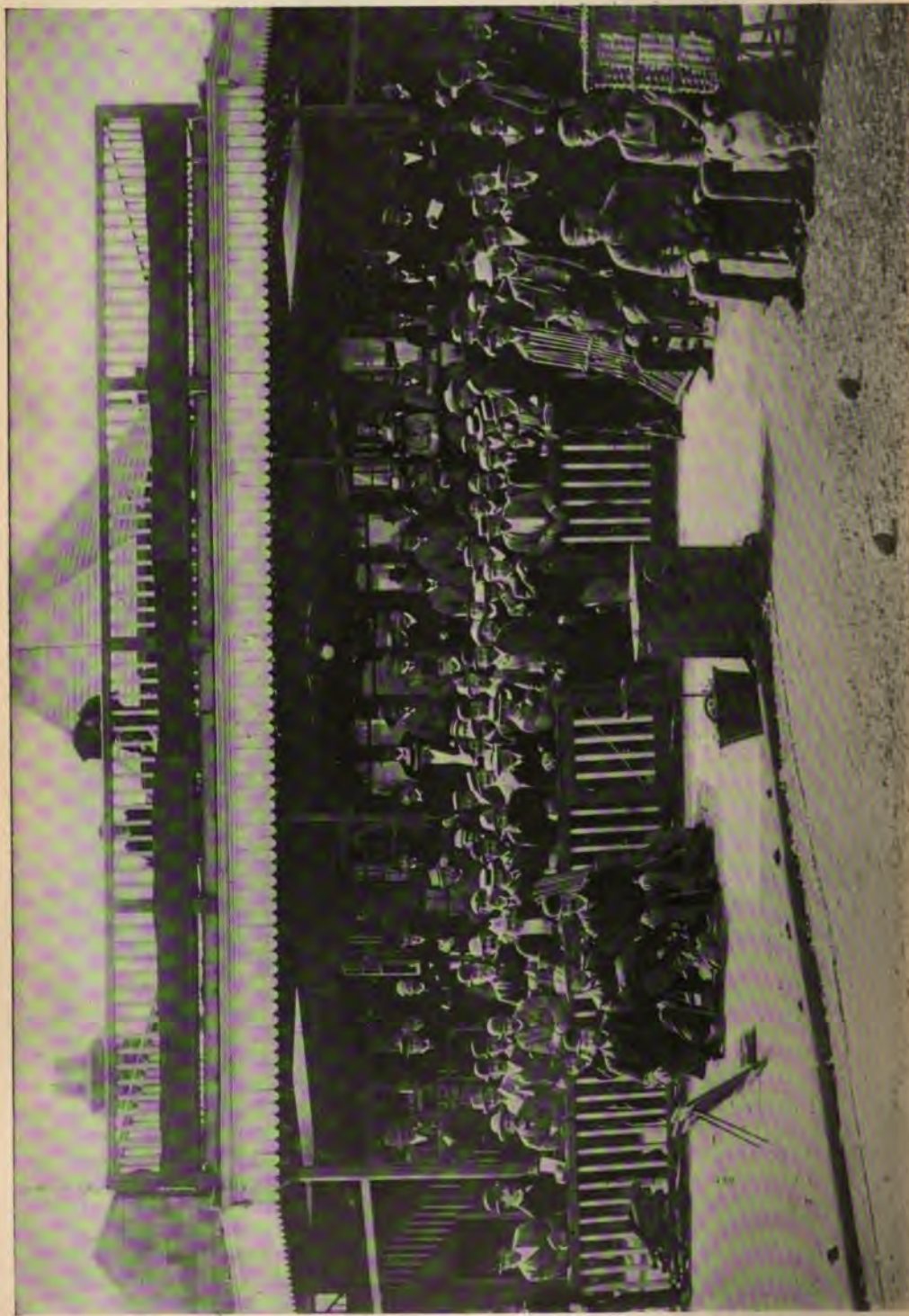
The Polo Field.
Behind the Scorers' Stand.

SNAP-SHOTS AT HURLINGHAM.

and is not readily seen. On the whole, a setter, spaniel or retriever should excel a dog of any other breed, although the bull-terrier and greyhound at the Gun Club were certainly phenomenal workers, and quick and tireless while on duty.

The sport of pigeon shooting is becoming more and more popular in America with every season, and many new clubs devoted to this

its removal from Bergen Point, N. J., to a new and well selected location near Garden City, Long Island, where it will be better situated than formerly, and the clubhouse and its accommodations will outshine in luxurious conveniences anything heretofore contemplated in this country. Among the important innovations will be a movable set of traps that may be shifted at will,



Alhambra. Moor. Port.



BEFORE THE TRAPS AT THE LONDON GUN CLUB.

according to the wind, as at the London Gun Club. Contracts are also being made for a steady and continuous supply of *blue* birds—the hardest kind of pigeon to see and to kill.

Of the numerous aspirants for honors on this side of the water, we still find many of the comparatively old shooters whose steady hands and keen eyes have lost none of their cunning, mingled with the new stars in the firmament. Such names as Charles Macalester, Chauncey Floyd-Jones, Edgar Murphy, J. Seaver Page and Oakleigh Thorne are still to be seen occasionally on the score sheets of to-day, while of more recent date, although by no means young at the game, we find such well-known men as Capt. Money, Yale Dolan, Fred G. Moore, Robert Welch, George Work, Fred. Hoey, Harry Gilbert, Louis Duryea, Joseph Knapp and E. L. Post—all past-masters at the traps; and still later Geo. S. McAlpin, from the sunny state of Georgia, a meteor of brilliant effulgence. Many of these “crack-a-jacks” shoot under *noms de guerre*. For instance, Mr. Page nearly always registers on the score-card as “Williams”; Mr. Knapp as

“Palmer”; Mr. Gilbert as “Sanford”; while Mr. Duryea dodges behind “Davenport.” Afield, most of these gentlemen can score a kill on grouse or quail equally as well as on pigeons before the traps, and stand the fatigue of a hard day's tramp after the game. For must not the expert trap-shot “condition” himself so as to keep in good form? The eye must be keen and on the alert, the head cool for prompt judgment, and the body healthy with no clogged blood to cause sluggish action. Others may prove themselves successful spasmodically, but the man of good averages cares for body and brain alike, and as a rule is abstemious in food and drink.

As in most other sports where a small element of luck sometimes sways the final results, those entering the lists for trap-shooting are frequently, in a small way, believers in the Goddess of Fortune—though they never acknowledge this little weakness—and some have been known to never appear at the score without their amulet or “mascot.” For instance, one will carry a certain pocket-piece or charm; another will invariably shoot in only a certain cap

or waistcoat ; while still another will blow on his hands, or go through some equally unnecessary formula just so many times before calling the word "pull." And yet how often these mascots avail naught when a stiff "quarterer" plunges out of the trap with the wind at his tail ; or worse still, when you shoot ahead of a "duffer" that might almost be killed with a brick ! Alas, such is the irony of fate !

Most of our best trap-shots of to-day would have little difficulty in scoring close to a hundred per cent. if the old boundary of eighty yards still obtained ; but in order to make high scores more difficult, the boundaries have been reduced gradually to thirty yards, and now a twenty-one yard limit is being advocated. This will still further reduce the high percentage of kills and will please the "snap" shooters, while it will make the more deliberate ones "hustle."

Although reference has been made before to the overwhelming excess of gentlemen trap-shots on the other side as compared with this country, yet it would be of interest to sportsmen at large, and a matter of international importance, were a race brought about between five of the best men from abroad and five here. The conditions should be one hundred birds per man ; thirty-one yards rise ; twenty-one yards boundary, and no handicaps. As our men have frequently visited the other side to compete, although as individuals merely, the match ought to be held here. There is no doubt but that this would create a great deal of enthusiasm, and the visitors would receive a welcome never given before to any body of sportsmen. Let this movement be started, and when the men are at the score, the writer will be on hand to wager his last "simolean" on the home teams.



THE LONDON GUN CLUB'S HOUSE.

BLUE-CRAB FISHING IN BUZZARDS BAY.

By Charles E. Jenney.

THE Journalist came down last summer to spend his vacation with us at M——. "Us" means the Kid and me, and M—— is a quiet little town on an indentation of Buzzards Bay, and is an ideal place for fishing, either in fresh or salt water. Of course tarpon and eighty-pound salmon are not there, but if you want anything from a shiner to a bluefish, or even as high as an occasional shark, it may be had; and to my mind, there is as much science and sport in luring a wily pickerel from beneath the banks of some secluded brook, as in accomplishing the deed that makes you the proud possessor of a set of silver scales.

The Journalist, a New Yorker, professes great sporting propensities, and the disinterested statements of some of his friends bear witness that in the pursuit of the Blue Point oyster he is Waltonian; and a veritable Nimrod in the slaughter of quail—on toast. Beyond this, however, and the angling for flounders and eels from one of Gotham's steamboat wharves, his opportunities have not yet extended.

One noon at the dinner-table the Kid proposed a crabbing expedition for the afternoon. There was never any discussion when sport was suggested; consent was unanimous. It was thought particularly appropriate on this occasion, for crabbing is essentially a lazy sort of amusement.

Immediately after dinner we set out for our fishing-grounds, a large marsh not half a mile distant. It was separated from the Bay by a narrow strip of beach, and a brook flowed down through. The stream was five or six feet wide and from three to six feet deep, with a rocky bed; the marsh was fringed around with rushes, and was only twelve or fourteen inches deep. The tide at

flood flowed up the creek and into the marsh, so that its waters were salt. The blue-crabs, coming up the creek from the bay, populated the stream and marsh in great numbers, finding the quiet waters a safe habitation, except from man, while the spawn and young fry among the reeds gave them a fat living. Arriving at the edge of the marsh we discovered a much-battered but serviceable punt. It at first aroused some derision from the Journalist, there being fully two inches of sand and mud in the bottom, and the cracks had been stuffed with the remnants of a pair of overalls and various other rags. He demurred against tempting fate in such a tub; but the Kid remarked that the boat seemed to be well *overhauled*, which greatly reassured him, and so we embarked. A pole served as our means of propulsion. Pushing out to a favorable position in a sort of bayou near the stream, we unshipped our tackle, and prepared for business. The crudeness of our tackle had aroused in the mind of the Journalist a doubt as to the amount of sport likely to be experienced, and also taking in the unpromising appearance of our surroundings, he began to express himself quite freely. And in fact, to the uninitiated, it did seem a question as to where sport was to be obtained in this shallow mud-pond and brackish stream.

Our bait was merely some strips of raw beef, the tougher the better. Age was also a desideratum, as the stronger the odor, from the greater distance would it call the crabs to the feast. Fifty feet of twine with a stone and a piece of beef tied to one end was our whole paraphernalia; and as he tossed his bait thirty feet from the boat, the Journalist offered to bet that there was not



A VIEW OF THE CRABBING CREEK

a crab within ten miles ; but if there was, that meat would surely fetch him. The length of our lines was about as far as we could see the bait in the water by standing up. We waited, watching it intently, now dragging it in a little so as to stir and taint the water. It was not a minute before, from somewhere among the reeds near the shore, a big blue-crab came at a great pace, half swimming, half walking, straight for the journalist's bait and seized it without hesitation.

"By Golly! I've got one, boys. Didn't I tell you so!" In his enthusiasm, the Journalist made a misstep and tumbled from the seat, on which he was standing, into the muddiest corner of the punt, with an ado that would have frightened half to death anything but a half-starved crab. This one, however, still kept hold of the bait, and was gradually pulled toward the boat. Now and then a rock or piece of grass would give him a purchase for resistance; then a tug-of-war would ensue. The Journalist was so skillfully coached by the Kid and me that the crab had to let go with his extra eight feet and move on. Once he was startled by a jerk from the Journalist and clung to a

rock till the meat was pulled from him, but as it immediately stopped, he gathered up courage and came after it again.

About this time the Kid glanced at his bait, which was off in the water on the other side of the boat, and saw a crab rapidly shredding it and transferring the pieces to his mouth. Thereat the Kid commenced to attend to his own business. When the Journalist had skillfully piloted his crab up to the side of the boat, he was instructed to lift steadily and not too fast, but after lifting the crab slightly off the bottom, he got excited and gave a quick jerk. The moment the crab came out of the water it let go, and with an angry click of its jaw-like claws, glided out of sight.

"Why didn't you let me spear him? You can't get them that way," disgustedly cried the Journalist, sitting down. Just then the Kid gracefully swung his crab in and landed him, accidentally, of course, square into the lap of the Journalist. There was more scrambling just then than would have been caused by a dollar among a crowd of pickaninnies, and we narrowly escaped a shipwreck. Standing on the seat, and finally assured that the crab could not climb up the



AS IT RUNS IN FROM BUZZARDS BAY.

vertical sides of the boat, the Journalist surveyed with admiration the capture. A couple of extra button-holes punched in unusual places in his trousers, where the big claws had shut together, showed that there was enough danger to the sport to make it interesting. We explained that spearing smashed their shells and would make a terrible mess, and that the only proper way to take them was alive and intact.

The crabs were just plentiful enough to make good sport; sometimes there were two or three in sight at once, and then again we had to wait some time to see one. We had a dozen or more crawling about on the bottom of the boat, clicking their claws together and angrily seizing whatever they came in contact with, whether it was the shoe-taps of their enemies or the claws of a fellow-crab. They were all of good size, with bodies eight or ten inches long, and, with claws extended, three times that length. Ugly-looking fellows they were with their two big claws and their little round projecting eyes. The eight lesser feet were sharp single talons, except the posterior pair, which were flattened out to serve for fins. Their

backs were a dark green and the under part a beautiful white. It was a funny sight to see them seize a piece of meat with the two big claws, and holding it close to the mouth—or where the mouth ought to be, for it was so small that it was almost indiscernible—tear off shreds with the next two feet and poke the pieces into their mouths, meanwhile clinging with the pair of feet next the last to whatever afforded resistance. The meat did not last long under their attacks.

After an hour or so of fishing, the Journalist desired to be pulled ashore, that he might stretch his cramped legs and try the stream. Evidently his success was good, for from time to time we heard the distant shout, "Got an old whopper, boys." We had instructed him how to anchor his victims by putting a loop of string over one claw of each crab and tying it around the first joint; the other end of the string was to be attached to a bush or stone. A whole fleet of crabs could be thus anchored by one string, and each new catch hitched on somewhere.

As crabs in our vicinity were getting somewhat scarce, the Kid and I stretched out on the seats of the boat

in comfortable positions, glancing now and then at our bait, but more often gazing dreamily at the scenery around us. Fishermen at ease enjoying to the full the desert solitude of the place and the wild barrenness of the marshlands. Off at the farther end of the marsh, where the water was fresher, a muskrat had built a great dome-shaped hut of sticks, and now and then we could hear him slump into the water. This and the croaking of a few crows away off on the clam-flats over the bar were the only interruptions of the peaceful quiet.

Suddenly the silence was broken by unearthly yells: "Ow, help! help! Gee whizz, let go!" Startled by this sudden interruption of our meditations, we jumped up and beheld the Journalist staggering toward us, the very picture of some old Roman captive loaded with chains. Both arms were extended before him, and a long loop of crabs dangled from one hand to the other, while big tears rolled down his cheeks. "Holy Moses! What'll I do, boys?" he gasped.

That the Kid and I howled with laughter for full five minutes before we were able to help him, was never forgiven by the Journalist. In desperation he lifted the crab up and brought it down with a crash on a rock, smashing its shell completely, but it did not let go even then. As he swung the crab, he had lifted the others attached to the string, and one of those on the other end had caught the under side of the coat-sleeve of his other arm. Thus handcuffed, and with a long row of threatening jaws snapping at his knees, he came toward us. And we smiled at him!

For once the usual good nature of the Journalist deserted him. "Take them off, you blank fools, and stop your laughing." Careful work and much prying set him at liberty, and then we were informed of the circumstances of his capture.

His sorrowful tale was, that he had made a good catch of crabs, and had tied them all to one string on the river-bank; and when he was ready to return to us he started to pick up the string by one end, but the crabs had crawled around and one was lying in the grass right where he put his hand down, and it got him by the thumb—and we knew what followed.

After examining and nursing a thumb with a very purple nail and a big red spot on the other side, he interrupted our laughter with, "Well, boys, isn't it most time to be getting home?" We all had about enough, so, tying our captives together, we started homeward, the Journalist absolutely refusing to carry any of them. "It would look so, to be seen carrying them through the streets of the village," he said, which caused us to halt on a pair of bars and smile until the Journalist declared that we should be late for supper. But we were not; neither were eight of the crabs that were boiled to appease our epicurean appetites—and our friend's revengeful spirit.

The Journalist was in his happiest vein that night, and told that the crabs were so thick that "you could pull them out with your hands," and ended with, "We had a bully old time." He also showed great talent in the onslaught upon the table, so much so that it must have had an effect on his dreams that night. But we could not keep him always, and he soon returned to the pleasures of Bowery promenades and Coney Island dinners.

We were assured positively that he did not forget us, however, when in a short time there appeared in a Metropolitan weekly, over his name, an article entitled, "In Pursuit of the Fierce Crustacean," and sub-headed, "Savage Defense of the Armor-encased Game." When we read it, we were positive that he still remembered us, and we laughed long and gleefully.



A FIGHT WITH A SAWFISH.

By John D. Peabody.

A LONGING for excitement that nothing but a sawfish could allay was aroused in the minds of a party of Florida fishermen one morning while on the way to Grouper Bars for a day's fishing. We were aboard an old "sharpie" and the wind being light, we were making slow progress. Our skipper, a native of the Bahamas, was known as a "conch," and as usual he was regaling us with a yarn. We were stretched out in a variety of comfortable positions, when one of the men uttered a cry of astonishment, and we arose simultaneously to see what was going on.

Our disturber pointed to an object swimming about ten feet off our starboard beam, and it was recognized at once as a sawfish. He was moving parallel with our boat, but paid no attention to us. With one accord we set up a clamor for the harpoon or grains, but our skipper said "no," he would be blanked if he wanted his boat sunk. Besides, he said he did not want to run the risk of losing his grains, "what costed a dollar." We offered him double price for the grains, line and

pole, and offered to pay in full for all damages inflicted on his vessel. But no, he swore that "the critter 'ud jest climb right atop'n us and swipe off a leg quicker 'n scat."

We begged, cursed, and almost shed tears, but he remained unmoved, and at last we were compelled to see the immense fish, which remained at least ten minutes within easy striking distance, swim away with a decided leer in his port eye and a contemptuous flirt of his tail. We made such a breeze aboard the boat that Nature's breath was stilled, and alternately "cussing" our luck and the "conch" skipper, we lay becalmed for several hours within four miles of home and ten miles from Grouper Bars.

For some weeks thereafter every party that left our pier carried at least one man that eagerly scanned the water hoping to get another glimpse of our monster. About two months later I spied the self-same fish, or his running mate. The little boat we were in was sent ashore in a jiffy, and two or three of my friends were soon notified. In less than an hour we were fitted out and scouring the

waters of the sound in search of our quarry. We had no lily-iron, but we were well supplied with grains of various weights, plenty of line, and an axe or two. While the latter are not as a usual thing classed among an ordinary fisherman's outfit, they are very convenient to have at hand in case of an emergency, as the sequel will show.

We spent nearly three hours in hunting our game, but at last we were rewarded by "heading" the fish as he was slowly making his way toward the Gulf. Our striker, one of the best men for this kind of sport to be found on the Florida coast, immediately began manoeuvring for position, and by judicious sculling, poling, and making long detours, we turned the monster around a point and induced him to swim into a pool on the outer shore, from which, at low tide, there was but one avenue of escape, and that through a channel twelve feet deep and about thirty or forty feet wide. We hastened to get to this channel for the purpose of "heading off" our quarry, and then we worked slowly back against the tide, anxiously watching for, yet half dreading to tackle him, so gruesome had been the tales of the prowess of these swordfish.

It was not long ere Alec, our striker, signified by a motion that he had sighted the fish, and soon all of us had glimpses of it as the monster swam slowly along in five or six feet of water. It appeared to be irritated, for as the big fellow moved ahead it gave a vicious jerk of its saw, first to one side and then to the other.

We braced ourselves for the fight. Alec waited until everything was perfectly favorable, for he knew how much depended upon the accuracy of his aim and the strength of his arm. As the fish drew nearer, it turned sullenly out of its course to pass in front of us, and presented its broad back and side fairly to our striker's view. He wanted no better opportunity, and with all his strength he

threw our heaviest grains, to which was attached three hundred and eighty feet of quarter-inch, tarred manilla rope.

According to all rules laid down, the fish should have made directly for the boat and commenced its work of destruction. On the contrary, however, it had important business to the westward; at least that was our inference, for it headed in that direction, apparently desiring to lose no more time in loitering in our neighborhood. How far that first rush might have carried him had it been in open water, it is impossible to say, for the fish soon struck the bar and came to a full stop. This enabled Alec to grasp the line. The fish managed to work off the bar after a prodigious amount of twisting, and continued his rush at an angle of forty-five degrees across our bows. Alec had taken a loose half turn about a cleat, gradually checking the hissing line, and in a moment we were ploughing through the water at express speed. But the pool was not very wide, and in a few moments the stricken fish had reached the shore, where it created the wildest scene of splashing that any of us had ever witnessed.

To say that we were excited would be putting it mildly. It was an exciting time, and the mere fact that we still retained our full complement of legs and arms only served to make us dread their eventual loss the more. Alec, the coolest one of our crew, was seated on a gunwale at the bow, his usually smiling countenance a trifle pale and stern, showing that he was aware of having his hands full.

"Well," said he, speaking as if the fact had just dawned upon him, "we've got him all right."

"Can't be sure of that yet a while," replied Ollie, another member of the crew who, in an endeavor to lighten his pipe and look as if he were enjoying life, had already broken seven matches and was trying to think of some new and fitting expression to

give vent to his feelings, as the eighth and last snapped off and dropped overboard.

"I guess not ; and he'll get us yet, just as sure as you're a foot high !" This from the doctor, as the fish once more floundered into deep water and headed straight for our boat.

"He's a comin' boys ; lay low !" cried Alec, casting off the turn on the cleat and stooping his shoulders.

The words were scarcely uttered when the ugly specimen of Nature's piscatorial handiwork darted out of the water not six feet from our port bow. As quick as a flash he gave two vicious side cuts with his terrible weapon and then plunged beneath the water again, having sprinkled us liberally in his passage. What the thoughts of the rest of the party were, I cannot say, but I was highly pleased that the fellow had not landed in the boat. He jumped fully twenty feet, and had we been within reach, some of us beyond question would have been hurt.

The tarred line was singing again as the big fish headed straight for blue water, whither we cared not to follow. We determined to get the boat ashore and play our captive from the beach, for none of us wanted to have the "beast" jump at us again. We were soon beached and all four of us tailed on to the line. Even then it was all we could do to hold him ; but we knew that he was slowly giving up, for the strain grew gradually less. During the periods of relaxation, we "heaved hard" and little by little drew the monster into shallow water, where he sullenly lay, pretty well tired, we judged from our own feelings.

Alec then informed us that it would be necessary to slip a noose over the fish's head or tail if we expected to land it ; for, he assured us, the grains would not hold when it came to dragging the weight on land, and that we should most assuredly lose our quarry if we tried it. This argument was all that was necessary to make us unani-

mously adopt the noose plan, and each of us began urging the others that it was clearly their duty to work that noose over the tail of our semi-captive. It was touching to see the utter unselfishness of each of our party in this matter, as one after another refused the honor and protested that he "was a mighty poor hand with a rope, anyway."

The Doctor said that when he was a wee, toddling child, he had solemnly promised his father that he would always steer clear of ropes, especially when they had nooses on their ends, so we could plainly see that he could not break such a promise without lacerating his conscience severely. Under any other circumstance, he would be glad to do everything in his power to promote our interest in the sport, if he had not unfortunately committed himself when young and tender. At last Ollie said that his girl had "gone back on" him, and life was no longer precious. We were all delighted with the girl's opportune backsliding and declared her worthy of a hug all around. We tried to cheer our friend by telling him that there were "just as good fish in the sea," and that here was a most fortunate coincidence and an excellent opportunity thrust upon him.

He finally boarded the boat and dropped gently down with the tide to the sulky quarry. It was deeply interesting to see him manipulate the rope, and amusing to note the deference with which he treated the fish. He made a loop at least twenty feet in diameter and, aided by the tide, managed to slip it gradually under the fish's tail and then drew it moderately tight. The fish could not have acted better if it had rehearsed its part a dozen times in full dress. Nevertheless, Ollie was very glad to get ashore, and the air with which he accepted our thanks — and other stimulants — was beautiful to behold.

We now paired off, taking stations about sixty feet apart, and began the operation of hauling in. If any one

who has ever haltered a yearling steer and endeavored to lead that piece of kicking flesh to the shambles, will imagine that instead of one he has two on his hands, he will get some idea of the task we were tackling. It was "pull baker, pull devil" for about twenty minutes, and then we were unable to get it nearer shore than in water ten or twelve inches deep. Here the monster kept up a constant scythe-like motion with his saw, and we feared that it would cut one or both the lines and free itself. Just imagine two blades of a mowing machine lashed together, back to back, and swung from side to side by a giant arm. Well, that saw was fully as dangerous, and not one of us cared to go near his struggling highness.

We managed by dint of hard work to get him turned parallel with the shore, and then took a double hitch with the grains-line about a mango stump. Hurrying to the looped line, we united forces and soon had the sawfish stretched out helpless. He was in water deep enough to cover his gills, and it was evident that he could live as long if not longer than could we. At this juncture Alec bid

us hang on for dear life, and he would take the axe and give the quietus to our ugly captive. He advanced gingerly upon the enemy's rear and was soon straddling the tail. The fish gave a slight lurch and our champion retired in rapid disorder, to plan a safer method of approach.

"Steady on that guy," he cried, and advanced once more to the attack. We were in no hurry to carry him home minus a leg or two, so we again brought all our strength to bear on the lines until the fish's spinal column extended in a manner that would have tickled an orthopaedic surgeon. Alec once more straddled the tail, and slowly making his way forward, gave the death blow with his axe and then severed the saw from the snout.

This saw measured three feet, nine inches in length, seven inches across the base, and had twenty-five teeth on one side and twenty-six on the other, all of them in fair condition. The body of the fish, measuring from the stump of the saw to the tip of the shark-like tail, was eleven feet, three inches, making the total length full fifteen feet.

THE LAKESIDE WHEELMEN'S "SCRATCH MILE."

By Frank S. Wells

SIGLER was the champion. There was no doubt about it. Smith said so, and that was the end of it, for wasn't Smith his trainer, and who should know better than he what a man could do? Besides, didn't he have all kinds of badges and trophies that he had won?

Surely any ordinary man would have been satisfied with such overwhelming proofs as these, but the person who had been rash enough to dispute Sigler's claim was not an ordinary man; in fact he was just the reverse. Stark was a tall, thin, cadaverous individual with long arms

and legs that seemed always in the way; dressed in a most astonishing costume of bright-red golf stockings, dirty-brown breeches, a pink-and-blue-striped sweater, and a navy-blue bicycle cap. Stark was very apt to attract more than a passing glance. He was not more than sixteen or seventeen, but as he lolled over his 28-inch-frame wheel and expressed himself so decidedly adverse to the general opinion, he might have been taken for twice that age.

"You see," he marked by way of clinching his argument after a heated discussion one day; "Sigler

hasn't done any riding this season. He hasn't had any challenges, because everybody's afraid to tackle him. Why, I could beat him myself, if I had a couple of weeks to train in. Of course I couldn't do it in my present condition, because I am too fat."

"Fat as a ghost," replied his companion, with a laugh, gazing at young Stark's skeleton-like extremities. "But as to your beating Sigler in an even race, you might as well try to fly. You'll have a chance to try a mile with him though, if you want to, for the Lakeside Wheelmen are going to have a meet a week from Wednesday, and Sigler has agreed to ride in the scratch mile if he can find anyone to enter against him."

"Well, we'll see about it," answered the lengthy cyclist, and throwing one leg over his wheel, he slid into the saddle and rode slowly down the street, while his companion hastened away to tell that "Bony" Stark was going to enter the scratch race against Sigler.

Will Stark had been talking merely for the sake of argument, and possibly because he was naturally contrary; but as he rode thoughtfully homeward he pondered over the matter, and concluded his meditations by exclaiming, "I'll do it. He's not infallible, and I can't lose anything by the trial. The boys will laugh, but I don't care."

It was indeed a venturesome step, for he had never ridden a race since he won his novice mile, and though he acquitted himself creditably at that time, he created no decided impression, except by appearing in a costume that showed his scrawny legs to advantage, and which earned for him the name of "Bony." Having made up his mind to enter, he lost no time in getting to work, and even the taunts and jests of his companions could not alter his decision.

Stark planned his work systematically and secured the services of a veteran cyclist to train and coach

him. His trainer, who had taken the whole matter as a huge joke, began to pay more attention to his work when he saw how earnestly his man trained, and soon he found himself wondering if after all Sigler had such a sure thing.

As for Sigler, he did not think the matter worthy of his attention. "Why," said he, "that fellow hasn't enough endurance to hold out for the first half, and as he has never ridden a race, I won't even take the trouble to train. I don't want to discourage him right in the beginning of his career, you know." And he gave the matter no more thought. He did spend enough time on the track, however, to "take the kinks out of my legs," as he said.

The meet for which the Lakeside wheelmen had made great preparations, was to take place on Wednesday, and on the previous day, riders poured into the village from the surrounding towns in spite of a drizzling rain which seemed likely to mar the success of the morrow's trials. But the threatening clouds had passed away before morning and the sun was beaming upon the fresh green earth.

The scratch mile race was to be called at three o'clock, and long before that hour, Stark rode to the track. He found the grounds crowded with spectators, and when he rode slowly into the park and passed the grandstand on his way to the dressing-tent, the people showed their approval of his pluck by a hearty round of applause which gave him renewed confidence and strength for the coming fray.

The programme was a good one and the events were hotly contested. At any other time they would have interested the spectators, but now everybody seemed anxious for the great race, for Stark's trainer had given out sundry vague hints about the speed and staying qualities of his man, and a genuine interest had been aroused in the race, though it was not thought

that the young challenger had any chance of winning. At last a murmur of applause announced the appearance of the two contestants, and as they threw off the long blankets with which they were covered, a ripple of laughter came from the spectators, for the difference in the build of the men was almost ridiculous. Sigler was a handsome fellow, symmetrical and muscular, every inch an athlete, and his movements were easy and graceful.

He mounted and leaned over the handle-bars while his starter adjusted his toes in the clips; and with a pitying smile toward his opponent, Sigler steadied himself and was ready for the word. His pity seemed well placed, for even the sympathetic spectators could see very little prospect of a victory for the long-legged, awkward fellow who appeared to have more bone than muscle. Not only was he ungainly and ill at ease, but he was so thin and pale that few believed him capable of lasting half a mile, while the full mile was absolutely out of the question.

"Ready. All down," yelled the starter.

Instantly both men bent forward with ears strained to catch the next sound.

Bang! and they were off. Slow at first, each trying to get the other's pace. At last Sigler started ahead, leaving the valient Stark far in the rear. The sympathies of the crowd were with the weak and as he was seen to drop slowly behind, a cry of disappointment arose and the race was conceded to the athlete.

The first quarter was reached with Sigler far ahead. He was covering ground at a winning pace, while Stark kept up a steady pumping that just enabled him to hold his own without further loss. As they passed the grand stand in the first round, Sigler was nearly thirty lengths ahead, but he failed to gain any more. It even appeared that he was dropping back a little as if to encourage his opponent. At all events the distance between them was becoming smaller, and when the third quarter was reached, the gap had closed to only eight or ten lengths and was rapidly diminishing.

As Stark passed the quarter-post, the people saw his head go down over the handle-bar, and his wheel seemed fairly to leap into the air. It was a noble burst of speed and the spectators fairly howled in sympathetic joy. Sigler seemed to realize that trouble lurked on his trail and spurted also, but he was tired out and was no match for the whirlwind that was after him.

As they turned into the home stretch, Stark had pulled up until the wheels were lapped. Sigler made one final effort to keep the lead. His wheel shot forward, but so did that of his despised adversary. Neck and neck they strained for the last few yards and then Stark drew ahead and as they passed under the wire he led by half a length.

When the shouts of the enthusiastic crowd had quieted, from the judge's stand came the announcement: "One-mile championship. Won by Stark; Sigler second; time 2.24 $\frac{2}{3}$."



THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION OF 1897.

By Rollin E. Smith.

COULD any sportsman from a distance, some evening during the week ending March 20th, have been translated to a curtained box in Madison Square Garden, New York, he might easily have imagined himself in some unknown wonderland. As the notes of a Canada goose, lord of the game-bird kingdom, sounded clear and distinct, our sportsman would intuitively have looked toward the heavens, or have peeped out of his blind to see if the birds were coming his way; while the muffled boom of the heavily-charged revolvers in the gallery below would make him feel confident that someone more fortunate was keeping his gun-barrels hot in the enjoyment of sport.

Suddenly from away off in the distance, comes a weird and mournful sound, a moan increasing in volume to half a roar. The hidden sportsman listens intently, for it is the call of a moose from the woods of Maine. And as the hunter cautiously draws

the imaginary bush aside, there, less than fifty yards away and high above the ground, stands the mighty moose in all the glory of as proud a head of antlers as sportsman ever envied. Beside the great animal, in hunting garb is the motionless figure of a weather-beaten guide from the forests of the North, while from the long birch-bark funnel held to his lips comes the mournful sound of the moose call.

The spell is broken and the sportsman gazes down upon a multitude of stylishly-dressed men and women thronging up and down the long aisles, the brilliant costumes flashing among the great cases of shining guns. The whole scene is made as light as day by innumerable electric lights, while the senses are delighted by strains of waltz or operatic music, which come floating down from the band in the gallery above. It is the third annual Sportsmen's Exposition, and it is no wonder that he was deceived into imagining himself in the



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION.

woods, for he could have heard and seen all these things with scores of others equally dear to the heart of the sportsman.

Had Metropolitan "Society," in its arrogance, chosen simple manly sports as its toy, instead of horses, the Horse Show might never have reached its present degree of popularity, while the Sportsmen's Exposition would never have been as it is — beloved by sportsmen for the good it does them. It seemed a much more edifying spectacle to see a well-dressed, intellectual-looking man enthusiastically explaining to his wife or sister the mysteries of repeating rifles or hammerless guns, or the beauties of smokeless powder — yes, a hundred times more edifying than to crowd around in the mob of curious humanity below the boxes, and gaze with wonder into the faces of Dame Fortune's favorites. One is the Sportsmen's Exposition; the other is the Horse Show.

What is the object of the Exposi-

tion? And how are sportsmen benefited by it? Just attend the Exposition next year, if you did not do so this, and you will find your answer in the Exposition itself. The guides from Maine and Wyoming return to their forest and mountain homes equally filled with new ideas and knowledge that they spread about by word of mouth for the year that must elapse before the next Exposition. Sportsmen from distant towns and cities are brought into close and friendly relationship with manufacturers and dealers in the tools of their sports. Ideas are interchanged; the manufacturer learns what the consumer wants, and the sportsman finds out the latest improvements in manufactured articles. The city sportsmen meet many country sportsmen, and are surprised to find them just as broad-minded — nay, oftentimes even more so, than dwellers in regions of elevated railroads. The contact benefits both.

To the out-of-town sportsmen, the



THE WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY'S BOOTH.



THE HAZARD POWDER COMPANY'S DISPLAY.

journey to the Exposition is like the pilgrimage of the Moslems to Mecca. They come from all directions and from thousands of miles; their faces ever turned in one direction. But at the completion of their journey, instead of worshipping a cold and dumb black rock, they handle lovingly the beautiful hammerless or the artistic repeater, or balance fondly the six-shooter, while the graceful split-bamboo is whipped about by practiced hands amid pleasant imaginations.

The lover of gun and rod is a strange animal, and notwithstanding that he is fond of companionship and that there are a million or more of such men in this country, they are bound together no more than are the autumn leaves when the autumn winds begin to blow. It is true that common interests bind them with a rope of sand, but they acknowledge no head, no body, no dictation. How-

ever it is hoped that the Sportsmen's Association and its annual Exposition will be the means of making many crooked things straight for sportsmen, and of eventually banding them into a brotherhood stronger than any other organization known to man. Such a fraternal order among sportsmen has long been needed.

There is something in primitive nature strangely fascinating to the great majority of people. Even those who never visit the streams and forests of the wilderness show a wonderful interest in them when they can have the waters and the woods, with all their treasures, brought almost to their homes. This was shown by the visitors at the exhibit of the state of Maine. A neat little cabin built of peeled logs and chinked with moss, was surrounded with mounted game-heads and monstrous trout. The "camp" was made more complete by a tent at one side with a



WHERE THE COLT FIREARMS WERE SHOWN.

roll of blankets thrown carelessly on a bed of hemlock boughs, while a few feet away was a large lean-to built of balsam boughs. A dozen guides about the camp gave it a natural air that nothing else could have added. This corner of the Garden never lacked for visitors and most of the time it was crowded. Sportsmen who had been to the Maine woods, and many who hoped to go; others who never had been and never expected to go; women and children who had never seen a log cabin before, and some men as well, all crowded and pushed to see and be near this corner of Nature's wilderness.

Turning to either side, one was confronted with a magnificent collection of mounted game. It seemed quite fitting to find them so near the forest scenes, and visitors thought so, too. The display of William W. Hart and Company, the New York taxidermists attracted much attention. There were shown a bull moose, several large bears, an African lion and several mountain lions, besides heads of most of the North American big-game animals. The most notable exhibit was the head of an Alaskan moose, which is said to be the second largest ever killed. The natural pose given to the heads and animals by the

taxidermist, was fully appreciated by sportsmen.

The display of taxidermy by Fred. Sauter, also of New York, showed the hand of an artist and a sportsman in the preparation of the specimens. The English setter mounted with one forefoot raised in the act of pointing, was a feature of the exhibit, and one that was appreciated by all gunners. The dog was very lifelike and lacked only the twitching, dilating nostrils to assure the sportsman that

his intent expression was due to a bevy of quail rather than the clever work of the taxidermist.

The display of boats was large and very attractive, ranging from a ducking boat to a twenty-five-foot steam-launch. Improvements in designs and appliances of sportsmen's boats have kept pace with the general progress in things recreative.

The New York Yacht, Launch and Engine Company, showed a twenty-one-foot mahogany-finished launch with a two-horse-power Wing gas engine, a sixteen-foot yacht tender and several gas engines. The gas for the Wing engine is made as used, and ignited by an electric spark, thereby avoiding any danger of explosion. The specialty of this company is very light-weight engines and their Foster reversible screw which will stop a boat under full headway in about one length. This company builds all sizes and many grades of launches.

The Gas Engine and Power Company, of Morris Heights, New York, displayed a twenty-five-foot launch of fine finish, and an eighteen-foot steam-yacht tender. The company builds everything in the way of boats from a small row-boat to the largest launch. Among their specialties and improvements are marine water-

tube boilers and Seabury triple-expansion yacht-engine.

The Pennsylvania Iron Works Company, of Philadelphia and New York, exhibited a beautiful mahogany-finished, eighteen-foot yacht tender and several of their marine engines with latest improvements. The engines are now made so as to bring the weight nearer the bottom of the boat, and are as nearly noiseless as possible. The height of a ten-horse-power engine is now only three and one-half feet and the crank-shaft is of the double-cylinder type, so balanced that it permits the use of a very small fly-wheel. The unpleasant sound of exhaust steam is done away with, and the exit is so arranged that there is no disagreeable odor. The company had a six-horse-power engine in operation, and one of fifty-horse-power in their display — the latter designed for a launch seventy feet in length.

In the Daimler Motor Company's exhibit was seen a Daimler launch with a motor of seven-horse-power and cabin accommodation for four persons. There were also models of launches of many other sizes. The Daimler launches have received many awards at expositions in this country and in Europe, given in

recognition of safety, ease of handling and practical construction. A reversible gear has been perfected by this company that is now a feature of all their latest models.

Differing from the naphtha motors is the Alco-Vapor engine shown by the Marine Vapor Engine Company, of Jersey City, N. J. In the Vapor-system, alcohol is used instead of naphtha or gasoline, and advantages of both safety and less bulk of fuel are claimed for it. This company also makes a full line of launches and yacht tenders, and claim for the former a lighter weight than any other launch of the same horsepower; greater speed per pound-weight of engine than others; and weight of motive power so small that the launch will not sink even though filled with water to the combing.

A high-grade gas engine at a moderate cost is what the Manhattan Manufacturing Company, of New York, was calling attention to, and their claim is founded on years of experience in building them. Some of the features of their engines are light weight, low centre of gravity (the importance of which is readily recognized by all yachtsmen), and the comparatively small amount of fuel used.



W. H. MULLINS'S DISPLAY OF BOATS.



EXHIBIT OF THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE COMPANY.

In boats and boating, nothing struck the average sportsman as more practicable than the portable motor, shown by the American Motor Company. The motor, rudder and screw, all in one, is intended for boats up to eighteen feet in length. It is clamped to the stern like a vise, and as it weighs only seventy pounds, the gasoline tank placed in the bow helps to balance the boat.

The portable electric propeller, displayed by Frank S. Allen, of New York, is designed specially for sportsmen's boats and small pleasure craft. The propeller and rudder, all in one, weigh only thirty-five pounds, but the four batteries weigh twenty-five pounds each. The many uses for such a propeller will readily be seen by everyone who goes down to the sea in boats.

Fishermen and duck hunters are

liberally provided for by W. H. Mullins, of Salem, Ohio, who had a variety of boats in his exhibit, from his now well-known ducking boat to his latest model of dingey. All of them were made from metal—aluminum, galvanized steel or manganese bronze. Mullins' pleasure boats were beauties, and the ducking boats are necessities. One of the latter was shown with a screen of "grass boat-blinds" arranged around the cockpit, and such a combination, with the gunner hidden within, would be a deadly one on any water where wild fowl are found.

From boyhood, the present generation of shooters have known the Parker shotgun, and the name represents a high standard of excellence. In the display of Parker Brothers, there were no "show" guns, but all grades were well represented from a

medium-priced hammerless gun to a high-grade pigeon gun with Whitworth fluid-steel barrels, and artistic, though not showy engraving. If there is any specialty indulged in by this very conservative firm, it is in beautifully-balanced small-bore guns — twenty and sixteen gauge, and some of these adorned the rack and cases, and delighted everyone who handled them.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Company's brand of "U. M. C." has come to mean "You May Count" on the excellence of whatever that brand covers. Making a specialty of everything they produce, they had nothing but specialties to display. However, riflemen have found in the U. M. C. 22-calibre cartridges the superlative of accuracy, and the winner of the hundred-shot rifle competition at the Exposition used cartridges bearing this brand. Among the handlers of the smooth-bore, pigeon shooters are equally partial to the "Trap" shot shell.

The line of small arms shown by the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company was as complete as it was attractive, and the attendants were continually kept busy in showing and explaining the mechanism of their arms. One of the latest specialty of the Stevens Company is an off-hand target rifle of the Schuetzen model, with full Swiss butt-plate, palm-rest, hook trigger guard and double set trigger. The standard weight of this model is about twelve pounds. Among the other exhibits, there was a full line of pocket rifles, short and light, but almost as accurate as any regular rifle. These little weapons have been especially popular since bicycling became the fashion. Wheelmen fully appreciate the



THE CASE FULL OF HUTCHINS'S MANDOLINS.

Stevens pocket rifles and long-barreled pistols. The arms of this company have always been noted for their extreme accuracy, and the hundred-shot championship rifle match at the Exposition was won by a rifleman using a Stevens 22-calibre rifle.

The Baker Gun and Forging Company, of Batavia, N. Y., had a surprise awaiting sportsmen. The "pigeon gun" is the latest and best output of this progressive company, and it is made in the usual dimensions of a twelve-gauge trap gun. The surprise came in the quality for the price, for the gun sells at \$80, though it looks like a gun worth twice the price. The barrels are of fluid-steel, dark-blue, almost black in finish; the action, on opening the barrels is soft and smooth; the stock is of beautiful Circassian walnut. A feature of the Baker gun that no other American and few foreign makes possess, is a block safety for the hammers. The triggers are blocked in all hammerless guns, but in this the hammers cannot fall and touch the firing-pins until the triggers are pulled. It is an absolute guard against premature discharge.

The remarkable penetration of the small-bore high-pressure rifle never ceases to excite people's wonder, as was shown by the curious throngs around the booth of the Savage Repeating Arms Company. Long blocks of wood were displayed into which bullets had been fired, and these were cut through over the tracks of the bullets, showing the wonderful penetration of these modern rifles. While the Savage rifle is made only in thirty calibre there are six different loads that can be used in the same shells, thus adapting one rifle to all purposes in hunting, from the smallest game to the grizzly bear. These rifles are made in several models for sportsmen, and in military and carbine style. They are light, symmetrical in appearance and well balanced.

Remington hammerless shotguns have not been so long before sportsmen as have many other kinds, but the name of "Remington" carried confidence with it when these guns appeared. This confidence has increased with each improvement, until now the friends of the Remington hammerless automatic-ejecting gun are confident that it is the best gun that can be made for the price. The Remington Company has a fondness for military rifles, and several models are made for the small-bore smokeless-powder cartridges.

The Colt's Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Company has always possessed a striking partiality for revolvers, and this tendency was apparent in the display of that company. Two long cases were filled with the weapons that have made the name of Colt famous the world over. Although not new, the Bisley model target revolver is one of the latest productions of the Colt armory, and is now really being pushed for the first time. But later than the Bisley is the ladies' target revolver. This is of thirty-two calibre, standard length of barrel six inches, double action with a "pull" that delights the

heart, target sights and stock that fills the hand. The model is similar to that adopted by the New York police department, though lighter.

One of the busiest spots during the Exposition was at the booth of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, where, during every evening of the week, several attendants were kept busy showing rifles and explaining the wonders of the new small-bores. A year never goes by without something new from the Winchester armory, and the twelve months just past have yielded many things that sportsmen will find are just what has been needed. The tendency has been toward rifles of lighter weight for hunting purposes, and the Winchester 1886 model 45-70 was shown with shotgun stock and half magazine, weighing only six and three-quarters pounds; while beautiful little thirty-calibres, of 1894 model, were there that weighed seven pounds. A Lee Navy .236 as made for the government by this company and the thirty-calibre Winchester Army model, box magazine, were features of the exhibit; while the display of fancy rifles, ranging in prices from \$35 to \$400, was dazzling.

To the hunter and lover of fine rifles the stand of the Marlin Firearms Company was one of the most attractive at the Exposition. The display was not as large as some others, but in it there was for the rifleman sufficient food for thought for many months to come. This is an age of specialties, and that of the Marlin Company lies in making fine rifles with original designs of engraving and decoration. The case of rifles contained some that were truly works of art, with designs that could not be surpassed by the pencil of an artist. Rifle after rifle was shown with workmanship that is rarely excelled in any line, and certainly never on guns. For practical use there were take-down models in different calibres with oil-finished shotgun stocks and half

magazines, and they balanced in the hands like high-grade shotguns. The Marlin Company has adapted its rifles to smokeless powder, high-velocity cartridges besides all of the standard black-powder cartridges.

The name of Von Lengerke and Detmold has become almost synonymous with those of the Francotte guns and Schultze powder. To know one is to know the other two ; and all three were very much in evidence dur-

qualities were apparent to every one who handled them. With the guns and ammunition, a full line of high-grade fishing-tackle and split-bamboo rods was shown.

Schoverling, Daly and Gales had a very complete line of Daly guns, in quality from medium to a magnificent piece of workmanship at \$500. Next to the Daly hammerless gun, this firm is known for the Daly three-barreled gun, and some very fine ones



WHERE STEVENS RIFLES AND BAKER GUNS WERE SHOWN.

ing the week, while the American E. C. powder kept them company. The agency of this nitro has again passed into the hands of this firm. Among the Francotte guns displayed were some that are owned by celebrated trap-shots and used by their owners in winning great pigeon matches. The other guns displayed were taken from stock and were in no sense show guns ; but their good

were shown at the Exposition. One in particular was especially pleasing to handle. It was sixteen-gauge with a rifle barrel adapted to the 32-20 cartridge, and the gun weighed about seven and one-half pounds. A full line of split-bamboo rods attracted the eyes of anglers, the specialty of the assortment being the four-and-one-half-ounce "Never Sink" fly-rod.

In connection with this exhibit was that of the Horton Manufacturing Company, makers of the Bristol steel rods. A fine assortment of these rods was shown and in it were some specialties. The "Rangeley" fly-rod was a little steel beauty with cork handle, and weighed just six ounces. Another specialty was a light bait-casting rod. It seemed surprising that these slender pieces of hollow steel could hold a mighty fish; yet on a ten-ounce Henshall bait-rod, a tarpon weighing one hundred and thirty-five pounds was killed.

One of the greatest bargains offered to anglers during the week was at the booth of the H. H. Kiffe Company. A six-ounce split-bamboo fly-rod for one dollar was something unusual, surely; but there it was, even if one did have to ask a second time to be sure that no mistake had been made in the price. Besides a full line of fishing-tackle, a fine display of athletic goods was made by this company.

Something new in revolvers was being shown by the Iver Johnson Athletic and Cycle Works. Their revolver differs radically from all others in the construction of the firing-pin, and they are so made that it is absolutely impossible to fire them in any other manner than by pulling the trigger.

Guns and revolvers would soon be useless without proper attention. For this purpose G. W. Cole and Company was supplying every one who passed their booth with a sample bottle of "Three in One." Over 10,000 bottles were thus distributed during the week, and all seemed to appreciate the value of the souvenir, for this excellent compound is as useful for oiling and cleaning bicycles or even sewing machines as it is for guns.

After looking over the booths where fine guns and fishing tackle were displayed, trap-shooters strolled over to the Cleveland Target Company's exhibit to see the Magutrap, the re-



VON Lengerke and Detmold's Exhibit.



LAFLIN AND RAND POWDER COMPANY'S MINIATURE POWDER PLANT AND BOOTH.

volving wonder that will throw more Blue Rocks than half a dozen ordinary traps, and break fewer.

Probably nothing that sportsmen use is harder to display in an attractive manner than powder, and yet the Laflin and Rand Powder Company succeeded in interesting not only sportsmen, but crowds of people who would shriek at the sound of a fire-cracker. A complete powder-mill plant in operation was what did it, but it was in miniature form and enclosed in a glass case. A full line of smokeless high-velocity powders are made by this company, and a large number of sample cans of "W. A."—their shotgun powder—were given away. One of the particular features of this is that it is not affected by dampness, heat or cold.

Two immense wheels in monotonous revolution, grinding and rumbling, reminded one of the mills of the gods; for those of the Hazard Powder Company were not only slow, but they ground "exceeding small."

No brand of powder is so well known to riflemen as "Hazard's Kentucky Rifle," but the attendants in charge were letting that rest on its merits while they sung the praises of "Blue Ribbon Smokeless" for shotguns.

E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Company had in a small case an interesting collection of samples showing the stages through which the materials pass in the manufacture of powder. Also the process of making guncotton was shown, and some innocent-looking bars resembling soap were marked "guncotton." Doubtless a few of these little bars would be of great service in blowing offending men-of-war out of the water, should the necessity ever arise. The Du Pont mills have probably done more toward perfecting a nitro powder for rifles than any other American company, and the results obtained have been quite satisfactory.

A waterproof tent is the great desideratum, and Derby, Abercrombie and Company, of New York, had one

set up so that its good qualities might be seen. It was not only waterproof, but was made of very light-weight canvas, weighing only twelve pounds, though it was seven-and-a-quarter feet square.

The New-Zealand Mosquito tent shown by T. W. Hickson, of New York, is one of the most thoroughly useful and at certain seasons, indispensable adjuncts to camping that has ever been offered to sportsmen.

ture, and players in golf costume showed the articles used in play on an artificial putting "green." A new beveled-edge putter was a feature of the exhibit, and much interest was taken in its use by hundreds of people who never saw a game of golf, as well as by those to whom it was familiar. The Spalding bicycle and Christy saddle were also being shown to the numerous cyclists present.

A very attractive display of Victor

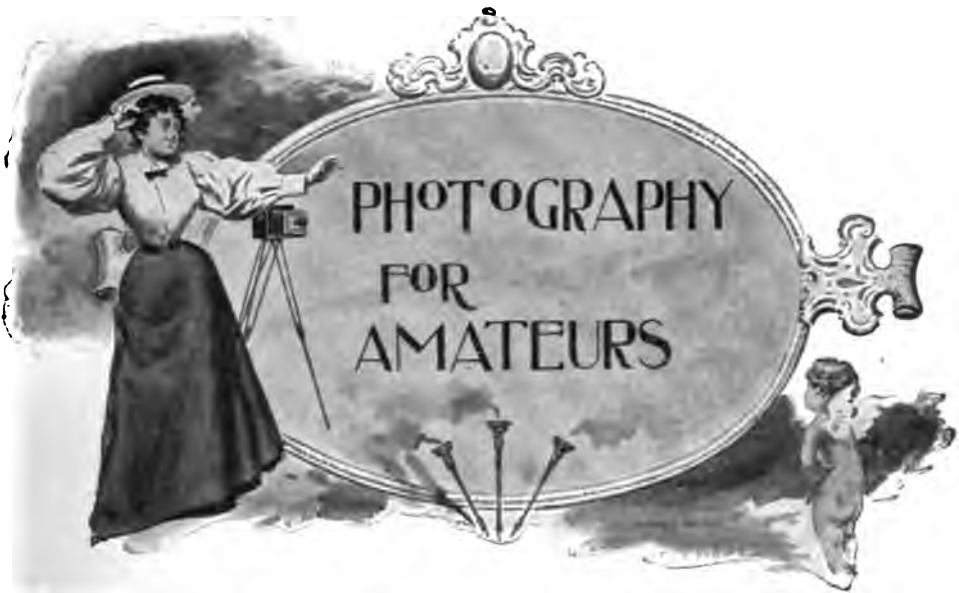


THE OVERMAN WHEEL COMPANY'S DISPLAY OF "VICTOR" ATHLETIC GOODS.

A little music in camp has a wonderfully soothing effect on tired sportsmen, but the woods are not a good place for musical instruments as a rule. However, the Hutchins Manufacturing Company, of Springfield, Mass., showed sweet-toned mandolins made of aluminum that are unaffected by moisture.

A. G. Spalding & Brothers had on exhibition a very complete line of golf supplies of their own manufac-

athletic goods was made by the Overman Wheel Company, of Chicopee Falls, Mass. The Overman Booth was arranged and watched over by C. B. Whitney and Waldo E. Nason. There was almost everything used by the athlete, and all of the finest quality. The Victor baseball and tennis-ball were shown in their various stages of construction, and suitable clothes for all branches of sport were to be seen.



THE PRIZE WINNERS IN CLASS II.

FIRST PRIZE (\$40 in gold):— Mrs. Sarah W. Holm, Eau Claire, Wis., for her figure-study entitled: "The Card Players," which appears on page 71.

SECOND PRIZE (\$25 in gold):— C. W. Long, Harrisburg, Pa., for his child-study entitled: "Before the Fire," which is also reproduced on page 73 of this number.

THIRD PRIZE (\$10 in gold):— Miss Gertrude Barnes, Wellsville, N. Y., for her group entitled: "The Evening Lunch," reproduced on page 74 of this department.

IN awarding the prizes in Class II. of the competition for amateur photographers conducted by THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, the committee of judges spent many hours in discussing the merits of photographs submitted in this class. The conditions imposed upon competitors (only photographs made by artificial light were eligible) seemed more popular than those of the first class and there were four or five times as many prints entered. Messrs. Charles W. Canfield, Secretary of the Camera Club of New York, August A. Goubert, President of the Brooklyn Academy of Photography, and Harry S. Watson, the well-known artist in sports, who compose the prize jury, found that the subjects of the photographs submitted seemed to divide themselves naturally in three classes as follows:— First, "reports," or literal reproductions of whatever may have been in front of the camera; second, "compositions," in which a preconceived imaginative idea was attempted to be reproduced; and thirdly, those intermediate between the other two classes. It will be noticed that the three pictures to which the prizes were awarded are representative of these three subdivisions, the one receiving first prize being a most artistic example of photography appealing to the imagination; that to which second prize was given being in the intermediate class; while the third prize picture is distinctly of the practical "record" order.

The committee selected six of the other pictures entered which deserve special commendation for their artistic qualities, as follows:—

- "Ye Singing School," by C. H. Lefferts, Boonton, N. J.
- "Go to Sleep, Baby," and "Absorbed," by H. G. Reading, Franklin, Pa.
- "A Good Sketch," by James Breevoort Cox, New York.
- "A Funny Picture," by Theodore F. John, New Albany, Ind.
- "A Happy Baby," by O. J. Hartsock, Des Moines, Ia.

Four others of those entered in this class were highly commended for their technique, as follows:—

- "A Corner in Her Boudoir," by D. M. Seaton, New York.
- "Portrait of a Lady," by O. F. Ramseyer, Lima, O.
- "Exercising in the Cellar," by J. Jay Villers, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- "Around the Tea-table," by Miss Mina Fastell, Portland, Me.

A number of the other photographs submitted in this class were commended by the judges, though in a lesser way. Here is the list:

- "Interesting Photographs," "An Interesting Letter," and "Telling Fortunes," by Boyd C. Packer, Lock Haven, Pa.
- "An 18-lb. Muscallonge," by A. W. Tanner, Topeka, Kan.
- "Popping Corn," "The Tea Party," and "By the Fireside," by Charles W. Long, Harrisburg, Pa.
- "Art Students at Work," by W. H. Moss, Toronto, Can.
- "The School for Scandal," by C. H. Lefferts, Boonton, N. J.
- "Stories From the Sportsman's," by Ed. Jones, Mankato, Minn.
- "The Church Supper," by Miss Gertrude Barnes, Wellsville, N. Y.
- "After the Amateur Theatricals," by C. F. Moelk, Pittsburg, Pa.
- "A Quiet Game," by S. Russell, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- "A Letter From Home," by O. F. Ramseyer, Lima, O.
- "Afternoon Tea," by C. S. Reynolds, Montreal Junction, Que.
- "Under Protest," by James B. Cox, New York.
- "A Cold Subject," "The Student's Paradise," and "The Demonstration," by Dr. Joseph W. Anderson, Washington, D. C.
- "Getting Acquainted," "In Brownie Land," "Dolly Has the Croup," and "Waiting," by H. G. Reading, Franklin, Pa.



CLASS II.—POPPING CORN.

BY CHARLES W. LONG.

(Exposure: One second by flashlight.)



First Prize Picture.

CLASS II.—THE CARD PLAYERS.

BY MRS. SARA W. HOLM.

(Exposure: Four seconds by intermittent flashlight.)

"Grandma," by Franklin S. Catlin, Chicago, Ill.

"The Night Before the Battle," by Thomas C. Turner, New York.

"A Family Group" and "Baby is Sleeping," by L. G. Harpel, Lebanon, Pa.

"Gun Drill," "Broadwords," and "A Technical Point," by George W. Paul, New York.

"Did Not Get a Feather," by M. Bruce, Des Moines, Ia.

"My Pets," by James Tomlinson, Trenton, N. J.

"Grandpa and Grandma," by John B. Gardner, New York. :

Four photographs were excluded by the judges from competition in this class, because daylight entered into their composition. Mrs. Sarah W. Holm, whose clever picture entitled, "The Card Players" took first prize, also sent in a companion photograph called "A Customer in a Country Store," but daylight from a window at the right of the picture had been used to lighten the shadows on the faces of the subjects. According to the terms of the competition, the judges decided that this picture was ineligible, and it was thrown out. The same reason was responsible for the dismissal of three entries submitted by C. F. Moelk, Pittsburg, Pa. These prints were interior views in which flashlight, electric light and daylight were all used.

It would be well for future competitors to remember that while it is not necessary that prints entered in this competition should be elaborately mounted, all the technical skill shown in the photograph is taken into consideration by the judges. Any amateur can "press the button," and if he has the good fortune to have an interesting scene before his camera, his picture may be a good one; but it requires more skill to properly develop the negative, make and tone the print and then mount it in an artistic way, and the prize jury in making their awards take into consideration all parts of the work. Other things being



CLASS II.—A HUNTER'S BREAKFAST.

BY M. BRUCE.

(Exposure: Two seconds by flashlight.)

photographs submitted will be printed from month to month in this department.

Technical comment by our "Professor," on the prize-winning photographs of the second class, will be found on another page of this issue.

RULES AND CONDITIONS OF THE COMPETITION.

THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS in gold have been offered by THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE for the best amateur photographs submitted. The competition is divided into four classes, and the prizes for the first and second have been awarded. The specifications for the others follow:

CLASS III. Hunting, Fishing and Camping. Prizes: Forty dollars in gold for the best photograph; twenty-five dollars in gold for the second best, and ten dollars in gold for the third. In this class are wanted pictures of general interest to sportsmen of the rod and gun. Views of hunters or fishermen with the "tools of their trade" in hand; of their camps in the woods; of their game;—in short, any photograph that appeals directly to the hunter, the fisherman or the camper. Entries will close June 1. The prize-winning photographs will appear in our July issue.

CLASS IV. Competitive Sports. Prizes: Forty dollars in gold for the best photograph; twenty-five dollars in gold for the second best, and ten dollars in gold for the third. For these prizes are eligible all photographs taken of sports on the track, in the field or on the water. Instantaneous or time exposures of racing—by men, horses, yachts or bicycles; of field sports in progress—baseball, football, cricket, lawn tennis, golf—all are within the limits of this class. Entries will close September 1, and the prizes will be announced in our October issue.

A few general rules for this competition are necessary: (1) All competitors must be amateur photographers, and must prove their standing, if called upon, before they receive any prizes awarded to them. (2) Only finished prints (though not necessarily mounted) will be considered;—no negatives, blue prints or untuned proofs should be sent in. (3) Details of subject and exposure (date, place, subject, condition of light and length of exposure) must be furnished in each case, with the full name and address of the photographer. (4) The right to reproduce and print in THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE all photographs entered in the competition must go with the prints, and the exclusive copyright on those to which prizes are awarded.

Photographs may be entered in advance for any of the classes, but it should be distinctly stated if they are intended for any other than the class which closes next. A competitor may enter as many prints in each class as desired, but we cannot undertake to return photographs. No entrance fee will be charged and no other conditions than those stated here must be complied with.

Photographs and communications regarding this competition should be addressed to the

PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR, THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, 377 and 379 Broadway, New York.

CRITICAL COMMENT ON THE BEST PICTURES.

By "Professor."

THE large number of photographs sent in for the prizes in the second class of our competition offers eloquent testimony to the popularity of the camera among lovers of sport. This class has brought out much excellent work, among which "The Card Players" and "Before the Fire" are conspicuously excellent.

The former entered by Mrs. Sara W. Holm, of Galesburg, Ill., is an extremely artistic piece of work, well worthy of study. The print is on matt-surface paper, admirably toned and everything has been done to avoid any of those slight defects that distract the attention and mar the general effect. All is subsidiary to the subject proper except the white boxes near the head of the central figure. These might have been replaced with darker objects to advantage. It will be noticed that they first attract the eye, although they are the least important portion of the picture. There is also a slight overcrowding and to the card player, the idea will at once suggest itself that the man on the left has only to raise his eyes to see the cards held by his opponent. But these slight defects notwithstanding, the picture is deserving of high credit. The technical defects to which I have often referred have all been avoided.

A most pleasing picture is, "Before the Fire," by C. W. Long, of Harrisburg, Pa. It is impossible to find fault with it. The print entered is of a character perfectly suited to the subject; the child has a sweet, appropriate expression and the general effect is excellent. It is, indeed, a worthy effort, fully deserving the recognition it has received.

Of a less artistic character is, "The Evening Lunch," by Miss Gertrude Barnes, of Wellesville, N. Y. This is simply a photograph of a party of friends, and their consciousness of the presence of the camera is all too evident. A very wide-angle lens has evidently been employed, for the room is apparently as large as a small assembly hall. As a record of the said lunch, the picture is good, but beyond this the photograph is of subordinate interest. The

camera might with advantage have been placed nearer to the group,—or better still, a lens of longer focus might have been employed.

"Absorbed," by H. G. Reading, of Franklin, Pa., shows splendid work. The subject is a capital one and the rendering is excellent. Such of our readers as are interested in artistic flashlight work are advised to attempt a similar study. The materials are to be found in every household and much valuable information will be gained in the effort to imitate Mr. Reading's clever picture.

"A Happy Baby," by O. J. Hartsock, Des Moines, Ia., is a difficult subject and the laughing child has been cleverly caught in



Second Prize Picture.

CLASS II.—BEFORE THE FIRE.

BY C. W. LONG.

(Exposure: One half second by flashlight.)



Third Prize Picture.

CLASS II.—THE EVENING LUNCH.

BY MISS GERTRUDE BARNES.

(Exposure: Two seconds by flashlight.)

a contagiously merry mood. The print entered, however, would have been better for the use of the scissors. The picture as reproduced shows how the paring should have been done. In the original print the operation of the flashlight is reflected in the mirror and the effect is not improved. The defect most noticeable is the absence of light and shade in the figure.

"Exercising in the Cellar," by J. Jay Villers, Jr., of Brooklyn, N. Y., is well in keeping with the object of the competition, the application of the camera to sport and athletics. Of this it must be said that the lighting is too high and the shadow of the post is unsightly. It is, however, a difficult subject, but well treated.

"Popping Corn," by C. W. Long, of Harrisburg, Pa., is a picture that could have been improved either by omitting entirely the group at the right of the picture, or rearranging the subjects so that all were interested in a common object. There are now two distinct groups, forming two distinct pictures; by screening the smaller group it will be noted that an excellent picture is obtained. The picture on this

side of the negative is entirely obliterated by the reflection from the glass.

"A Hunter's Breakfast," by M. Bruce, of Des Moines, Ia., suffers from artificiality. One does not usually take a meal while crowded between two doors. The picture suggests at once that the table was thus placed so that the antlers might be included; that the gun, hat and coat were also purposely hung in sight, and that the screen was placed behind the table to hide the bare wall. While arrangement of details is generally necessary, of course, it must never be palpably obvious that the furniture has been placed out of position in order to give a special tone to the result. Put the hunter in the kitchen, to which the housewife would probably have sent him; have the dog expectantly awaiting his well-deserved share of the meal, and the artificial surroundings vanish.

On the whole, the photographs entered in the second class are far ahead of those in the first, and many of the other prints not mentioned are deserving of much praise. In such a field as this, it takes marked merit to win an award.

NOTES FROM THE DARK-ROOM

FROM England we learn of still another method for producing photographs in colors and, judging by the opinions expressed by such experts as Captain Abney and Sir Henry Wood, the process of M. Chassagne is of unusual promise. The details of the process are secret but the method consists in taking a negative on a specially prepared plate, the print or transparency from this being washed over with a special solution and then treated successively with three coloring solutions, blue, green and red. The print selects and absorbs the colors, giving a picture in colors closely approximating those of the original.

To wash a plate in the ordinary lavatory basin, often necessary when away from home, it is a good plan to stop up the drain with a cork having one or two nicks cut in it and to lay the plate face downward in the basin. The water should then be turned on so that the plate is just immersed. The heavy hypoladen water falls to the bottom and the plate is washed in five or ten minutes.

A new developing dish, now used in France, permits of the examination of a plate without its removal from the tray. In fact this latter may be inverted without spilling a drop of solution. An ordinary tray has an attachment built around it which



CLASS II.—ABSORBED.

BY H. G. READING.

(Exposure: One second by flashlight.)

catches and retains the developer during the examination.

Of interest to amateur photographers is a new albumen stripping film paper. This is treated in the ordinary manner, toned in any bath, and the image then transferred to any support—celluloid, watch-dials, porcelain or glass. Exquisite lantern slides may be made by transferring the images to glass.

Matt-surface prints may be made from glossy prints by rubbing the latter with powdered pumice.

In making instantaneous photographs, it is necessary to bear in mind that there is a limit to the speed of plates and that no amount of forcing in development will create an image where the light has failed to act. It is well to view the image first on the ground glass and to focus carefully, using as large a diaphragm as possible, and a shutter set at as low a speed as the subject will permit.

To prevent the rusting of the metal parts of the camera, a thin coating of India rubber dissolved in benzine will be found very effective. This is applied with a brush and on the evaporation of the benzine leaves a thin film of rubber which firmly adheres to the metal.

Under-exposed hard negatives may be much improved by soaking them in a blue-green coal-tar dye. In the black portions of the negative very little of the dye will be absorbed, but the clear portions, corresponding to the shadows of the original, take it up readily, thus diminishing the contrasts. The addition of glycerine to the developer



CLASS II.—EXERCISING IN THE CELLAR.

BY J. JAY VILLERS, JR.

(Exposure: One-half second by flashlight.)



CLASS II.—UNDER PROTEST.

BY JAMES B. COX.

(Exposure: One-twenty-fifth of a second by flashlight.)

prevents it from that slight precipitation that always occurs after developers have been kept for some time. Eikonogen developer seems to be most prone to this precipitation.

It is often desirable to mark a negative with a name or number so that the latter will show in the prints. This is done most easily by writing on a piece of paper with copying ink, moistening that part of the negative to which it is desired to transfer the writing, and pressing the paper against the film. After a minute or so, the paper should be removed, when the name will appear reversed on the negative and thus correctly placed for printing.

When photographing waterfalls in dark ravines it is a good plan to make two exposures, one for the rocks and the other for the water. The camera must not of course be moved during the two exposures. In printing, the first negative gives the rocks and the paper is then placed behind the second negative to get the detail in the water.

Amateur photographers should send to the Photographic Editor for the long list of premiums offered for new subscriptions to THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE. Scores of

cameras and other photographic materials are among the premiums offered.

For making draperies for classic studies, cheese-cloth which has been thoroughly wetted and then wrung out nearly dry, is recommended.

To prevent staining of the fingers with pyro, hypo or other solutions, they may be coated with parafin wax. This may be done either by plunging the fingers in melted parafin, or coating them in parafin wax dissolved in benzine.

When negatives are stained yellow and it is desired to lessen the time occupied in printing, the plates should be immersed in an old combined toning and fixing bath. This converts the yellow stain into a blue one.

THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE has arranged a bureau of inquiry for amateur photographers and other sportsmen that should prove of great benefit to all readers. Drop us a line any time you need anything in the line of cameras and other photographic supplies (or in fact, anything else for sportsmen), and we will gladly have forwarded to you catalogues, information and prices on anything desired.

Professor.

CLASS II.—A HAPPY BABY.

BY O. J. HARTSOCK.

(Exposure: One-half second by flashlight.)



Target-Shooting at the Exposition.

BEFORE the first shot was fired in the short-range rifle competitions given in connection with the Sportsmen's Exposition last month, the success of the seven-day tournament was assured; before the last shot was fired, such a success as could scarcely have been hoped for was a certainty. There is no "secret of success" to unfold; there was simply a plain business-like proposition before the management, and it was handled as such in selecting a tournament committee of riflemen whose names are known throughout the country. These men knew what was required of them, and they supplied it in a practical way.

In only one particular was the work of the committee open to criticism, and this was in their limiting the contestants to the use of the 22-short cartridge. At the range at which all the matches were shot, 100 feet, this was a decided handicap against many high scores, and though it was as fair for one competitor as another, it undoubtedly kept a number of riflemen from entering. However, there was an excuse for this arbitrary rule, albeit a selfish one, in that the rifles in use about New York for this class of shooting, are made for the short cartridge. But this reason cannot hold good another year, and it would be an injustice to scores of riflemen outside of New York if the rule were retained. In my opinion, the success of future gallery tournaments, if they are to be of more than local interest, hangs on the admission of any rim-fire cartridge. This tournament was an experiment, and in the light of this fact, shortcomings were overlooked that will be scanned with more critical eye in future competitions. Riflemen who have outgrown the 22-short cartridge will not take a step backward and use it again, and if the competitions are to attract interest throughout

the country, the committee will be compelled to give competitors more leeway another year in the choice of cartridges.

Of the four events, two permitted unlimited re-entries—the Bull's-eye Match and the Continuous Match. The former was decided by the single shot closest to the centre of the target, and of course much chance entered into the placing of that single shot. The other re-entry or continuous match called for the best two three-shot tickets, and the target used had a two-inch bull's-eye with a quarter-inch centre, surrounded by circles one-eighth of an inch apart. The Individual Championship Match called for 100 shots on a target with 25 quarter-inch rings, and a bull's-eye two inches in diameter with a half-inch centre counting 25.

The target used in the Zimmerman Trophy Match was a novelty, designed on the theory that a line-shot—one directly above or below the centre—is of more value than one an equal distance horizontally from the centre. This bull's-eye was oval, its diameters measuring $3\frac{3}{4}$ by $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches, with rings one-eighth of an inch apart counting from 1 to 12, the centre being one inch in length by one-eighth of an inch in width.

The opening day of the revolver tournament did not give the friends of the smaller arm the same assurance of a splendid week of sport that it did the riflemen. In fact, on the first evening the revolver gallery was a lonely place. But a change soon came and by the middle of the week, revolvers were popping on every range, and the spectators thronged outside of the rail, eager for a peep down the alleys to the well-lighted targets, at the holes made by the big 38's and 44's. The targets used were the Standard American with bull's-eye reduced to $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches, for matches other than "Police" and "Military"; for these, the

same target with a four-inch black was used.

The committee had given much thought to the conditions governing the revolvers to be allowed in the different matches, and the rules finally adopted may be looked upon by friends of this branch of sport as the outgrowth of practical experience and deep study. Any arm was permitted that has been found thoroughly practicable for the purposes toward which the matches were intended to develop the marksman. For instance, the revolvers used in the "Police" Match were restricted to such weapons as the police would be permitted to carry while on duty. The conditions of the matches were very liberal, and the difference between these broad-gauge rules and the hide-bound restrictions governing the rifle competitions were very striking.

The greatest interest in the rifle competitions was taken in the Individual Championship Match, and when it was finally announced that Michael Dorrier, of Greenville, N. J., had won it by 38 points over the next highest competitor, Fred. C. Ross, the performance was pronounced a wonderful one, for Ross is one of the most expert riflemen in the country. Dorrier's scores out of ten cards each with a possible 250 were: 238, 240, 240, 246, 245, 243, 244, 242, 239, 244 — Total, 2421. Dorrier was also the winner of the Zimmerman Trophy Match and placed the single shot nearest the centre of the bull's-eye target, winning in that event also. The Continuous Match was won by Louis Buss, score 149.

As in the rifle shooting, the individual revolver matches were captured by one man, C. S. Axtell, of Springfield, Mass. The team matches lacked in interest, and there were not as many entries as was hoped for. In fact, the event of the tournament was the shooting of Axtell. In the Individual Match, he scored 277 out of a possible 300, all of his shots being in the black.

Rollin E. Smith.

A Better Racing Season Promised.

HE is a rash man who attempts to make predictions covering any long period about affairs of the turf, but every present indication is that we are on the eve of an exceptionally good racing season. The position of the sport in this state is assured by sundry legal decisions upholding the constitutionality of the Percy-Gray law, and the results of last season proved that under the provisions of this law it is possible for associations to conduct meetings with a reasonable amount of profit. As matters stand, affairs do not look as well for the trotting associations, but an amendment has been introduced in the New York State Senate, which, if passed, will ensure an ac-

tive and probably a paying season. But so far as thoroughbred interests are concerned, everything is on a substantial basis and there are none of the "ifs" that have been so much in evidence for the last few years.

The supply of horses, too, promises to be better than for several seasons, though this in very truth is not saying much. Of the two-year-olds, it is too early yet to speak and less is known of them than usual from the fact that yearling trials were not so much in vogue last fall; and March weather has not permitted trainers to do any really serious work with their charges as yet this spring. Still the reports are generally good, and it is also encouraging that few individuals have so far been singled out as extraordinarily promising. Among two-year-olds, such a tremendous proportion of "great expectations" are never fulfilled, that it is more satisfactory to receive favorable reports of the coming crop of race horses as a whole, than to hear extravagant praise heaped on individuals.

As for the three-year-olds, opinions differ to a very material extent, but personally I am very hopeful. Certainly, 1896 will not be remembered as a particularly good year for two-year-olds, for in all conscience the youngsters were a most impartial lot, beating one another over and over again with noticeable inconsistency — which is the worst possible sign. Still, there is good reason to believe that many of them will show decided improvement as three-year-olds, some because the longer course that they will be called upon to negotiate will prove more to their fancy than two-year-old distances; others because they had to combat throughout the entire season the effects of the epidemic of influenza prevalent last spring.

Barring a possible return of the epidemic, it looks as if we shall see a good supply of sound, useful three-year-olds, well matched in the bargain. No horse stood out as distinctly as the best two-year-old of 1896, but the chances are that Marcus Daly's imported colt, Ogden, who won the Futurity, will prove the kingpin among the same lot as three-year-olds. Ogden will make this season's campaign under much more favorable circumstances than last year. There are a number of good three-year-olds in the West that will probably be brought East sooner or later, including Ornament, who was Ogden's principal rival last season; Dr. Catlett, Algol, Ben Brown, Typhoon II., and Aquinas. In the East there are a number that should prove their claims to good class, such as The Friar — at his best a very good two-year-old though most erratic in his form — Voter, Rhodesia, Winged Foot, Sunny Slope, Don de Oro and Rodermond. Don de Oro is likely to prove a vastly better horse than last year, though indeed he showed well enough then to entitle him to great respect, provided his

temper does not prove bad. Out of the lot named and some others that may come on like Concord, Octagon and Eakins, we should have at least a fair showing of three-year-olds.

The all-aged, or handicap division, is none too strong, though it will be reinforced by some four-year-olds that have shown brilliant form during their careers, notably Requitall, the winner of the Futurity of 1895 and Realization of 1896; Handspring and Hastings; Michael F. Dwyer's useful pair, Ben Brush and Ben Eder, and others. Requitall was set back a great deal last year by a severe sickness in the spring which left him nervous and delicate all through the season, so that Rowe's clever work in getting him into order to win such a race as the Realization cannot be too highly commended. If Requitall rounds into shape well, he should be the horse of the year, but it is lucky that he is in such clever hands, or there would be only a poor chance for him. Handspring was sent into early retirement last year by a damaged foot, but, it is said, that this has completely grown out. Still, both in this case and that of Hastings, who is anything but a sound horse, there is room for doubt.

Among the veterans, Clifford is a possibility but no more, and his trainer, J. W. Rogers, is openly afraid that he may never be able to go to the post again. Clifford never actually broke down, but one of his ligaments was in such bad shape when he was thrown out of training, that one more race would probably have settled him. Sir Walter will probably play only a minor rôle — as indeed he has the last two years — though he is still very sound, for his long campaigning has had the effect of making him rather tricky. Belmar, Halma, The Winner and Harry Reed form a quartet that will surely earn their share of the plunder, but Harry Reed will scarcely figure as other than a sprinter as heretofore. Belmar is a good honest horse, but he was lucky in meeting only a jaded lot last fall after he had been sold to George E. Smith, and consequently his form was rather overestimated.

If there is any one handicap horse liable to upset all calculations, it is Ben Eder, who was far from his form when brought East after a severe spring campaign in the West. If he has the speed he is now generally credited with, combined with his undoubted staying powers, he may prove a surprise to all concerned.

Francis Trevelyan.

The Grand American Handicap.

THE Grand American Handicap of 1897 which was shot on March 24th and 25th, at Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J., was without doubt the greatest trap-shoot-

ing event ever held in the world. With an entry of 146 shooters, 134 went to the score, and among them were the finest pigeon shots both amateur and professional, in America. The new and magnificent shooting grounds were in perfect condition and the birds were a very fast lot. The traps used are the invention of Jordan L. Mott, of New York, and the electric pulling-device undoubtedly makes them much 'faster' than any other trap in use. Three sets were in use, and many of the shooters could not get used to them and all were more or less bothered considering the other conditions and the very bad shooting weather. The winner's score of twenty-five straight as well as the average of the other high scores, was particularly good. The retrieving was done entirely by a kennel of eighteen well-trained pointers, setters and spaniels. A lemon-and-white pointer and a black setter were particularly good, and caught many birds in the air. The black setter at one time jumped at least three feet into the air and caught his bird.

The first day opened dismally, a light rain and wind making it very unpleasant. About the middle of the afternoon a heavy squall with hail and rain passed over the grounds; but so great was the interest that the shooting was stopped for only a few minutes. After the squall had passed, the wind shifted to the northwest and blew a gale, making the shooting of the most difficult nature and its effects were shown in the scores, for misses were frequent, the many birds that were killed clean were blown out of the bounds and lost. The number of dead out of bounds was so great as to cause universal comment.

At the end of the twelfth round there were only twenty-five straight scores and many clever shooters had retired with three misses score against them. The western contingent was very much in evidence, and was led by Dr. W. F. Carver, who was shooting in grand form from the 32-yard mark (scratch). As an attraction, the Doctor was second only to young Conny Ferguson, of Brooklyn. Conny is only fourteen years old, but killed hard and fast birds like an old-timer. He was badly handicapped however, by the crowd, for the spectators followed him around from one set of traps to another, some asking questions and others insisting on giving advice that was not needed. The crowd, was there to shoot or to see others shoot, and all present, even the goodly number of ladies, were deeply absorbed in the sport.

The element of chance in pigeon shooting was plainly shown time and again by some men drawing easy birds right along, while others were having a steady run of fast driving birds. On several occasions, birds that were apparently not hurt, flew around inside the boundary until killed and gathered in by the dog; while others hard hit with

both barrels, managed to struggle across the line and drop dead. Late the first afternoon the second set of traps saw most of the misses, the birds being mostly left quarters going down wind. The number three set of traps were also hard on account of the sun being in the shooters' eyes, and the incoming wind making the birds tower in flight. Misses were frequent from under-shooting the birds.

The second day opened clear with a heavy northwest wind blowing, and the shooting was very difficult. Of the three men who had clean scores from the day before, Marshall (28), Koegel ("H. See,") (27) and Carver (32), the last two dropped on the twenty-fourth round. Carver's bird, a fast incomer, was killed in the air with the second barrel, but such was its speed that it went out of bounds and through the window of the referee's stand. Carter certainly had hard luck, while Marshall drew four comparatively easy birds. His victory, however, was a popular one, for Marshall is an amateur, being mayor of an Illinois town. The 24 and 23 men agreed to divide, and the rest shot off for the remaining purses.

The handicapping, always a thankless task, was in the main as fair as could be asked for. Of course there were many complaints, but when it is considered that the shooters came from all parts of America and that their records were not fully known, mistakes were bound to occur. Certainly an error did creep in when the winner was allowed to shoot from the 23-yard mark, for he was known too well in the West to leave any doubt as to his capabilities as a shooter.

It is to be regretted, that the Interstate Association did not offer a suitable trophy for the winner, for an event of such magnitude should carry with it some trophy. But, taking it all in all, the fifth Grand American Handicap will go down in the history of pigeon shooting as a grand and satisfactory event.

J. G. Knowlton.

The Exposition Fly-Casting Tourney.

THE fly-casting which formed such an important addition to the Sportsmen's Exposition at the Madison Square Garden last month, was very experimental in several ways. Fly-casting indoors was a novelty to all who participated, and there was a decided lack of knowledge on that and a few other subjects which was soon very clearly demonstrated. To criticise with anything approaching severity would, under such circumstances, be decidedly improper. It is doubtless as well understood by the committee in charge of this section of the exhibition, as by anyone else,

where improvement can be made another year; yet others might consider this year's event a model to copy from, and a few words of criticism may therefore be allowable.

There are two sides to be considered in connection with fly-casting—the contestant's and the spectator's. It is easy to dispose of the latter, for it is merely amusement for them. The drawback from a spectator's point of view, so far as the entire tournament was concerned, was the similarity of the great majority of the competitions. Casting for distance formed the bulk of the tests and before the end of the week, the tournament had a "peas-in-a-pod" look. Restrictions in space had something to do with this, but there were other reasons, such as the same men competing too frequently. To get more competitors is a subject which brings us to the contestant's side of the question. Men will not compete unless they have a fair chance of winning, and it was evident at the Exposition that classification of competitors was necessary to provoke competition. Consider the plain casting with from three to six competitors, and then look at the two accuracy tests, with ten in one event and seven in the other, one of them combining delicacy as well. That showed very plainly that competitors would be forthcoming if the opportunity were afforded them for any other test than the gymnastic one of distance. Long casts are all very well, but one object of fishing is to catch fish and they would be very innocent fish that would rise to the fly after such churning of the waters as was the feature of this distance casting, before the fly touched the water. Long distance casting is quite a professional affair, and such things as blackleading lines and others spliced with varying thicknesses, together with specially-built rods of a different pattern from that in ordinary use, have crept into what should be kept as free from all that sort of thing as possible. We had the professional element at Madison Square Garden, but in no sense was there professionalism in the competitions, such as the Englishmen have introduced in their tournaments. It would appear to be necessary in order to make these competitions more comprehensive, to introduce some class distinction so as to put those whose business is connected with fishing, apart from the amateur division. If it is desired to increase interest in these competitions, this must be done beyond any doubt. Then will come variety in competitions between the amateurs according to class, which is very much needed, if spectators are to be interested. In this way, a vastly improved programme might be made out and it is hoped that it will be done before next year.

Another necessity is a tank large enough to accommodate a record cast. It is perhaps not too much to say that Thomas Mills lost

his record of 110 feet, 9½ inches by reason of the shortness of the tank. He cast beyond the flight of steps at the end of the tank and into the space occupied by an exhibit of taxidermy. What happened to the fly when it struck the flooring is not known, if it was on then, but it was not on the leader when the judges got to it. The rules state that the "leader and fly must be intact at the time of record by the judges," and the cast had to be disallowed. Had the tank been long enough for the fly to fall in water, the cast would have been measured by the ripples, and the record allowed. When a competitor is casting, it was not the custom to stop him during his limited time to look at the condition of the fly, each time, and as a mishap might take place after a winning or record cast, it would not be fair to throw out all his scores if the fly was missing at the end of his five minutes.

James Watson.

Notes From the Game Fields.

DISREGARD for game laws and wanton destruction of game must end either in extinction of the game or in such rigid legislation and strict enforcement of laws that game will be reserved for the man who can kill it—others must then go without. The sportsmen in Indiana have risen in their might and have had a law enacted that makes the taking of fish illegal unless they be caught "with hook and line, which line shall be held in the hand or be adapted to a pole or rod which is held in the hand; and no line shall be used which has more than three hooks attached to it." This applies to all waters in the state except the Ohio River and Lake Michigan. But the law does not stop here, for it prohibits absolutely the sale of fish taken from any waters in the state but the river and lake mentioned.

It appears that in almost every state, the legislature during the sessions just ended, have had under consideration bills for the better protection of game and fish. The unanimity of thought in this direction shows that sportsmen throughout the country are thoroughly aroused and intend, before it is too late, to make a stand that will preserve some token of the past abundance of game and fish for coming generations. To young men it seems hardly possible that within the memory of a man living to-day such a change has taken place in the state of New York as is told of by one who fished in Cayuga Lake when a boy.

"Salmon were plentiful and were caught in great numbers in the streams tributary to Cayuga Lake," said this old-timer, recently, when in a reminiscent mood. "The erection of a dam in the Seneca River at Baldwinsville prevented the return of the salmon from salt water, and in a very short

time they had all disappeared from Cayuga Lake and the upper waters of the Seneca River. In those days lake trout were so plentiful that in an hour one could catch all he was able to carry."

Such men should now be the most active in game preservation, and thus in a measure atone for the transgressions of their youth, and not leave to the younger men the entire burden of bearing the sins of their fathers.

Sportsmen in some of the northwestern states believe that in uniform game laws covering certain districts, regardless of state lines, they see the solution of proper game preservation. The promoters of this scheme would divide the country into districts or "concessions" according to the breeding-time of the game found therein, and then, according to the proposed plan, the states within any district would co-operate and enact uniform game laws.

One of the greatest advantages to be derived from such a system would be in stopping the practice of shipping game from one state to sell in another. For instance, it is illegal to ship game out of Minnesota; and it is also illegal to sell game in Illinois that has been killed in the state. To get around these little difficulties, market hunters in Minnesota ship game as poultry, or in any manner possible to evade the law, to commission men in Illinois, who legally sell the game—and also "legally" sell game killed in Illinois, by stating that it was killed out of the state.

In the minds of a great many sportsmen who have given much thought to the matter, there is a conviction that the absolute prohibition of the sale of game must come sooner or later. And the tendency of recent legislation is certainly toward such an ultimatum.

Good Stories Told by Sportsmen.

WHEN a certain Montana Judge was over at White Sulphur Springs last summer, one of the leading merchants there persistently dwelt upon the number of trout a man could catch in a certain stream, at a spot known only to him. He at last succeeded in inducing the Judge to accompany him to this famous spot, first negotiating with a small colored boy to catch a lot of grasshoppers, as there were none to be procured near the stream, and it was impossible to catch the trout without 'hoppers.

"Get small 'hoppers," said the merchant to the little negro.

"Yes-suh," replied the boy enthusiastically as he hastened off to earn the "two-bits" promised.

When the tin box containing the 'hoppers was opened at the stream, only three were found and they were almost as big as curlew.

Of course it was impossible to fish and the

sportsmen returned home disgusted, the enthusiastic host of the occasion being particularly warm under the collar. The first thing he did was to hunt up the colored boy, on whom he began with:

"I thought I told you to get small 'hoppers!'"

"So I did, suh; 'deed I did."

"Does that look like it, you young rapscallion?" replied the angry fisherman, as he opened the box and exhibited the giant 'hoppers.

The boy looked at the contents of the box with well-feigned amazement.

"I done had lots of little ones in dar," he declared, "'deed I did. 'Spect dem big fellers must hab' jest gone tu wuk and eat all dem little ones up."

* * *

The long asphalt boulevard was fairly crowded with wheelmen. The bright sunny afternoon of a legal holiday had brought out thousands of bicycling enthusiasts of both sexes. At the intersection of one of the side streets that cross the most popular wheeling path in the Metropolis, the cyclists were constantly crossing and re-crossing one another's path, and it required some skill to avoid collisions.

A cross-eyed girl in flowing bloomers and another emancipated specimen of her sex, who was fortunate enough to have the full use of both of her eyes, approached each other from opposite directions. There was a crash, a mixture of flying steel, a hysterical shriek and a dull moan as the two fell in a heap, hopelessly mixed with the shattered fragments of their wheels.

A number of bystanders hurried up and helped to unravel the tangled skein. As the unfortunate riders were helped to their feet, the cross-eyed one with a huge tear in her bad eye, snapped out spitefully at the other, who was sorrowfully dusting off her torn bloomers as she gazed sadly at the remnants of her fallen wheel:

"Why don't you look where you're going?"

The rebuke seemed to touch the other to the quick, for she looked once at her *vis-à-vis*, who was really responsible for the accident, and retorted bitterly:

"Why don't *you* go where you're looking?"

* * *

An untechnical writer in an Irish paper not long ago described the three styles of playing football in vogue on the other side in a very original manner. Referring to the Association, Rugby and Gaelic games, he said:

"In the first, you try to kick the ball; in the second, you try to kick the man if you can't kick the ball; and in the third, you try to kick the ball if you can't kick the man. This last sport is often played on a field just

outside of Dublin, and a hospital stands conveniently near to the scene of action. Just beyond the hospital there is a graveyard. Players are often carried direct from the field to the hospital and from the hospital to the graveyard.

"In such fatal cases the surviving members of his team invariably think it necessary to hold a special exhibition game for the benefit of the family of the deceased, thereby endangering many other lives. And thus the game goes merrily on, except when two players are killed in the same game, for this creates obvious embarrassment."

"To See Ourselves as Others See Us."

"I THINK THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE is the finest I ever saw and I enjoy it very much. My wife takes several magazines but she says the SPORTSMAN'S is superior to them all."—C. NICHOLSEN, Omaha, Neb.

"THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, by its highly creditable current issue, should be entitled to the place of rank among the periodicals devoted to sportsmen. It has become a model magazine with nicely printed pages and illustrations not to be beaten in some of the leading monthlies."—THE TIMES-UNION, Albany, N. Y.

"Your magazine is by far the best magazine of its kind I have ever read, and I have read a good many."—FRANK S. GIFFORD, Salem, Mass.

"THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE is an admirable monthly got up in good taste and full of readable matter. It covers a large field, including both big game and on the wing, ice-yachting and other similar sports, including ice-hockey."—THE MORNING HERALD, Lexington, Ky.

"I like your magazine very much."—F. C. MOSIER, Pittston, Pa.

"Last week I accidentally saw the March number of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE and noting the articles on cycling and photography, purchased it. Reading the article on '97 Bicycle Improvements made me feel that that article alone was worth a year's subscription. Harrison's article on 'Photography Without Daylight' confirmed the impression. As I intended to purchase a bicycle and a camera this spring, I feel the want of some periodical that will assist me in getting correct conclusions. I believe that in your periodical I have found just what I need."—F. J. AHLERS, Cincinnati, O.

"THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE is fast taking front rank in the field it has entered. Its articles on hunting are fresh and inviting and the sportsman will find this magazine a monthly visitor thrice welcome. We recommend this magazine to the true sportsman."—THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE, Bozeman, Mont.

EDITORIAL MENTION

NEW YORK has had its horse shows, its dog shows, its flower shows and even its baby shows and cat shows for years, but it has had only three sportsmen's shows, and each has been greater and more popular than its predecessor. The Sportsmen's Exposition last month proved to be a wonderful recruiting agency, for the ranks of the sportsmen—certainly about the Metropolis, if not all over the country—were materially swelled by the healthy leaven sown among the masses that thronged Madison Square Garden for a week. They came in thousands, examined the storehouse of interesting trophies and implements of sport, and went away embryo sportsmen themselves, to a man. The very air was impregnated with the spirit of the woods, of the stream, of the field and of the gymnasium; the healthful doctrine of the open air and the freedom of the forest and stream was fairly infectious. They thronged about the Maine exhibit and instantly wished themselves in Maine; they heard the guides imitate the moose call, and they wanted to go a-hunting; they looked at the big Rangeley trout, and their hearts were enthused over fishing. He would have been made of dull clay indeed who did not fall under the charm!

The Exposition has come and gone and the only regret that is felt is because we must wait a whole year before the next.

* *

THE distinction between sportsmen and "sporting men" was never more clearly defined than last month, when the illegitimate "sport" of prize-fighting attracted so much attention from a certain class of our American citizens. For one of the states of our Union to sell its honor by legalizing that which is illegal in every other state, for the few paltry dollars spent by the disreputable throng of "sports" that

crowded into one of its cities in order to see a prize-fight; for the governor and other high officials of the state to attend the disgraceful exhibition of brutality and even to commend it in the public prints; and last but not least, for the newspapers throughout the country to inflame the lowest element in the American character by their profuse reports of it, stirs up in the breast of ever honest sportsman a feeling of disgust. That these exhibitions are so often miscalled sport is like adding insult to the injury. It matters not who won—THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE would not lower its pages with a record of the result of it—the recent prize-fight in Nevada was a disgrace, firstly, to the people who witnessed it; secondly, to the State of Nevada for permitting without interference that which the governors of other states and the Federal government had gone so far as to order out troops to prevent before; and lastly, to the American public for taking such an interest in a spectacle more demoralizing than either the gladiatorial contests of ancient Greece, or the bull fights of modern Spain.

* *

THE Grand American Handicap of 1897 will long be remembered by American trap-shooters, as the greatest event in the history of the sport. With a list of entries much larger than any ever received at Monte Carlo, Hurlingham, or for the Grand Prix de Paris, and an average of scores quite as good despite the unusually difficult conditions, the fifth annual recurrence of this famous American championship event certainly far outshone any of its predecessors. The winner's straight score of twenty-five birds, in the weather that prevailed during both days of the event, was certainly very clever; while no less than four others killed all of their birds, though the fierce wind and the speed of the pigeons broke their otherwise perfect scores by carrying

one each out of bounds. Congratulations to Mr. T. A. Marshall, Mayor of Keithsburg, Ill., and winner of the Grand American Handicap, are in order, and THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE wishes to be added to the list. Of the professional shooters, Dr. W. F. Carver certainly deserves the greatest praise for his clever work. On the scratch mark (32 yards) and in weather that was certainly more trying to the long-mark men than their rivals, Carver had an unbroken score up to the twenty-fourth bird, a fast incomer with a young gale at its back,

which he killed clean although it was carried out of bounds and scored as lost.

With the prestige of such a success at its back, the Interstate Association's mission of regulating trap-shooting tournaments in America is certainly in good hands. The long-standing abuses from which the sport has suffered have certainly hurt its healthy growth on this side of the Atlantic, and the marked success of the Fifth Grand American Handicap was an even greater triumph for the Interstate Association than for the winner himself.

A FEW FEATURES OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE for May will contain the usual variety of interesting stories and articles on all kinds of sport. While it is not possible to mention even half of the good things that are being planned for this issue, a few of the features are given below :

Ex-President Harrison as a Sportsman, by Alexander Hunter.

The author of this article had the privilege of entertaining General Harrison, when he was President of the United States, as his guest at one of the duck shooting clubs on Currituck Sound, and he has written an interesting article on the Ex-President's interest and experiences in sport.

The Last Chase of Shtall's Greyhound, by James S. Mitchell.

In this clever little piece of fiction, an interesting tale of greyhound coursing in Ireland is well told. It has a touch of pathos, too, in the fatal ending to the plucky chase by a celebrated coursing hound.

With Sharp-Tailed Grouse in Northwest Oregon, by Rollin E. Smith.

It is not so often that so great a variety of experience in sport falls to the lot of one man, as the author of this article has enjoyed. While in the extreme Northwest a few years ago, he spent some time in Oregon, and his sport among the sharp-tailed grouse ranks among the most interesting of his experiences.

The Log of Four Corinthian Yachtsmen, by Herbert A. Barnes.

The second part of this interesting narrative of a two weeks' cruise through Long Island Sound to Newport and back to New York again, will be even more interesting than the first installment in this issue. It will be illustrated from photographs taken on the cruise by one of the party.

Regular Departments.

Vignettes of Sport, Photography for Amateurs, Current Topics and the other regular features of the MAGAZINE, will all be found among the pages of our May number, while a new feature will be inaugurated in the form of prizes for the cleverest descriptions of tours with bicycle and camera.

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the Channel Islands.

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VOL. II. No. 2,

MAY, 1897.

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Long Branch, N. J., March 24 and 25, 1897,

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SNAP-SHOOTING FOR SEA-OTTER.

"For about two seconds the brown spot appears. 'Crack!' And then it disappears before the smoke has drifted a foot from the muzzle."—PAGE 90.

THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE

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No. 2.



OTTER HUNTING OFF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

By Frank H. Gassaway.

IF the reader will glance at a map of the Pacific coast, he will observe an island just opposite Point Concepcion on the southern California coast-line. If he will then turn to the south, he will find a string of ten others extending at irregular intervals down as far as the Bay of Fodos Santos, which is over the Mexican border-line. This string of islands, varying from a few miles in length to nearly thirty, is known as the Channel Islands, for it is between them and the mainland that coastwise steamers ply. They average in distance from the mainland about twenty-seven miles, and their landward sides afford the only entirely wind-protected shores on the whole Pacific sea-line, excepting, of course, its bays and harbors. No matter how the sturdy trade-wind vexes their seaward rocks, the waves that lazily

lap upon the snowy sands of the countless inner bays of the Channel Islands, are always gentle, and the water is always clear.

Only one of these formations, Santa Catalina Island, has any claim to being inhabited, the summer resort of Avalon being situated near its centre and almost directly opposite the port of San Pedro, the sea outlet of Los Angeles. With the exception of an occasional lonely shepherd's ranch on one or two of the larger ones, the rest of these islands remain as they were at creation's dawn, and are given up to the sea-lion and otter hunters.

But should the business-weary lover of sport, either with gun or rod, wish to enjoy a vacation, the keen delights of which would ever abide in his memory; then let him take the train next fall for San

Francisco, and at its wharves let him hire—for I assume that the true sportsman is a yachtsman as well—a comfortable little schooner or sloop, and with a congenial crew and a month's provisions, make the cruise of his life along the leeward side of the Channel Islands—along three or four of them at any rate.

Every kind of marine animal and fish, from the whale to that epicurean dream of fishes, the translucent pompano; from the six-hundred-pound boat-towing Jew-fish (Pacific black sea bass) to the game-cock bonita;—all varieties swarm in the unweeded, air-clear water. And when the voyager lands in one of the many satin-edged coves, he finds plenty of food for powder. Coyotes and red foxes slink through the underbrush; wild goats scamper over the higher rocks; countless rabbits start from the bushes, and endless coveys of wing-disdaining quail hardly strive to elude his steps. He feels like Robinson Crusoe on his primitive island, and in very truth Crusoe's plaintive story was enacted again upon one of these islands, San Nicholas, though minus the man Friday and the happy ending.

But the chief attraction to the visiting sportsman is a game well deserving his best skill—the otter, a yielder of fur worthy a prince's vestment. And it was in quest of this fast-decreasing animal that I started from Santa Barbara, the nearest port to San Nicholas Island, one hazy morning last September. My destination lay only thirty miles to the westward, so a small fisherman's sloop, manned by a crew of three, sufficed for the voyage. The skipper, José, a half Mexican, had a sort of acquaintance with some of the otter hunters, who made occasional visits to the mainland for ammunition and supplies, and I counted much upon his assistance to secure me a footing among the shy and peculiar "otter people."

An early start and a fair wind

brought us abreast of the northernmost point of the island before sundown. Slowly pushing through the outlying bed of kelp, we turned our prow southward and, skirting the shore, kept a sharp lookout for signs of a camp. At last a shadowy column of smoke rewarded our vigilance; the anchor dropped and the small boat transferred us to the beach, where we were startled by the apparition of half a dozen silent and motionless figures regarding us from beneath the bushes.

Two of them came slowly forward, and were accosted by the skipper as "Pedro" and "Juanie," the Mexican equivalents of Peter and John, the first being a "49er," originally from Kentucky, and the other a long-acclimated "Downeaster." The others were Mexicans, or native Californians.

"Can you find room for a traveler for a few days, boys?" asked our skipper, insinuatingly passing his tobacco-pouch.

"What fur?" asked Pedro in a slow and singularly modulated tone, looking dubiously at my rifle and case in the boat.

"I would like to learn something about the otter, and to shoot one, if there's no objection," I ventured.

"Shoot one? Ef yer kin," said the spokesman, while an amused smile went around the circle.

"Of course," I replied. "At any rate I should like to see some of the wonderful shooting they tell me you gentlemen do."

Then there followed a long pipe-puffing silence, but the grim mouth finally relaxed.

"Wall, I guess mebbe we kin manage it," the leader finally murmured, and motioning for the others to carry the luggage, he led the way to the camp. This proved to be a few stone-built, clay-plastered cabins hidden behind a huge boulder, and as little calculated to attract attention from the water as the cleverly concealed lairs of the otters themselves.

The largest cabin was the assembly-room and kitchen, furnished with clumsy home-made chairs and a long table, to one end of which was screwed a gun-vice. A few smoke-faded pictures and rudely stuffed water-birds adorned the walls. Among these decorations appeared a copy of an old newspaper, carefully tacked up on the wall and evidently a rare possession. In a recess near the wide fireplace stood that holiest of holies, the gun-rack loaded with well-cleaned rifles, while in the corner reposed a couple of less-esteemed shotguns of antiquated make.

"I thought mebbe yer were one er them ritin' fellers," drawled the Kentuckian, as he set a bottle and glasses on the table. "There wus one on 'em here wunst, an' he rit somethin' that made 'er lot of people acterly send letters out here axing ef ther shootin' wus good—yes sir, they did," and he knocked the ashes out of his pipe with an aggrieved expression, while I shook my head at this flagrant betrayal of confidence.

"Now, when you goes back, stranger," he continued with an inspiration of commercial sagacity evidently approved by his colleagues; "you can tell 'em over there"—and he jerked his thumb contemptuously toward the mainland—"that there's mighty few otters left, and if many more folks come v'y'ging round here, it's good-bye Mary Jane."

"Don't like civilization, eh?"

"Don't like nuthin'; you can't crowd 'em. Why, I kin remember when you could git otters most anywhere along the main coast in the '50s. I dessay 'Frisco bay even wus onct full uv 'em. An' now where are they, 'cept a few here and 'way up in Alaskey? An' what did it? Some allows it war ther steamboats, but I say it's the humin v'ice. They jest can't stand the humin v'ice. They leaves jest fur why I left my ol' woman in the States—too much talk. Why, a picnic kem over here from Santa Barbara 'bout five years

ago, an' we fell off that season 'bout two hundred pelts." His companions nodded a sympathetic approval as I added a few words of assent to the demoralizing tendencies of picnics.

The small community of which our hosts were members numbered perhaps some two hundred souls, ninety per cent. of whom were men, most of the camps being entirely without women. For nearly two generations, they have maintained a monopoly of their isolated pursuit, and they resent competition with jealous hostility. Their stations, or "camps," are usually about ten miles apart. The inmates, or "crews," are mostly Mexican half-breeds; the rest Americans. These crews are divided into three distinct classes. The least important of these are the "grubbers," who fish and shoot game for food; cook, and salt down the otter skins. Next come the boatmen, all skilled oarsmen; and lastly the "shots" or riflemen. The riflemen are always Americans, who are the magnates of the outfit, as upon their skill the welfare of the whole depends. They fully appreciate their importance, too, and exact a consideration from their partners which is edifying to observe. Although the business is largely a co-operative one, the riflemen are paid twenty per cent. of the catch as well as a bonus of one dollar for each pelt above a certain number secured. A rifleman would consider it a serious loss of caste to touch an oar, lend a hand at launching a boat, or perform any other manual labor.

The shooting is all done from boats, four or five of which are beached in front of each camp. These are home-made affairs, low in the sides, nearly flat-bottomed for convenience in beaching and sliding over the kelp, and each contains the oarsmen, a steersman and a rifleman. Their internal arrangements are somewhat unique, the double purpose of facilitating the marksman and insuring absolute silence being

always kept in view. In the bow where the sharpshooter sits in silent state, there is a low-backed office chair, revolving on a frequently-oiled screw to afford its occupant a quick change of position. Under the bare feet of the crew are spread several old blankets; the oarlocks are covered with generously-greased felt; the oars themselves are oval-bladed, thin-shafted and flexible, while to either side of the sharp bow are fastened strips of fur, the hairy side out, against which the splash of the water is inaudible—all of which truly indicates that the sea-otter relies more upon his hearing than his sight.

A comfortable night's rest in one of the adjoining huts devoted to sleeping-bunks is followed by a substantial breakfast eaten long before "sun-up," and it still lacks an hour of dawn when five silent figures, Pedro, two oarsmen, a steersman and the writer, quietly launch a boat fitted and provisioned over night. Not a word is spoken, not an oar rattles, for even now a venturesome otter may be only a hundred yards away. The writer is stationed on a blanketed box in front of the steersman, the crew melt into their places, the "shot" lifts his hand, and we are off. The lithe blades steal through the water without a drip, the boat slides seaward like a shadow, and the chase has begun.

About three hundred yards from the shore, we see the kelp-line following the curves of the beach like a sleeping serpent. This undulating forest of leaves and forty-foot stems harbors a marine world of its own. It is here that the otter repairs from its rocky lair on the shore, and supported by the giant stems, lies in wait for its finny prey. Our boat is being carefully steered about thirty-five yards from the inner kelp-line, and the rifleman glues his eyes to the oily, greenish surface to seaward, his wide sombrero brim folded in so as to exclude the light from the sides. Now and then he grasps his cocked

rifle tighter, as some pursued flying-fish breaks above the surface, or some bit of kelp lifts itself higher than the rest.

Suddenly, his trained eye catches a sharp swirl in the water ahead. It is the "fluke" made by the swift upward stroke of the startled otter's hind feet, as he forces himself under water in a frantic race for the shore. Now, if the animal would content itself with remaining in the kelp, among those patches of leaves its nose might remain undetected, but its invariable habit is to make a bee-line for headquarters.

Long experience has taught the marksman that in hurrying shoreward the otter must make exactly three dives; he must therefore come to the surface to breathe just twice in his course. The first of these "breaks" is usually within ten yards to the right or left of the boat and about forty yards in front of it. With rifle-butt against his arm, head raised and both eyes wide open—for this is the quickest of all kinds of "snap shooting"—Pedro watches the spot on the water where the slick, pointer-like head should appear.

For about two seconds the brown spot appears. "Crack!" And then it disappears before the smoke has drifted a foot from the muzzle.

"A clean miss." The words are not spoken, but as eloquently telegraphed to the crew by the quick ejection of the empty shell. This is also the signal for the landward oars to hold water, while the others pull hard, and the steersman heads sharply for the shore. The boat slows up as nearly as possible over the locality of the first break, and thus the next shot, though at a distance of from seventy to ninety yards, will have the advantage of being a "line" one. With set face, Pedro leans forward, every muscle at highest tension, and watches a spot about half way between us and a clump of rocks on the shore. Long practice has already informed him of

the condition of the animal as indicated by the length of the first dive, and he could almost spread a blanket over the otter's next breathing-place.

"Crack!" Again the rifle sounds, and this time a fatal flurry in the water proclaims success. And now everything depends on the spurting powers of the oarsmen. The boat

that case, its fur is usually found lacerated by the rocks, or mutilated by the crabs.

Again our course is south, keeping the same prescribed distance from the kelp's margin. A half mile slips by and once more the unceasing scrutiny of Pedro is rewarded. This time it is an easy kill with the first shot, although a few inches miscal-



THE SEA-OTTER AT HOME.

fairly flies through the water. Just in time! Leaning over the bow, Pedro seizes the feebly fighting prize and deftly twists it aboard. Next to killing, it is most important to retrieve the game at once, for the otter sinks immediately when dead. True, in from five to eight days—even sooner in easterly weather—the animal would be washed ashore, but in

culatation by the steersman almost loses us the otter. Pedro misses his plunge, and the sinking quarry's tail is seized by the writer, at the expense of a sleeve wet to the armpit, a proceeding that raises me immeasurably in the estimation of the silently applauding crew.

Then follow within a distance of about six miles, four more trophies

of Pedro's skill ; two to the first and as many to the second shot, with only one entire failure at the longer distance. When this occurs, the lucky animal is permitted to escape until another opportunity, though that will not occur for a whole year, if my hosts are to be believed. But successful or otherwise, not a sound is heard and our dumb boat silently wheels and speeds along on its stealthy quest.

Ten miles and ten o'clock. The sun is beginning to warm to its work. The otters have left their foraging-grounds and the boat is turned to the shore. Here a well-earned siesta is enjoyed during the long wait before the second or "supper-time shoot" arrives. This is broken at noon by a lunch none the less hearty for being eaten in a silence that might be envied by a brotherhood of monks. This is "still hunting" carried to the perfection of a science, and their long training in the art of avoiding unnecessary noise gives an almost uncanny effect to the movements of my hosts. Not a knife or a dish rattles ; objects are lifted up or laid down with the noiseless precision of a juggler manipulating eggs, and all in the unconscious execution of long-fixed habit.

At six o'clock, the return trip is begun and results in two more additions to our store of pelts. The spectral steersman, José, relaxes enough to whisper as we approach camp, that our score for the day is "six singles, five doubles, and a *carambo*," the first two expressions indicating the number of cartridges used by the shooter, and the last the proper term for an exasperating miss.

And as the shadows deepen, our boat grates upon the home beach, and the tired crew step again over the side. And thus from day to day, the tireless quest goes on through the season, just the same—if my simple hosts but knew it—and for the same end that inspires the busy toilers on the dim shores that lie to

the eastward. But who shall say that the peaceful dwellers in these sylvan solitudes have not the happier lot? And what true sportsman is there who would not envy the proud "shot" who, as he replaces his rifle in the mess-room rack and fills his well-earned pipe, answers the mute inquiry of his mates with a monosyllabic "eight" or "ten," as the case may be, to denote the success of his day's hunt.

It was not until after three probationary voyages like this that, as an exceptional mark of favor, I was allowed to occupy the "shot's" seat for one trip. It was, as pure luck would have it, a case of the new broom that sweeps clean. Not only were the otters unusually plentiful on the kelp that day, for it was dark and overcast, but by the aid of some very arduous recent practice at fancy rifle-shooting, I was enabled to achieve a total of thirteen kills out of seventeen chances. This was all done at short range, for I discreetly refrained from even trying the longer distance.

The fact was subsequently developed, and is interesting as illustrating the mechanical education of the muscles, that while the otter experts shoot with marvelous precision at the two distances required for their marksmanship, they are most ineffectual at greater ranges. It is doubtful if they could make any showing at 250 or 500 yards, and a description by the writer of a long-range match and its score was received by the campers with amused incredulity.

The effectiveness of what they considered a toy gun produced a profound impression upon my hosts, to whom its comparatively faint report was a great recommendation. They examined with great curiosity the modern rifle and smokeless-powder cartridges which I carried, and for some time it baffled their reason to understand how a bullet could be fired from a gun without powder and with so little sound.

AN ARTIST AMID CATSKILL TROUT STREAMS

By Julian Rix.

THERE is an old saying that when the dogwood blossoms, then it is time for the angler to get out his rods, look over his flies, and prepare for the stream. Long before the blossoms commence to bud, no doubt, he will have sought out some kindred spirit, and together they will have talked over flies and leaders, and a hundred other topics dear to the heart of a fisherman; lived over again the victories, deplored the defeats, and hoped that the big beauty that was lost last season, is still to be found at his home under a certain big rock in the deep pool.

The experienced angler may think he knows where that wary old trout lies; he may think he knows how to catch him, but the truth is, he may cast and cast until the cows come home, and that is all the good it will do. He may cast the fly on the water with a thud, and strike a fish. He may cast it as light as a thistle-down, and not get a rise. Even after his fly has lighted on the water, the trout may gently turn a little somersault and present his glowing sides to the eye, not only once or twice, but many times. The angler may have all the art of an Isaak Walton, or a Seth Green, and then never get him. Again, he may go out at a most inopportune time, with a fly that is against all ethics in fishing lore, and yet fill his basket. The question sometimes arises in a fisherman's mind whether or not the trout knows what he wants. It seems to be a matter of his personal pleasure; if he wants to, he will, and if he doesn't want to, he will not.

In order to appreciate the beauties of trout fishing, let it be understood from the first, that a really good trout stream, with all the trimmings, has a bottom to it, as wading in it

will soon prove. It is like walking over a Connecticut stone wall, and no exaggeration at that. When you look upon the stream, and see under the shadow of the trees the water with its dancing ripples, it seems placid and lovely. When it comes to wading, however, and you carefully pick your way along, the water nearly to your knees, you step suddenly into a hole. You go in up to your waist, you flounder around—very likely get in up to your neck, basket and waders filled with water. You feel that the bottom has slid from under you, and the sky disappears for a second. You come up to find your rod sailing merrily down the stream; you crawl to the bank and tip yourself upside down at an angle of forty-five degrees to get the water out of your waders; and then you begin to realize that there are other things in trout fishing besides casting a fly. But such incidents are what help to give you health, you know; they are the unpleasant things that make you appreciate more fully every moment of the sport.

It is all very well to talk about the number of catches and the full creels taken home, but on the Beaver Kill, up among the Catskills, the minimum is nearer the average than the maximum, taking it all in all. But it is not the number or the size of the fish that measures the angler's appreciation of the sport. It is the glorious outdoor life that breeds good health and the beauties of his surroundings. Every turn of the stream has something to interest you. The sunlight seems brighter, the air clearer, the delicate tints of the foliage more beautiful, and the water more sparkling.

There must be some medicinal quality that comes from the virgin earth of the region around the Beaver



A GLIMPSE OF THE BEAVER KILL, A CATSKILL, TROUT STREAM.
(From the original painting by HILMAN BIRCH.)

Kill that renders this water so pure and sweet. Almost every little farmhouse among the mountains has its spring of running water. It is generally conducted by pump logs to the house; but sometimes where the stream is larger, it is carried direct into the milk house, where it churns the butter and helps in a general way to make life more pleasant for the average inhabitant. In one old farmhouse, it used to be my custom to go out many times each day and catch a glass of this cool, sparkling water from under the spout, and this tonic of Nature seemed to have the effect of rejuvenating my whole system. I felt brighter, I developed an enormous appetite, and nothing depressed my spirits—not even the coffin-plate in the “best” room, which was so beautifully framed in hair and covered by the green glass in a black “shadow-box.”

After a hard day's sketching or fishing, even coffin-plates do not trouble the average worker on the stream. As soon as the waders of the fisherman are discarded for slippers, the bell rings for supper, and in come the fine trout fried to a crisp in corn meal; then fresh spring butter, fresh milk and cream. When the evening pipe follows the wholesome dinner, he feels at rest with the whole world, and before the hands of the clock point toward eight, concludes that bed is the best place for him, and rests in dreamless slumber until morning.

It is a constant wonder to me why more people do not take to the gentle art of angling. For a tired-out brain, there seems to be nothing like it, for the casting of the fly, the taking care of his legs, the all-absorbing enjoyment in which he is engaged, tend to make it simply impossible for the fisherman to think of anything excepting that which is immediately before him, much less to worry about business. Two weeks of this for a man whose nerves are worn out with the constant strain of thinking and

working will simply transform him into a different being, and when he returns to the city, he will have something to think of with pleasure for weeks to come.

In regard to the artistic environments of the Beaver Kill, I must say that for sketching, either in the early spring or late autumn, I have never seen a stream with more beautiful effects for outdoor work. All along its banks there is a succession of pictures for the painter. Firs, maples, white birches, beeches, elms and majestic oaks are bound together as a whole with wonderful reaches of fields and hillsides visible between, and these are but stepping-stones to mountains beyond. The stream is as clear as crystal in its magnificent eddies, and as the water rushes over the rocky bottom of the stream, it forms waves that curl and break, while the sunshine plays through the budding leaves of the overhanging trees that line both banks. It is an everchanging panorama of beauty that directly appeals to the painter, and furnishes him with never-ending material.

The Beaver Kill joins the Williewemock after a little journey through these attractive surroundings, and in the larger stream there is often good fishing. The spirit moved us one day to try it, so we all piled into the buckboard and drove over to the little village upon its banks. Being unfamiliar with it, we induced a young man whose first name was Hiram, to go with us and show us the best part of the stream to fish. Hiram is a piece-worker in a mill close by, which, in the order of things, pleases him, because he is not obliged to keep any particular hours. As long as he can make enough money to pay his small board bill, and have a little spending money besides, he is perfectly happy, and at peace with the world.

You never see Hiram on the street of the little village without the inevitable flies sticking out all over

his soft hat. I really believe he puts them in front of him on the bench to look at, for encouragement during the few hours he toils, before going to the stream. Whether it rains or shines, he is always ready for fishing. When we drove into the village, I started on a still hunt for Hiram, and soon finding him, suggested that he go with us. He thought he had to work, but would go and see—which meant that Hiram got his rod and outfit together rapidly, and climbing into the buckboard, was soon holding forth upon the varieties of flies and the proper ones to use for the day.

Following the river downward for about ten miles, we put the horses up at a little wayside hotel, and took to the stream half a mile further down. The river was very wide where we started in, but Hiram directed us to keep in the middle of the stream, and look out for deep holes if we didn't wish to get in over our necks. We waded along, casting here and there, and occasionally getting a rise, until we had gone about half a mile, when we drew in toward the shore. The others left us then, but Hiram winked significantly at me and we loitered behind.

A long row of stubby willows hung over the river, lining its banks for quite a distance, and through a break in the trees we could see a little brook tumbling down the mountain. It was one of the many feeders that joined its forces with the Williewemock, and was the home of the smaller fry that were only waiting to grow big enough to join their larger brothers in the big river, but whose span of life would be short indeed if those same relatives got hold of them before.

Trout have a peculiarity of seeking the coldest water that they can find, especially along in June, when the sun beats down so terrifically in the middle of the day. When the brook strikes the river, it runs out two or three rods, and then is

caught by the current and carried along the banks until the colder water has mingled so thoroughly with that of the river that its temperature becomes the same. Just below where the brook comes in, under the shadows close to the shore in the colder water, lie the schools of trout with their heads pointing up stream and almost motionless.

Wading silently until within about forty feet of the shore, and occasionally getting a rise, we could see that they were beginning to jump, and just before the sun went down behind the big mountain, the water was literally alive with them, splashing under our very noses. They would play with the fly, jump at it and roll over, but never take it.

Hiram was nearly out of his mind. I could hear him growl: "Darn 'em, what's the matter with 'em?" His hat looked like a variegated crazy quilt, so full was it of the many-colored flies that he had tried unsuccessfully.

We faithfully worked until dusk, but not a fish came to our nets. It was a most beautiful but aggravating sight, to look down that long reach of water and see them jump clear from the water, sometimes a foot or more, turning complete somersaults, and doing it just for fun and sheer mischief. In fact, they were taking their afternoon exercise, preparatory to going to bed. In the ponds down in Maine, they play tag around the lily-pads, and if you drop a fly lightly beside an isolated one, you will almost always get a rise.

Wet and hungry, we gave it up at last, and climbed up the bank out of the river, turning our faces toward the hotel. For our long day's fishing we had not a trout to show, but we had enjoyed it nevertheless, and when we had exchanged our dampness for dry clothes and had something warm to take the chill off, we soon forgot our misfortunes and were ready to try the same thing over again the next day.



TROUT FISHING IN A CATSKILL STREAM.

THE CLAN-WILLIAM COURSING MATCH.

By James S. Mitchell.

IT was the morning of All-Fools' Day, and the date of the annual coursing match of the district of Clan-William. The scene of the gathering was the little village of Emly, in a valley among wild and rugged surroundings. Not a breath of air was stirring and the columns of blue smoke that curled upward from the chimneys of the thatched cabins appeared to lean like tapering spires against the clouds. Close by, the river Camogue babbled on toward the sea, while the valley was lent a desolate shade by the snow-capped peaks of Galtimore frowning down from their heights above.

It was an ideal day for a coursing match, and the people for miles around had come to see the sport. Everyone from lord to laborer was interested in the meet, and aristocrat and plebian jostled each other to catch a view of the hounds. Every locality had its dog and each dog had a following of admirers. Of course, there were rumors of "dark horses;" but the students of "form" seemed to be satisfied with the knowledge that Shawn Shtall would allow his dog Scelper to go to the slip. As the morning passed and the hour of noon approached, neither Scelper nor his owner had put in an appearance and a little anxiety was felt, though the chase was not to start until they came, no matter how long the spectators should have to wait. Then, too, every one wanted to see Scelper at the leash, for it was believed that there would be a chase well worth waiting to see.

The history of the meet, like that of a great many other events in Celtic life, was of mythical origin. It was this way: Some years prior to this particular Fools' Day, a snow-white hare suddenly made its appearance near the village. Again and again the

hare had been chased; greyhounds, foxhounds, beagles and terriers—in fact, almost every dog in the surrounding country had had a trial, but always with the same result. No matter how long the chase lasted nor where the hare was driven, the dogs returned dead beaten, while the object of their chase could be found, in the Rath next morning ready for another run.

It was not long before the hare was regarded by the susceptible peasantry as supernatural, and some of the local oracles in fairy lore declared it to be the spirit of Meav, a pagan queen coming from Tir-na-ogue (land of youth), to revisit the scenes of her earthly frolics. Consequently it was thought to be bad luck to anyone who should chase her—except on one day each year, the first of April, when she might be run without fear. This was how the Clan-William coursing match originated, and it was ten years old at the time of which I write. There had never been any other hare than the white one chased on that day.

For the last two or three years, it had been a continued source of vexation to the enthusiasts that Shawn Shtall would never consent to allow Scelper a chance at the hare. Scelper had an unbeaten record; no hare, rabbit or other species of four-footed game had ever escaped from him. His method of killing, too, was still more wonderful, for he always waited for some hawthorne hedge or rail fence, and as the animal cleared it, Scelper, with one prodigious spring, would land on his prey. Shawn, the master of this prodigy, had once been an industrious farmer. Having no incumbrances and being a comely, well-shaped fellow, many a bright colleen yearned to make him happy in the holy bonds of wedlock. However,

he roamed fancy free for a time, but in the end the usual fate overtook him, and he was ensnared by the wiles of a dark-haired, blue-eyed daughter of the soil. The course of love ran smoothly enough until in an evil hour a change was made at the district police barracks; then the brass buttons and blond hair of one of the new officers were too much for feminine weakness, and six months afterward, Shawn's first flame was the wife of Her Majesty's sergeant, Mike McFadden.

Shawn felt the disappointment keenly, and from constant brooding on the subject he became thriftless and intemperate. He was more often to be found in the saloon than on his farm, and as a result he was one day dispossessed by the sheriff; the only four-footed beast allowed to remain with him was his greyhound, Scelper. Being of an independent nature, Shawn would not beg assistance from any one, but built a mud hut on the side of Galtee mountain and commenced his wild career.

During one of his frequent periodical visits to the village Shawn had declared his intention of allowing his dog to chase the white hare on Fools' Day. The report had gone for miles around and it was this that brought together such an anxious crowd of spectators on that April morning. A general lookout was kept in the direction from which he was expected, and soon after Shawn, with Scelper ambling behind him, sauntered leisurely into the crowded thoroughfare.

They were certainly a strange-looking pair. Shawn was tall, gaunt and powerful, unshaven and long-haired. Under his arm, he carried a stout shillalah, and his air was that of a rollicking, devil-may-care sort of fellow that gave one the impression that he was both droll and dangerous. He wore a straw hat that had survived the greater part of its rim and crown; his coat reached almost to his heels and in it were many rents.

This with a coarse shirt, open at the throat; knee-breeches, unfastened at the knees; long, gray worsted stockings and heavy brogues, completed his costume.

The dog was almost as great a curiosity. He was a powerful dark-red greyhound, though not a specimen of grace and beauty; but if ever a dog was built for speed and staying qualities, Scelper was that dog. He had a broad, supple back of enormous muscular development that rose on either side of the spine, lying far forward and set well into the shoulder-blades. His legs were full of muscle, and his thighs were of great size, indicating exceptional strength as a jumper.

On the arrival of the pair, there was a general move for the rath, and very soon the grounds where the hare was supposed to be were surrounded. A clear space was left in front and here the pack of hounds was drawn up, Scelper among the others. They numbered twenty-five, and a finer assortment of canine blood never started for a Waterloo Cup. A slipper was allotted to each dog, with orders not to let go until the word was given. During all the commotion the hare was still concealed in the rath.

Finally, all was ready, and two fellows with stout wattles struck the bushes a few times and gave a wild hurroo. As the hare bounded out upon the turf, she appeared to be nearly as large as one of the dogs. Her great ears were lying back over her snow-white fur, and though she started at once on her course, she seemed in no particular haste and quite unconcerned at the presence of the crowd and the prancing dogs. She had a start of about two hundred yards when the word was given and the dogs bounded off as if shot from a catapult.

Scelper appeared to be in no hurry and lagged carelessly in the rear, now and then shaking his head as if only warming up like a race-horse in a

preliminary canter. It was only a few minutes before the dogs were out of sight, but several lookouts from the treetops reported their progress from time to time. The dogs did not gain much and all kept in a bunch, flying over hedges and ditches like swallows over chimney-pots. After ten minutes had elapsed, the watchers reported that dogs and hare had disappeared from their view, and then nothing remained but to wait.

Half an hour flew by and four of the dogs returned. During the next hour other dogs continued to come in, one by one, each appearing crest-fallen and beaten as he trotted along dejectedly with tail hanging at half mast. In contrast to the shining coats of the morning, their bodies were bespattered with mud, torn by brambles and streaked with blood. Another hour passed and the shades of evening were beginning to hide the distant outline of the Galtees. All of the dogs but Scelper had put in an appearance, and the spectators began to stroll toward the village, declaring that it was useless to wait longer, for Scelper was surely dead and the hare had probably received such a scare that she would quit the neighborhood forever. But no persuasion could induce Shawn to go to the village. He would wait there till midnight, he said, for "dead or alive, Scelper will come back to where he left me."

The twilight had fallen and the public houses were full of men discussing the chase, when a shout broke up the parties, and in an instant every one was in the street. The hare with one hound at her scut was seen in the dim light approaching the rath. The dog was Scelper, and round the rath they coursed, the hare vainly trying to shake off her demon-like pursuer. Finding that dodging was useless, she took a straight course, jumped the fence into the road leading to the village and then had a level run for a quarter of a mile.

On she came with Scelper about two yards behind her, and every second the villagers expected to see the dog's powerful jaws close on her back. Up the street they flew, the crowd forming a line on either side, and not a man raised a stick or a stone against the hare. They wanted to see the finish, for such a finish was to be seen only once in a lifetime. Dog and hare were both nearly done, but the determination and pluck of the terrier in the greyhound's breeding was now showing itself.

At the end of the street, where the road curved sharply there stood a wall. The hare took it grandly, but she had barely touched the turf before the hound, which had concentrated all his remaining strength into one mighty effort, came down fairly on top of her, his powerful jaws closing on her spine with a fierce snap. He gave her three or four wicked shakes, then tossed the limp body into the air and caught it descending, shook it again, and then viciously flung it to the earth. But even as he stood glaring at his prey as the last spasmodic sign of life left it, blood gushed from his nostrils, and the poor hound, stretching out his neck, uttered a long, plaintive whine, staggered toward the hare, and fell across her body, dead.

It was a weird, pathetic termination to the day's sport, and the crowd that had proclaimed the brave dog's victory with a shout, witnessed his death in sorrowful silence. But Shawn did not offer a single murmur; he took off his long coat, wrapped it around his faithful companion, the tears meanwhile coursing down his furrowed cheeks, and started for the lonely mountainside.

Behind his cabin where the winds howl in winter and the heath-bells bloom in spring, a little mound of earth is marked by a rough wooden cross on which is rudely scratched the simple words:

"SCELPER'S GRAVE."

✦ THE LOG OF FOUR CORINTHIAN YACHTSMEN ✨

BY HERBERT A. BARNES.



Part II.—Clinton to Newport and back to Stonington.

EARLY on Tuesday, the fourth day of our cruise through Long Island Sound, the crew of the *Irene* were awakened to the pleasures and pains of another day by the noisy skipper, who routed out the men, telling off His Nibs and Bones for the water and ice, to the intense satisfaction of Lazy. They foraged ashore successfully, and returned with a full supply. Finally everything being ready, up went our jib and mainsail again, and before even the country village was fairly awake, away we scudded with a W. S. W. breeze, the Captain said, although it seemed to Bones more like a P. D. Q. one.

By noon the Ram's Island Lightship was spoken, and then it was decided to run for Stonington, which was reached in less than an hour, thus leaving a long stretch of "land-lubbing" to look forward to for the rest of the day. It was thoroughly appreciated, too, for a delightful afternoon on shore, after four whole days at sea, was a welcome change. The crew turned in early, four o'clock being the time announced for the following day's start, on what was to be a run of thirty miles to

Newport, with no friendly harbor or possible anchorage between. Fortunately, the usual offenders did not keep the others awake by shying at each other articles that came within their reach, or talking each other almost to death, which was another playful little way they had.

Sunrise next morning found four sleepy men rubbing as many pairs of eyes, and half an hour later the *Irene* was under way, though with a very moderate breeze. Everyone was in good humor, despite the lack of sleep, and poor Bones had lain awake all night again with his sun-burned ears. By six o'clock, we had crawled up to the Stonington break-water light, and then a beautiful calm settled over the sea, and over everything else but the Captain—he was anything but placid in temper. And oh, the things that he said!

However, he eventually remembered the virtue of throwing a penny overboard in order to raise the wind, and after vainly endeavoring to borrow, he took one of his own and overboard it went as a peace offering to the Goddess of the Winds. This act was accompanied by an awe-inspiring invocation to old Neptune;

and to make assurance doubly sure, Bones was commanded to scratch the mast, while Lazy vigorously waved a fan, and His Nibs whistled aloft. These incantations did not take effect at once, although the Captain tried to convince himself that his charm had acted all right.

Slowly the morning passed with nothing eventful happening, other than witnessing a magnificent display of yachts of every imaginable size, shade and description; and it was

racing for the most fashionable seaport in the United States, and it required some expert seamanship to get the *Irene* into line. Had it not been for the guidance of Bones, who had been to the town before—by train—something might have happened. The wind-raising efforts had at last borne fruit, and the crew congratulated themselves that five cents had not been chipped in; for as it was, they nearly cut in two several large steam yachts when within a



READY TO GO ASHORE AT NEWPORT.

noticed with pride that the *Irene* was the smallest boat to attempt the somewhat risky thirty-mile run without any available haven of safety. After passing Point Judith, the breeze freshened, and then the yacht commenced to "get a gait on" herself, making Brenton's Reef by one o'clock. This was a signal for dinner, followed by the inevitable washing-up business.

By the middle of the afternoon every boat in sight seemed to be

very short distance of the anchorage. By way of equalizing things, a huge schooner-rigged yacht came dangerously near cutting souvenirs away from the *Irene's* stern, but by sheer-ing off in time, the owner was fully \$200 in pocket, for our Captain charges very high for these little relics. Being, of course, in the right and virtuous path at all times he was maintaining his way according to the "rules of the road" and had fully planned to charge anyone who

ran us down, for any damage they caused.

A safe anchorage was finally made, and for the next half hour the crew were lost in admiration of the wonderful panorama of boats. They swarmed in all directions, and were of all kinds, from the dirtiest little row-boat out for business, up through the whole gamut, even to a French man-of-war. The cannon-saluting was deafening, for it was at such close quarters, and almost incessant, so frequent were the arrivals.

Every one was soon ready for shore, but the anticipated pleasure did not materialize, for the Captain and First Mate. returned to the yacht tired out before nine o'clock, and left the others ashore. So it happened that about eleven o'clock Lazy and Bones commenced trying to find the right dock. This did not prove to be an easy task in the dark, for there were scores of yachts, each looking like the next, and they had not the name of the pier to guide them. Finally the wanderers had the good fortune to meet the steward of a neighboring yacht, and he very kindly rowed them out, after some difficulty in finding where the *Irene* lay.

The Captain did not seem to appreciate being aroused just to be told that the crew were safe, but soon all were soundly sleeping, only to be suddenly awakened by a terrible commotion, apparently in all the four quarters of the globe. Bones rushed out just in time to witness the Captain frantically staving off a large sloop-yacht that threatened to carry the *Irene's* bowsprit away; and Bones was immediately kept busy dallying with a tremendous cat-boat that was trying to stove a hole in the *Irene's* port quarter, while the sleepy crews were yawning on the decks and wondering what the trouble was.

One full day was devoted to "doing" Newport, and it was then unanimously voted that a move onward be made the next day. So that



TRYING TO RAISE THE WIND.

by five o'clock on the morning of the eighth day, "All hands on deck!" from the Captain, caused Bones, in a half-asleep condition, to pop his head out of his "state-room." Taking the order too literally, he placed his hands on the "upper floor," when smash, came the Captain's number tens. No sympathy was evinced by the others for this prompt obedience to orders, and it was really discouraging to Bones, especially as the rest seemed to think it funny.

The order was now given to get under way, an early start being desirable, as the homeward passage was expected to be in exact opposition to the kind of outward run made at this season of the year, and as it had been a very good all-round trip so far, a somewhat tedious and difficult return was expected. The start was hardly perceptible, and was principally tide-work at that, and so slow that the younger members of the crew had time to wear out three handkerchiefs each in waving adieus to a certain group of young ladies in the distance. By noon the last breath of air had died out entirely. After some consideration, a committee of

the four was appointed, to consider the question of a return, and it was carried unanimously.

It was agreed, however, that Stonington must be reached next day, and accordingly the Captain and First Mate were busy "upstairs" at five o'clock, trying to raise the wind, or something. An hour or so later Lazy and Bones turned over for "five minutes more," and at the end of their five minutes it was eight o'clock, but how the clock hands got around to that hour is still a mystery. The *Irene* had long been under way, how-

ever, for the Captain and His Nibs had weighed anchor and set sail. The wind was light and the progress was slow, until Fort Adams was passed, soon after which we ran into a fog that necessitated tooting of a horn. At nine, things were worse and presently all hands were considerably startled by hearing breakers on the starboard quarter, but it was too misty to make out

the land. The fog lifted somewhat, so that in another hour Brenton's Reef was reached, and with it came a clearer atmosphere and a fresh southwest breeze.

When opposite Narragansett Pier it was decided to take in the topsail, as things were gradually getting livelier. Fifteen minutes later Point Judith was sighted, and then the advisability of reefing was discussed. We decided not to further shorten sail, however, and at noon with His Nibs at the wheel, the *Irene* was flying along on the port tack, with the

dingey behind riding the short, choppy waves very well indeed. The sky was one vast expanse of dim blue relieved here and there by a few white clouds. The wind freshened so that it was necessary to stow away and wedge up all portable articles, while the crew held on like grim death.

About one o'clock a standing lunch was eaten in the cockpit, cooking being out of the question, the boat tossed and plunged so. It was an exciting run, and the miseries of calms and wind-raising were for-

gotten by all on board, in their keen enjoyment of it. The afternoon sailing required skilful management, and the *Irene* was well handled by those two veteran sea-dogs—our Captain and First Mate, whose united ages would hardly make forty years. The sky had clouded up and looked so threatening that we all donned our oilskins.

Bones was soon commissioned to "man the pump,"

a very necessary duty, for the water came in over the sides almost as fast as it could be forced out, and had already partly soaked the sleeping-kit, on the starboard side. As the afternoon advanced, it grew chilly, and the yachtsmen, shivering in their wet clothes, were glad enough when the point at Watch Hill was rounded at six o'clock, and the bell buoy, with its funereal notes was passed without our splitting any of the rocks which are so numerous just there.

A short run then and we entered



HIS NIBS.



THE IRENE'S CREW IN ROUGH WEATHER.

harbor, and the anchor was at last "let go" at just seven o'clock. Lazy and Bones were at once deputed to scour the city of Stonington for a loaf of bread, but their bread-getting mission was a failure, for it was Sunday evening and the town seemed deserted.

After a fruitless ramble through the city streets the foraging party returned to the landing. Several

lusty hails finally woke the Captain from his doze and His Nibs rowed the dingey ashore for us.

"Four bells" had just been chimed out from several neighboring yachts when the crew turned in for a well-earned rest. After the fatigue of the day, even Bones's sunburned ears were forgotten and all slept the sleep of the weary.

WITH SHARP-TAILED GROUSE IN OREGON.

By Rollin E. Smith.

EVERY sportsman has had visions of a place where game is as abundant as in the favored spots he reads about and has heard "old settlers" tell of. Many a gunner goes through life sorrowfully lamenting the sinfulness of old settlers and writers who tell of game so abundant that it is no sport to kill it, and of certain localities where, day after day, the hunter shoots and shoots to his heart's content. In my youthful days I looked forward to the time when the joys of the field and the forest should be mine, but in those childish visions game was always as plentiful as in the stories that I read. Little did I dream then of tramping all day for two or three ruffed grouse, nor think that half a dozen prairie-chickens for a day's shoot would be a bountiful success.

But as the years passed and many happy days were spent in the field, even though game was not plentiful, I thought less and less of youthful ideas of big bags. In fact, it finally dawned upon me that a great number of birds was not necessary to make a man happy, and that some men can find more genuine pleasure and a far greater degree of enlightened sport in killing a few birds than others could in slaughtering half a hundred. Although this happy condition of mind was reached some years ago, there was still an occasional longing to find hunting grounds where game was as plentiful as the early settlers in the western states found it.

Little did I think that during the year of 1895 my wanderings would take me to a corner of the earth where small game existed in numbers simply beyond belief. But it did, and there I found several members of the grouse family, though the prevailing numbers were the prairie-chickens of the far West, the sharp-tailed grouse. This bird is found as far east as northern Wisconsin, and in fair numbers in northern Minnesota and Manitoba, where he is commonly thought to be the same as the pin-nated grouse or eastern prairie-chicken. But the sharp-tail is not

really at home much this side of the Rocky Mountains, while from there west to the coast ranges he entirely takes the place of his eastern cousin.

It happened that late in the summer of '95 I was in the sage-brush country of northeastern Oregon, where one might travel for a hundred miles or more under the im-

pression that alkali dust and sage-brush was all that the land contained. To think of game in such a country would be to look for the impossible, one would think. Yet even here there are fertile valleys through which streams flow, and back where these creeks reach into the higher ranges of hills, where their banks are skirted with timber and bushes, and the valleys are dotted with thorn-apple trees, the sharp-tailed grouse makes its home.

In traveling through some of these valleys by wagon about the first of



SHARP-TAILED GROUSE—COCK
AND HEN.

September, I was astonished not only at the numbers of grouse seen along the roadside, but at their tameness as well. They were mostly young birds that had spread out over the valleys like grasshoppers, and had yet to learn the terrors of gunpowder and horrible man. Of course the popping of guns along the road was frequent, but the poor innocents did not know what the noise meant.

Later in the month, when the birds had become strong of wing and vigorous flyers, I made arrangements to stay at a ranch in one of the little valleys, to shoot for a few days. This ranch was reached in the evening, and I was somewhat disappointed to find that the rancher, with whom I expected to hunt, was away, but he would be back the next day. He had not returned by morning, and I did not wish to lose any time, so decided to try it alone and without a dog, for the rancher's Gordon setter was with him.

As I started down the little valley that early September morning, I really pitied the dwellers east of the mountains or along the moist coastline. The cool, dry and invigorating morning air of the desert-country has something about it that makes exercise a delight, and the sun is intensely bright in that clear atmosphere, while the sky is so blue that an artist from the gray-domed Atlantic states would declare the color to be unnatural. Such were the conditions as I walked along the brown hills a little back from the stream, with its green fringe of bushes that watered the valley.

Early in the morning the grouse came out of their retreats in the bushes along the stream to feed in the stubble-fields, and the cover was so short that in the first field entered I saw fully a hundred birds scattered about. But the field was so open that they rose in one large flock long before I was within range, and went down again across the field at the foot of the abrupt hill that skirted the open

ground on that side. Before I could get near them, the birds again took flight, this time flying along the edge of the field until they disappeared around a point of the hill almost a quarter of a mile away.

The hill was covered with broken lava and overgrown with sage-brush which extended down to the stubble; and as the grouse were apparently settling as they rounded the point, I felt sure of finding them in better cover than the stubble afforded. Following at the foot of the hill, the point was scarcely passed when a bird rose and started up the hill, a few feet above the sage-brush. This one was quickly followed by another; then came the fluttering wings of half a dozen birds that rose twenty yards away, all of them going up the hill. Quickly selecting one, I at once brought my gun to bear on him, and at the report of the nitro powder he dropped in a heap into the sage-brush. Another shell was instantly worked into the repeater and at the second shot another grouse dropped. Now a dozen birds rose with a great fluttering and clucking, and without removing the gun from my shoulder, I fired three shots; but in my over anxiety to make a clean score, only one bird fell.

As soon as the magazine could be refilled, some grouse that were seen running in the sage-brush were followed. They scattered and ran in every direction and I followed and flushed them, one after another, acting as my own bird-dog until satisfied that all the birds had been flushed. Then came the laborious part of such shooting, and I longed for a retriever; for although my birds had been marked down as closely as possible, it was fully half an hour before they were all recovered. Only twelve birds for twenty-four empty shells! But then, it was a new gun and I was out of practice—thus I excused myself.

While standing by the pile of game, meditating on the uncertainties of

life, a stray grouse came along and lit on a fence near by. I had just one shell left, so it would be an even thing, I thought, and I advanced straight for the bird. When within twenty yards he sprang into the air with the familiar "cluck-cluck-cluck," and was off with a burst of speed that made me almost regret not having potted him on the fence. It was a right-quartering shot, clearly outlined against the sky, and as the gun was whirled in ahead of him and the trigger pressed, through the faint puff of smoke I could see the bird, stricken in mid-air, come whirling to the ground, and roll over and over from its own momentum. It was a fitting climax to a splendid morning's shoot.

On returning to the ranch about noon, I was pleased to find that John, the rancher, had returned, and at dinner I proceeded to get better acquainted with my host. He proved to be a rough, hearty old fellow, and if he "eternally damned" everything, by way of emphasis, several times during the meal, his good wife took it as a matter of course—and I did, too. But John was a thorough sportsman, and had a good gun and a fine dog—two things hardly expected fifty miles from the railroad. Moreover, John was a fine shot and delighted to talk of guns and shooting, and as he took a great fancy to my repeating shotgun, I agreed to lend it to him for the afternoon's shoot. The smokeless powder was also new and very interesting to the old rancher.

The sun was hot through the middle of the day, so we waited until toward four o'clock before starting out. John shouldered my repeater and I took his seven-pound twelve-gauge, and with the setter capering on ahead, we started for a small stream that ran through the middle of the fields. John assured me that the birds were in the habit of coming to the stream and the shade for the heat of the day, and that we would

be certain of finding some without much trouble. We crossed a small field and soon came to the creek where the bank was ten or twelve feet high on our side, but low and covered with small willows on the opposite side.

"There are some, now," said my companion, pointing to twenty or more birds running about in the tall grass across the creek. "Go on, Jack ; up with 'em !"

The dog had scarcely started down the bank when a hen grouse took wing and sounded the alarm—cluck-cluck-cluck. She was closely followed by a dozen young birds. Quickly raising my gun, I followed a grouse for an instant with the barrels and pressed the trigger ; and as several more birds rose I again fired, scoring with each barrel.

"Why didn't you shoot, John ?" I asked, turning to the old man, who stood with his gun over his arm.

"Oh, I wanted to see you shoot," he replied. "And then I was marking the covey down ; but we won't follow them now, for we can come around that way later. We'll keep along the edge of the brush, for that's where we'll find most of the birds. Go on, Jack ; hunt 'em up !"

While the rancher had been talking we had descended the steep bank and crossed the creek, and just as we emerged from the willows a stray grouse rose with a loud clucking, offering an easy straightaway shot. My companion brought his gun to bear on the swift-flying bird, but did not shoot. Then taking the repeater from his shoulder, he looked at it and remarked : "Well, I'll be blowed ! 'Twasn't cocked ! I thought it pulled rather hard."

By this time we had reached a flat piece of meadow-land about a quarter of a mile wide, lying between two streams. The banks of each were covered with thick bushes and small trees ; while, except for the tall, coarse grass along the edges, the meadow had been mown. Jack

understood this kind of ground, for he paid no attention to the open, and kept in the thick cover along the brush.

"I think Jack scents another covey," said my companion, as the dog began to beat about more carefully. A little uncertain at first, the dog finally straightened into a splendid point, occasionally half turning his head to see if we were coming. "Can't fool the old dog; he's got 'em sure," John exclaimed, with a grin of satisfaction.

As we approached, Jack slowly crept forward, his nostrils dilating, every muscle tense, and his tail as stiff and straight as if it would never wag again; then, standing an instant, he worked forward again until five birds rose in a bunch, offering a fair shot. My first was a miss, though the bird left a few feathers; but at the instant of pulling the second trigger I was conscious of a perfect aim, and knew that the bird was killed, although the smoke hid it from view. Meanwhile John had not been idle; his first had also been a miss, but he pumped in another shell, took a long shot and hit his bird hard. He was beginning to get used to the new gun, and when we followed two of the birds for another rise, he easily brought down one of them.

"Well," said he, as the dog retrieved the last bird, "let's work back toward the first covey. We'll get a few of them and then go to the house. We can come out again after supper, when it's cool, if you feel like it."

We did not find the birds where John thought they were. He had seen them fly over a clump of bushes in the meadow, but instead of going down as he supposed, they had evidently sailed across into the brush by the second stream. Keeping on toward the creek where the first covey rose, we came to a patch of

tall grass, and in it we ran right upon two grouse that Jack had failed to find.

The birds, side by side, started for the other side of the field, and as John raised his gun, I murmured: "What a chance for a double!" They were rapid flyers, and as he was taking a very long aim I feared that they would get out of range before he fired. Just as they were too far for me to think of shooting, John took his gun down, making some very emphatic remarks about a gun that was never cocked when you wanted it cocked, and it was a "fool" kind of a gun anyhow, with a "dinged" hammer that looked just the same, cocked or not.

"The new gun's a little too much for you, eh, John?" I grinned.

"Never you mind, young fellow; I'll work the blame thing yet, and you'll see me killing three birds to your two with it," said the old rancher, with a determination not to be beaten by a gun. And before reaching the house he made a double that materially relieved his feelings.

When we unloaded our game-pockets at the house we had ten birds, and as these, with those killed in the morning, were all that could be used, we did not go out again that day.

The evening was spent in more talk on subjects pertaining to our sport, and I unfolded to the willing ears of honest old John the wonders of modern guns and smokeless powders, and of great shooting events before the traps; while he delighted me with tales of the plains and stories of the western deserts. Thus the evening passed in the humble abode of a poor rancher, but thorough sportsman; and as my host bade me good-night, he said:

"I'll have another wrastle with that blamed old gun of yours in the morning, if I have to put a bucking-strap onto her."

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE BASEBALL SEASON.

By Edgar Aurelius Gove, Jr.

NOW that spring is with us and the sun's rays have drawn the frost from the ground and brought the ball fields back to playing condition, the intercollegiate baseball season of 1897 is on and the championship struggle will soon begin.

In many respects does the present promise to be an all-important and interesting season.

To begin with, Yale and Harvard have settled their differences, while Princeton and Brown have emulated this worthy example set and done likewise. Nothing mars the peace and serenity of the baseball outlook but the strained relations existing between Princeton and Pennsylvania. It is needless to discuss here the details which culminated in this unpleasantness; it is an uncongenial subject at best and especially to be regretted now that it has resulted in practically prohibiting games between Princeton and Pennsylvania on one hand, and is indirectly responsible for Yale's refusal to meet the "Quakers" on the other.

Due to just such squabbles as this, the intercollegiate baseball championships have often been unsatisfactory and disappointing. Only last year, a similar state of affairs existed, and in consequence Princeton was

awarded the championship though she did not meet Brown, a worthy rival in every respect; nor did her two opponents, Yale and Harvard, cross bats. It was a championship devoid of the greater part of its sweetness; a victory hollow in name and nature, and I do not exaggerate one whit when I say that it was as unsatisfactory to Princeton as it was to the

rest of the collegiate world.

This year, however, a decided change for the better has been made. All of the colleges in question will meet, with the exception of those affected by this estrangement. Originally the Yale-Princeton-Harvard league settled intercollegiate honors each season, but since Brown and Pennsylvania have entered the lists with strong teams, each series has become separate and distinct. For sixteen years, barring an occasional season

when one of the

trio refused to meet its rivals on account of some petty grievance, the triangular league has been accepted as deciding the championship, and it is still regarded as the most important series of the year. It will be very unfortunate if Yale, Princeton and Harvard view the matter too much in that light, and sacrifice their records to Brown and Pennsylvania in order to save their "stars" for their own



KELLY (PRINCETON) AT FIRST BASE.



Earle. Hillebrand. Geer. Easton. Jayne. Kelly. McMasters.
 Altman. Suter. Sankey. Wilson. Butler. Kafer. Bradley. Barrett.

THE PRINCETON '97 BASEBALL TEAM.

championship series, as the intercollegiate season under such conditions would not prove as interesting and successful as has been hoped.

I have watched closely the candidates in training for the five big teams since they entered the gymnasiums late in the winter, and though it is rather hazardous to risk any forecast of the season before a fair opportunity is offered to judge of their team work and batting, I am inclined to believe that Princeton will win the championship, with Harvard second in the triangular league, and either Brown or Harvard placed in the general race for intercollegiate honors.

My faith in Princeton is based upon the fact that her '96 championship team remains practically intact. Graduation dealt gently with her, calling only three men from her ranks and leaving many well-seasoned, experienced players as a nucleus for the new team. Experience and team

work go a great ways in turning out a winning nine, and as Princeton has both of these points in her favor there is every reason to believe that '97 will find her even stronger than she was in '96.

In her pitching department alone, generally devoid of good material and the weakest of all positions on the college nines she is especially strong. Aside from Wilson, who was elected in January to the captaincy in place of Bradley who resigned, there are a half dozen men up to the mark. Of them, Easton, who came into prominence last season by his remarkable pitching in one of the Yale-Princeton games, is the best. He is a cool, steady player, with plenty of speed and excellent control of the ball, but just at present he is suffering from an injured pitching arm and it is feared that doctoring will not be able to bring it into condition in time to be of much use this

year. Should this prove the case he will probably play in left field as he is too strong a batter and too clean a fielder to be dropped entirely.

Captain Wilson is in good form and will reserve himself for the more important battles, leaving to Hillebrand, Hitzrot and Jayne the bulk of the work in the box. This Hillebrand is a freshman acquisition. He played right tackle on the University football team last fall and when spring came, presented himself as a candidate for pitcher, baseman or outfielder. He is a clever baseball player, a cool thrower and heavy hitter and undoubtedly will make the team either as a pitcher or infielder. At present he and Barrett are both trying for third base left open by the graduation of Gunster. Barrett has filled the position for three years on his class team, and while more ex-

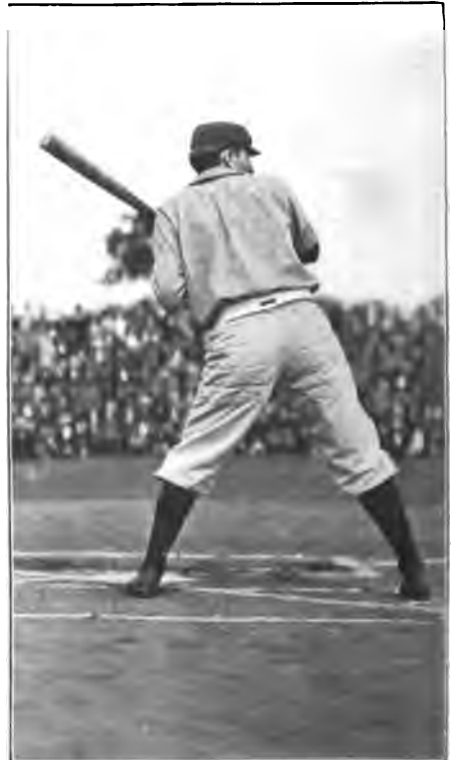
perienced he is not so good a base coverer or batsman as his rival.

The freshman class brought with it another prize for the other end of the battery, in Kafer who for three years played on the Lawrenceville team, and in '96 captained it. He is by long odds the best catcher Princeton has had since Trenchard's time and promises to fill his position better than did Titus last year. His throwing is quick, swift and accurate and in many ways he reminds me of Dunne, of Brown, one of the best college catchers in existence. The only fears to be entertained in Kafer's case are for his lack of experience on a 'Varsity nine, and the question whether he can stand the strain throughout the season. If he gives out, Geer will probably take his place, or possibly Evans.

As to the infield, Kelly, of football



BARTLETT (YALE) CATCHING.



CAPTAIN KEATOR (YALE) BATTING.

and baseball fame, will probably cover first base again, providing that he is able to remove his conditions in college studies. Smith is a certainty at second base, and with Barrett or Hillebrand for third base, there remains only shortstop to be filled. Butler, Sankey, Angel and McGibbon are the competitors for this position, and while all have done good work, Sankey, by his superior throwing, his batting and experience, has impressed both Coach Earle and Captain Wilson as being the man to fill Ward's old position.

Outfield competition has been rather light-hearted owing to the fact that with ex-Capt. Bradley in centre, and Wilson, Easton or Altman, the heavy-hitting pitchers in right and left field, there were but slim chances for other candidates. Coach William Earle of the Cincinnati league team, who proved so successful last year at Princeton, has been instructing the men since the middle of March, and has brought out a team of experienced players, well up in team work and strong at the bat. Princeton's schedule includes games with Brown, May 8 and June 2; with Harvard, May 15 and 29, and with Yale, June 5 and 12, and a third June 19 in case of a tie.

The contrast between Princeton's brilliant outlook and the discouraging prospects at New Haven is sharp and clearly defined. Yale's '96 team was poor and from the mediocre set of candidates who presented themselves to Captain Keator in February, it can hardly be expected that a strong team will materialize. In looking over their chances it is difficult to find a single good feature aside from Yale's proverbial luck and perseverance on which to build hopes. The nine must practically be made up anew, as Quimby, Trudeau, Smith, Jerrems, Thorne and Twombly have all graduated, and to this task Carter, the ex-Yale pitcher, ex-Captain Quimby, Beale and Captain Keator have devoted many hours.

In the battery department there is not much quantity and still less quality. I think Greenway and Murphy will do the main part of the work, though they are by no means a first-rate pair. Greenway did considerable pitching last year and while he is a terrific hitter he can in no other point compare with Wilson of Princeton, or Paine of Harvard. He is willing, strong and steady and has improved somewhat in his form. Among the other candidates is a left-handed freshman named Wallace, who has plenty of speed but little control, and Feary. The Hecker brothers promise the Blues a fairly good battery to be substituted in the minor games. The men seem to know each other thoroughly and prove more effective when working together than otherwise. De Forest, to my mind, is the



EASTON (PRINCETON) PITCHING.

next best catcher to Murphy. He is quick and fairly accurate in his throwing, but does not possess the same power to steady a pitcher that Murphy does. Another candidate is Turnbull, a junior, who has caught on his class team since he entered college.

In the infield are two veterans, Letton at first and Fincke at third. Letton is a good man, a clever first baseman, and steady and sure at the bat. Fincke, the quarter-back on the football eleven has not played since '95 but by conscientious work he has pulled himself into 'Varsity form and promises to hold third. He is a good base runner and should add many stolen bases to Yale's credit. Hamlin and Camp will cover second and shortstop respectively. They have shown good qualities and under Captain Keator's instructions, have advanced rapidly. In the outfield there is the same dearth of experienced players. Captain Keator, one of the sharpest fielders and safest hitters on the team, will again play centre, with Greenway, Bartlett or Chauncey in left and Weir in right field.

No professional coach has been engaged at New Haven this spring and in consequence there is more raggedness in the team work than is necessary. The men have worked conscientiously, however, but I am afraid they are designed to cut rather an unimportant swath in the inter-

collegiate series. Yale will play Brown, May 1, 15 and 29; Harvard, June 24 and 29, and Princeton, June 5 and 12. In case of tie with either Harvard or Princeton, she will play the deciding game with Harvard July 3 and Princeton June 19.

Harvard shows up strong. Captain Dean has at his command every member of the '96 team and a host of promising new material. Since early in March, Coach Keefe and Smith of the famous '85 team have been assisting Captain Dean in rounding his men into shape, and the outlook is very encouraging, providing the men can be taught to play fast ball. That was the trouble last year. Fair Harvard was represented by a good organization which ran its somewhat checkered career owing to this one fault, and I believe it would have been still worse had it not been for the steady battery work of Paine and Scannell and the heavy hitting of Clarkson and Haughton. This slowness must be got rid of before



WALLACE, ONE OF YALE'S PITCHERS.

Harvard can be regarded as one of Princeton's formidable opponents. Clarkson will be sadly missed this year, for he is far behind in his studies, and his chances of making the team under these conditions are slight. This will cause the only weak spot in the entire team. Shortstop needs a lively man, and neither Chandler nor Vincent possesses that quality.



De Forest. F. Hecker. Bartlett. G. Hecker. Camp. Atkin. Greenway.
 Reed. Betts. Hamlin. Fincke. Chauncy. Feary. Wallace.
 Ware. Capt. Keator. Letton.

THE YALE '97 BASEBALL TEAM.

Haughton, who made a name for himself last year as a "star" first baseman and batter, will again cover that position, with Lewis as substitute. Rand and Burgess seem likely to hold their places in right and left field respectively. Both are clean fielders and while Burgess is somewhat stronger with the stick, Rand should not be far behind him if he does not fall off the way he did last season. As to centre field, Lynch of the '96 freshmen team, and Beale of the second nine, are the most promising candidates.

Paine is billed to do most of the important pitching with Haughton, Cozzens and Fitz to help him out. Paine is Harvard's best twirler and as good as any in the colleges this season. Haughton is doing well but is still rather slow in his delivery, a bad fault as it offers too many chances

for base-stealing. Cozzens's curves while speedy, need more control and the same may be said of Fitz, especially of his drop ball. Scannell will again look after the Crimson's interests behind the bat and he will be assisted by Davis and Cochrane.

All in all, Harvard is fielding faster, batting harder and playing a speedier game than a year ago, and upon her improvement on these lines depends her success. She has a long schedule including these important games: Brown, May 5 and June 16; Princeton, May 15 and 29; Yale, June 24 and 29, and July 3 (in case of a tie), and Pennsylvania, May 22 and June 12.

Brown University, like Princeton and Harvard, has its full quota of veterans in harness again this season. Robinson, the heavy-hitting right fielder and football player, was the



JAYNE, A PRINCETON PITCHER.

only man to graduate, though James Dunne has been lost by his leaving college. Dunne's leaving Brown was most inopportune, and has left the team rather weak behind the bat, especially so as Lang, last year's substitute catcher, has graduated; but in Cook and Manger a suitable catcher will probably be found and it seems to me that Cook is the man. In the pitcher's box, there is Brady, of three year's experience, Summersgill, Thomas Dunne (brother of catcher Dunne) and Sedgewick. Brady and Summersgill are clever, speedy men and will probably do most of the work, though Brady may be saved for some of the more important matches.

The entire infield remains intact, with Rodman at first base, Captain Fultz at second, Phillips at shortstop, and Lander at third. All are safe hitters and their team work last

season was most admirable. In the outfield Gammons will again play left field, with either Brady or Sedgewick at centre. Right needs a heavy hitter and unless a better man can be secured, Captain Fultz may play there, giving Croker his place at second base.

Under Coach Tenney, an ex-Brown catcher, now of the Boston league team, the quick snappy play characteristic of the '96 team has been further developed, the batting improved and the men brought nearer perfection than was the case at this time a year ago. Brown will play Yale, May 1, 15 and 29; Harvard, May 5 and June 16; Princeton, May 8 and June 2, and Pennsylvania, May 20 and June 14.

Pennsylvania's team is hard to diagnose. Last year she had at her call an excellent set of players, yet she was woefully weak on account of the stringent eligibility rule imposed by the faculty, and in looking over her chances this season it is next to impossible to predict the future with any degree of confidence. She is the unknown quantity in the intercollegiate struggle. Dickson who pitched for the 'varsity team in '94 and '95 is out playing and will be the mainstay of the Philadelphians in the box. He will be assisted by Richie, Thatcher and Brown. Redcliffe, a new man, will hold Dickson's curves. He is almost as good a pitcher as he is a catcher and would probably do some of the twirling were it not for the scarcity of catching material at hand. Last year he caught for Captain Blakeley's "all-collegiate" team. Hoeffler, the '96 substitute catcher, will assist him in this work. Gillinder, the only new man in the infield, is a freshman and will cover first base, while Robinson, Captain Blakeley and Wilhelm will again fill their respective positions at second, third and shortstop. In the outfield there will be Jackson at left, Gilbert at centre and Voigt at right, with Winne as substitute to complete the team.

Pennsylvania is stronger in the box than she was in '96 and under Coach Allen's eye, the fielding and batting of the men has been improved. She has only four important games scheduled as follows: Brown, May 20 and June 14, and Harvard, May 22 and June 12.

There remains one feature inaugurated in this season's training that is worthy of mention, namely, the substitution of a college or second nine for the old-time scrub team. This change is well worth serious consideration by all 'Varsity coaches, for it has proved a very wise one. A college team made up of unsuccessful 'Varsity candidates, trained and coached in individual and team work, and playing together day in and day out, generally develop strength seldom attained by the ordinary scrub team. While beneficial in itself there is also another reason for making the change.

Under the new *regime*, the second team poses practically as a sub-'Varsity nine. It has its captain and manager and its schedule of games with the minor colleges and athletic club teams. It gives the candidates a goal to fight for, something to look forward to, which was sadly missed in the scrub. It bears to the 'Varsity the same relation as some of the minor professional teams do to the big ones—it is a "farm" and in case of accident a 'Varsity captain can turn to his second team, pick his men for the position, experienced, seasoned and in condition, without delay.

So far, Princeton and Harvard are the only colleges to recognize the value of second baseball teams but as the move promises to prove eminently successful, there is every reason to believe we will find it generally in vogue in the course of another year or two.

The same policy has been adopted by the football men in the big colleges and with much success. The second elevens at several of the



CAPTAIN BRADLEY (PRINCETON)
CATCHING A FLY IN THE OUTFIELD.

colleges arrange regular schedules for matches and furnish a constant supply of well-trained material for their 'Varsity teams. There is every reason to believe that the experiment will prove quite as successful in baseball as in football.

The baseball struggle is close at hand, and our final look over the field finds Princeton confident in her fielding and batting strength; Yale disheartened, disorganized, but plucky to the last; Harvard hopeful of remedying her one fault; Brown strong but erratic, and Pennsylvania encouraged over her improvement. If present plans do not miscarry, the season should provide some interesting sport and the schedule promises a more satisfactory race for the intercollegiate championship than for many seasons before.

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON AS A SPORTSMAN

By Alexander Hunter.

EX-PRESIDENT Benjamin Harrison inherits his great love for sport from a long line of noted Virginians. His father, grandfather and great-grandfather, lived on two of the finest and most historic plantations in old Virginia, called Upper and Lower Brandon, and situated on the banks of the James River about fifty miles below Richmond. In those days, every planter was an ardent sportsman, no matter whether he "rode to hunt or hunted to ride"—to use that immortal distinction of Asheton Smith's old whip.

The Virginian's life was modeled after that of the old English squire, who, with his broad acres and devoted tenantry, shot, fished and rode, an ideal country-gentleman. General Harrison's great-grandfather, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was very fond of outdoor sport, though in his case it took the form of fox-hunting, and at his home in Berkley, he always kept a large pack of hounds. His grandfather, the tenth president of the United States, whose home was at Brandon, was another lover of the chase; while Scott Harrison, the father of General Harrison, was a noted all-round sportsman. On his maternal side, the blood of sportsmen ran thick in the ex-President's veins, for the Carters, Pages and Burwells loved the sound of the horn, the baying of the hounds and the crack of the shotgun better than anything else on the earth.

General Harrison is a very reserved man, and, but for an accident, the people of the Capital might never have known that he was a devotee of the gun. He had been in the White House over half of his term before the press dispatches announced that he and his family would pay a visit to Virginia Beach, on the ocean

shore opposite Cape Henry. This is in the vicinity of the Ragged Island Club's domain, and I was commissioned by the officers of the club to invite the President to make our clubhouse his headquarters during his stay in Virginia. Now, I had heard that it was a difficult matter to obtain an audience with the Chief Executive, but my card with the simple sentence: "An invitation for the President to shoot," was all the passport necessary.

The invitation from the Ragged Island Club was accepted on the spot by General Harrison, and he and his valet reached the clubhouse one evening a few days later in February. There was no ostentatious reception. The President was introduced to all the members present, and was soon discussing plans for the next morning. He expressed a wish to be put into a blind as early as possible in the morning and to be left there with a retriever; saying that he would hunt as the others hunted. He wanted no extra attention, and declared that he did not mind exposure, and could stand anything the rest could.

Our distinguished guest was called at three o'clock the next morning, and he soon came in looking bright and cheerful. His costume consisted of rubber hip-boots, dog-skin vest and water-proof blouse over which he wore a thick "dread-naught" coat. His gun was the handsomest I ever saw, and I do not think that there is another like it in America. It was made for him by a prominent American manufacturer, and the inscription: "Protection to American Industries," is cut on the barrels. It was a twelve-gauge with exquisite steel barrels, and the triggers and guard were of pure gold, while rich chasing adorned the piece all over.

The clubmen told Mr. Harrison, however, that costly and hard-shooting as the weapon might be, it was too light for work in a blind with canvas-backs going at the rate of eighty miles an hour. They therefore induced him to take a heavy, thick-breeched ten-gauge for long shots.

The only man in the club who declined to have a "bracer" that

President's valet followed in the rear. Oh, what a picture of misery that darkey was! At the White House he was the proudest individual in Washington, a sable Malvolio who thought, if he did not say: "I know my place and I would they should know theirs." But here, in a desolate bog an hour before dawn with rain and sleet driving through the air, he was a very humble valet in-



EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON IN A BLIND AT RAGGED ISLAND.

(Drawn from a photograph.)

morning to get up an appetite for breakfast, was General Harrison. Soon the party broke up, the gunners going to different points for their sport. Many got into the boats at the wharf close to the house, but the President had to walk across the Island, mostly marshland. As I was going in the same direction to South-western Point, I accompanied him. Two guides preceded us, and the

deed. Early morning sport evidently had no charms for him, for, as he tramped along with the rain dripping and his clothes streaming, he looked the very picture of despair.

Reaching the farther end of the Island, the weather outlook was very bad, and the guides told the President that it would be a stormy day, and that he had better think twice before starting. He laughed and

replied: "The worse the weather, the better the luck." We got into separate boats, the valet returning to the club. Each boat contained two men, one dog and about fifty wooden decoys, besides a coop of live ones. It was pitch dark and on all sides was heard the flapping wings of wild fowl disturbed in their slumbers. Swiftly my boat surged ahead until the point was reached, when I got into the blind, lighted my pipe and made myself as comfortable as possible; the guide, in the meantime, was dropping the decoys into the water.

Soon it began to grow lighter, but the driving sleet cut off the view, and I could not see the incoming birds until they dropped among the decoys; then I would wave my hand to the dog and he would plunge in and flush them. The birds made such easy marks that it was hard to miss. I had killed about two score, when they stopped flying; so I paddled over to the President's blind. He was all alone, having sent the guide home with instructions to come for him in the evening.

The blind was right on the edge of the marsh and was made of grass. Its occupant was sitting on a cracker-box with the dog at his feet and a goodly pile of ducks in the corner. His hat was pulled down, and his overcoat-collar turned up, and all of his face that could be seen were a pair of keen eyes and some whiskers. We had been chatting for a little while when I saw two widgeon beating up toward the blind. I lay down flat, and the President made as pretty a double as I ever saw. One bird was knocked cold, the other was crippled and made off. Twice Mr. Harrison fired and showered the water all around it, but the distance was too great and the duck got away. Then occurred one of those exasperating incidents that so provoke a huntsman.

Just as Jack was swimming to retrieve the duck, a good bunch of

canvas-back, two or three hundred yards away, were heading for the decoys. I called to Jack, but nothing short of death could have kept him from getting that widgeon. We watched the flock, hoping against hope, and if Jack had remained in the water, I believe the birds would have come up to the decoys; but when the dog sprang out of the water, they whirled and disappeared down the Island.

Going back to my blind, I remained until dark, occasionally hearing the boom of the President's gun.

Finally, the guides returned and took us home, thoroughly chilled and tired. Then came the reward; such a recompense as good Dame Nature gives to those who obey her laws. With keen appetites the party gathered around the table; the President said a good old-fashioned grace and we all sat down. At first it did not look like a very bountiful spread; no gleaming cut glass, flowers nor silver plate; only a bottle of champagne, a big bowl of celery, and a loaf of bread at each plate. Half a dozen oysters on the half-shell as an appetizer; then a pause. Next came the steward on a run, bringing a canvas-back right from the oven; he darted out, returned and deposited one after another, until each man was served, and then the real climax of a hungry sportsman's dinner was reached.

The morrow was rest-day by law. There would have been no shooting anyway, for the day was calm and bright; so it was passed in reading, smoking, playing cards, and telling stories—of course politics were barred. It was no longer "Mr. President," but "Mr. Harrison," and our guest was left to follow his own pleasure. No one hung around him; no cringing callers bowed, smiled and scraped before him; no group hung upon his words. Here was a stout, full-bodied man, clothed in a corduroy suit, who threw sticks into the water for the dogs to bring out; who lay on a plank in the sun and

smoked ; who laughed and chatted with the guides and told hunting stories, and moved around with nobody but Jack, the Chesapeake Bay retriever, at his heels.

It must have been an intense relief to Mr. Harrison to be natural and at ease ; to come and go unwatched ; to speak from the fullness of his heart, and know that his words would not be flashed over the wires before the sound of his voice had died away. Then the relief from the strain of keeping himself within himself, of weighing every word, and controlling every impulse, must have been unutterably sweet. But best of all was the fact that among the Virginians around him, not one had a favor to ask, and the President knew that he was receiving a welcome for himself and not for the favors he could give, and so he dropped his official robes. The politician, statesman and ruler was gone ; the true sportsman remained. Could it be possible that the laughing, genial man, the hail-fellow-well-met in rough hunting garb, could be the austere occupant of the White House ; the cold, forbidding Executive who froze out office-seekers, congealed the axe-grinding patriots and petrified the advice-givers ? Verily, man is a two-sided animal !

To see the President roughing it with the boys was to witness the acme of the freedom of a Republican Government. When the Prince of Wales accepts an invitation to hunt, he always has some of his boon companions along. If the Emperor of Germany, or even the President of the French Republic, were to honor one of his subjects with a hunting visit, a numerous staff would surround him ; the best detectives of the country would be engaged for the occasion. Here in free America, the ruler leaves his office and goes to an isolated island, away from all mail and telegraphic facilities, accompanied by one colored servant, and surrounded by his political enemies. It

was a picture that would have caused European royalty to open its eyes.

The president of the club and the President of the United States started out together before dawn the next morning, and shot from more sheltered blinds about a hundred yards apart. The weather had turned bad again, and the rain froze as it fell. It was not a good ducking day, for there was not enough wind, and many of the clubmen returned to the seductions of a bright fire and soothing pipes, but Mr. Harrison stuck to his blind all that day. One of the members who had watched his shooting for about two hours, declared that the President was as good a shot as any man in the club. This was a compliment, indeed, for there were some clever shots at Ragged Island. Mr. Harrison was the last to return, and it was long after dark when he came in ; and for his fourteen hours of exposure he had about two dozen ducks, mostly canvas-back.

The ex-President is a very abstemious man ; he always refused drinks between meals, and actually declined the club's celebrated cocktails before dinner, though he was not proof against the steward's famous mint juleps.

The following day was Mr. Harrison's last, and the elements were favorable for sport, though it was very cold and stormy. A consultation was held, and as the wind was from the north, the distinguished guest was given the finest blind on the place. It was called St. John's Island, and it was a certainty that good shooting could be had there when a north wind blew. A week before, a gunner bagged fifty-one canvas-back from that blind in one day, and two days later thirty-nine were killed. The boys decided that none of the blinds in the President's vicinity should be occupied and that he should have all that part of the Island to himself.

It was dark when we assembled once more around the red-hot stove



GENERAL HARRISON WITH HIS SPORTSMEN HOSTS.

(Drawn from a photograph.)

in the sitting-room. All inquired about the President's luck, but no one had seen either him or his guide. We waited and waited and the cook announced that dinner was ready, but still no sign of our guest. The clubmen became alarmed; it would be a terrible reflection on them if anything should happen to him. Every man seized a lantern and started across the swamp, and it was well that we did, for the President had missed the foot-bridge and was wading slowly and laboriously through the black ooze of the swamp, toward the clubhouse. He was already up to his hips and very tired, —almost exhausted, in fact. We hailed him with triumphant shouts and relieved him of his gun. Notwithstanding his mishaps, he was jubilant; he had had royal sport, over forty canvas-back having fallen to his gun, besides many other duck, but he was more pleased over having killed a swan than anything else. The guide was seen staggering homeward a little later, half hidden under an enormous burden of wild fowl.

When we assembled in the clubhouse, the President was a sight. The lower half of his body was a mass of mud and the upper half was encased in ice. He said that he had suffered with cold at first, but the rapid firing soon warmed him and he then had as much shooting as he could attend to.

It was a joyous party that sat down to our last dinner. There were no speeches, for which the President seemed duly thankful; but there was true cordiality. After a vote, it was announced that General Harrison was an honorary member of the Ragged Island Club with the right and title to come and go at pleasure. Then came a chorus of approval, and we all rose and drank to his health, with the expressed wish that he might come often, and the assurance that all Virginians would welcome him as a brother-sportsman.

That night the President bade us all a cordial adieu, and assured us that never had he enjoyed a hunting trip more than his visit among the sportsmen of Ragged Island.

TWO DAYS' DUCK SHOOTING IN CUBA.

By Augustin Chartrand.

WE had been shooting quail and wild pigeons, or to speak properly doves (*ecotopistes carolinensis*), on a vast extension of land in Cuba belonging to a friend in the neighborhood of Matanzas. Very few sportsmen had been in that vicinity for some years and the number of flocks of quail defied calculation. The ground was open, with low grass here and there broken by patches of high brush, especially adapted to that species of game.

In some places there were fields of a low thistle that gives a small black seed like mustard, and these were the feeding grounds of the doves; also of a larger species the San Juanero, and myriads of the birds kept flying in all directions so that shooting became somewhat monotonous, as they wheeled in flocks at a short distance and fell in numbers at each shot. In the evenings, numbers of Bartramian plover would make their appearance in a large field where cattle were pastured, and give rather more zest to the sport from the great difficulty experienced in getting within range.

We were sitting on the verandah one evening after dinner, when coffee had been served and rocking-chairs and hammocks had been called into requisition to enjoy the delicious *brisa* that came in from the sea. The fragrant smoke of Cabana filled the ambient air and hunting stories in different climes formed the subject of conversation.

"Well, gentlemen," said one of our companions who had been a listener rather than a talker, "since we are such enthusiastic lovers of the sport, why not take a week's trip to the south coast either to the marshes and *laguna* (lake) of Guanamon, to the *ciénega de Zapata* or to the swamps of the Jatibonico. We will find every

species of duck, snipe by the thousand, several kinds of pigeons, geese, cranes, plover, deer, wild hogs, crocodile—in fact, game of all kinds, to suit every taste, and in such quantity as to appear incredible. A little rough life and camping out will no doubt be a new experience for most of you, but what is that to healthy young fellows who go especially for the novelty of the thing?"

The proposition was accepted with the greatest enthusiasm. Maps of the Island were brought out and eagerly examined and discussion followed as to the most favorable terminus for the expedition. At last the number of votes was cast for the marshes of Guanamon on account of the facility of access by rail, and also as the originator of the expedition was on terms of intimate acquaintance with the owner of a large cattle farm whose lands adjoined the place in question.

A whole day was spent in preparing our guns and shells and all the other accessories of our expedition, not omitting several cases of "medicine" in dark bottles of various sizes, besides other articles indispensable to delicate constitutions and not likely to be procured in the wilds of Cuba, such as hams, *paté de foie gras*, truffles and other delicacies of the kind, so that when we assembled at the railway station our appearance created no little excitement from the unusual sight of a party of men in pith-hats and leggings, guns and dogs, and a cartload of impedimenta, in a part of the country where the Cuban gunner goes out in his best Sunday suit with a negro boy as retriever.

We arrived at the station of Las Vegas, a small village to the eastward of Guines, that some years after became famous as the base of operations of the celebrated bandit,

Manuel Garcia. There we found horses ready as we had been expected ; also a cart for the boxes and bundles drawn by two yoke of oxen, and a large box on wheels for the conveyance of the dogs, with a long-eared mule as motive power and a large-lipped, big-eared negro boy as driver. We soon emerged into the open plain beyond the town, leaving all trace of civilization behind. Ambling along in Indian file, we followed the capricious windings of a narrow path.

Already the sun was nearing the horizon in one unclouded blaze of light, and the shrill noise of crickets and katydids was heard on every side ; flocks of wood-pigeons, parrots and blackbirds settled into the thick groves, filling the evening air with their discordant cries, when we arrived at a five-barred gate that gave entrance to the batey (enclosed grounds of Cuban dwelling-houses or buildings) of the farm that was to be the end of our peregrinations.

As we alighted, negro servants came forward to take charge of the horses. A man about fifty years of age, of grave demeanor, but with a cheerful, good-natured countenance, advanced and saluted us as we were in turn presented by our mutual friend. Don José Rodriguez, owner of the cattle ranch Concha Blanca, was a fair type of the well-to-do Cuban of the middle class, courteous, attentive, intelligent and of captivating manners. He understood and spoke a little English, having been in the United States some months at the time of the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. He was, moreover, an ardent sportsman and something of a naturalist, perfectly acquainted with the habits of all the birds in that part of the Island, of which many well-stuffed specimens decorated the rooms.

It was in truth a motley group that had gathered on this occasion. There were three Americans, cosmopolitan as to language, a Swiss watchmaker, a French marquis, a

German engineer and two Cuban gentlemen of leisure, so that a babel of tongues prevailed when conversation was general.

We were to begin our sport by visiting a large sheet of water or *laguna* of irregular shape that was about three miles distant, and we divided our force into three parties, each with a guide—a most indispensable adjunct in a country like this where all the trees, all the masses of bush and all the pools of water look exactly alike, and the myriads of cattle paths wind in and out and cross and re-cross each other in the most bewildering maze, so that it is almost impossible not to lose one's way. With each party also went a negro carrying large supplies of extra shells, "medicine" and provisions for those who should be overcome by the heat or be in need of restoratives.

The break of day found us all ready and eager for the expedition. A cup of steaming coffee and away we went. And what a ride! The air had just enough chill in it to make it invigorating. Over the plain that stretched away for leagues to the eastward without even the smallest hill for a landmark, a slight mist from the marshes was forming and through this the rising sun was already sending shafts of tender light ; birds were gathering in flocks and departing for their feeding grounds ; cranes were calling in the distance, and overhead at moments the whirl of wings in rapid flight told of the passing of innumerable water-fowl.

Our road lay through a level country with very slight depressions zig-zagging in the most perplexing fashion, now in primeval forests or groves of huge jucaros and cypress-cedars, or of fan-palms all more or less covered with the all-pervading moss ; then out again into open country by pools of water and marshes with large patches of flag and water-lillies, over which ran screaming jacanas while moorhen peered inquisitively at

the unusual appearance of a number of people, and then scuttled away to a hiding-place. Numbers of snipe repeatedly rose as we approached only to settle at right or left again a few yards away. From every pool teal and widgeon would fly up and circle around seeking some more distant retreat.

Our excitement was at fever heat and we made ready to begin operations at once when we saw so much game, but the voice of our host restrained us.

"*Todavía ! Todavía !* Not yet ! This is nothing ; — a little farther on ! If you begin shooting now, you will frighten the birds in the big *laguna*. Have patience !"

A short ride brought us to the *laguna* in question, a large sheet of water of irregular shape ; on one side stood a small group of trees, but the other parts were clear of all obstructions as far as could be seen. In the centre there appeared to be an island that the guide said was an extensive mass of water plants and vines forming an impenetrable barrier. The little bays and creeks that formed the edges of the lake disclosed a sight that fairly took our breath away. We were indeed in a sportsman's paradise. Countless numbers of teal, widgeon and redheads lined the shore ; and farther out, in deeper water, pintails, mallard, shovellers — in fact, every species of the duck family all in their distinct flocks literally, covered the water ; coots by the thousand scuttled away in their awkward fashion across the surface, and the pink-robed spoonbill was scattered over the marshy edges in company with the many-hued ibis.

Long did we gaze on the novel sight with the deepest emotions ; finally the silence was broken by one of the guides.

"Don José," said he, "if the gentlemen like shooting so much, why not go to the Mangas ? There indeed they would see birds."

We could not imagine a place with

more birds, and so we were quite satisfied with the outlook for the present ; we agreed to try the Mangas some other day. But first of all, as the three miles were rather three leagues, and early rising begets good appetites, we left aside all considerations of sport until the more serious business had been attended to, and so we breakfasted in picnic fashion, not losing for even a moment the beautiful scenery that spread out before us, and every now and then between mouthfuls breaking into exclamations of delight as some specially beautiful bird or large flock would circle around before us in mid air.

"Now," said Don José, when we had finished, "we must each select a spot as far as possible from the others and only begin shooting when I give the signal ;" and then we filed off, each party with a retriever and the indispensable negro.

After a short while the signal was given by a shot from our host. Before the report had died away there came a noise like the rush of an immense whirlwind. From all parts arose the myriads of feathered beings ; ducks, coots, plover, snipe, whimbrels and many more that we had not yet seen. They passed over and around, high up or skimming over the water in dense crowds, but each bird kept with its fellows. At first no one thought of using a gun, for we were lost in contemplation of the wonderful spectacle and then as the edge of the novelty wore off the reports began on every side. It was impossible to select birds and there was little need of taking aim, the retrievers and negroes were kept busy merely picking up the dead ; as for the wounded, hundreds made their way out of reach of gunshot toward the thick overgrowth in the centre of the lake.

Gradually the larger species of duck either settled in the centre where they could not be reached, or circling higher, made off to other *lagunas*, the teal being the last to

betake themselves to a place of security. The marquis, my companion, only fired one shot, but reclining in a small, shady nook declared that he enjoyed seeing the sight more than the shooting. In half an hour's shooting, I had gathered in fifty-six ducks, of which one-quarter were teal; and on assembling at the breakfast place, 317 ducks bore witness to the sport of the morning, of which there were 151 teal and widgeon and 10 mallard, and the remainder were pintails, black duck and shovellers. No attention was paid to plover, snipe or other birds at that time.

A noonday siesta under the shade of the fan-palms whose dense panoply of leaves allowed no ray of the sun to reach the earth, followed the morning's sport, and the afternoon was spent in wandering about looking at the air-plants and vanilla and scented flowers. The amount of game obtained in the morning precluded all idea of any more shooting for the day as no use could be made of the fowl, for the great difficulty in obtaining ice prevented their being kept long. After all the birds were drawn, a piece of charcoal was placed in each one, and the next morning the greater part was despatched to friends in the city.

A great surprise awaited us that evening as we swayed or rocked in hammocks and easy chairs. One of our Americans turned out to be a full-fledged Briton. He betrayed himself when the Crimean war happened to be discussed, and he was also a Lord. He had traveled all over the world, spoke French remarkably well, and his name it was Jenkins—which the French marquis pronounced "Jenkeens"—but he was a good fellow, a good shot and a good story-teller, and we forgave him.

After an excellent night's rest, we started our second day's sport long before there was even the appearance of dawn, as the distance we had to

go was great. The cool air of the morning and the dew made light overcoats very acceptable. Our road lay in a different direction, but it was exactly like that we had gone over the day before. I had been making inquiries about a boat of some kind, as walking around a lagoon of any extent was dangerous on account of the mud and many obstructions, such as fallen tree trunks and vines, and many birds could then be recovered that otherwise would be lost.

The only contrivance, I was told, that could possibly be of any use was to be found at a place about four miles distant near one of the large *lagunas*, and belonged to an old negro who followed the occupation of a fisherman varied with that of setting traps for wild pigs, deer and jutras, numbers of which roamed through the forest. So, leaving the remainder of our party to pursue their way to the snipe ground that was to inaugurate the day's sport, the marquis and I with our guide, started off to seek the owner of the "bateau."

A genial spirit was the marquis; fairly handsome, a great traveler, full of quiet humor and a gentleman in the full acceptance of the word, rough and ready withal and on hand for anything that turned up. It was a natural law, a sort of physical affinity that brought us together and made us comrades in many adventures by land and water.

Our approach to the residence of the owner of the skiff, or whatever it was, was heralded by the sharp and discordant barking or yelping of a number of curs of meagre appearance—a Cuban negro's proprietorship in dogs generally appears to be in inverse ratio to his pecuniary position. We found the person in question engaged in splitting rails with the help of another "pusson of color." An elderly individual evidently was our man, clad in a loose shirt and trousers much too large for his body and legs, and wearing a tall gray stove-

pipe hat, or if it had been black originally, it had changed color by the process of time.

The wood-chopping was suspended in answer to our greeting, and he eyed us curiously askance as the guide made known our desires. After some discussion, the "boat" was shown to us. It was a most unpromising-looking affair, an oblong box of two-inch cedar boards, about five feet by seven, and about fourteen inches deep. It was not a thing easily to be overturned, and looked unwieldy, but the old boatman said he could handle it. The water was bailed out, and with a little packing and filling with bits of rag and mud, it was made reasonably water-tight, at least for that excursion, and so, with a couple of boards laid across for seats we started on our trip, the darkie acting as propelling power, by pushing and guiding the concern from behind, for as he explained it, it would be much better when we began shooting to lie low and not scare the ducks, and besides he was then sure to be out of the way of the gun—a matter of some consideration, surely—and when we got into deeper water he could get in over the stern and push the sarcophagus along with a pole. It was not exactly rapid transit, but it had the merit of safety and gave abundant time for cigars and conversation.

The sun soon began to clear away the mists of the morning, and birds were rising in all directions soon after we reached the *laguna*. Some wild hogs that had been rooting on the mud flats stopped a moment to gaze at our strange vehicle and snorting loud defiance scampered away. We soon made the echoes resound to the music of the breech-loaders and birds were dropping in fair numbers. The old negro seemed to enjoy the shooting as much if not more than we did ourselves, shouting in high glee and tumbling about excitedly. The way he scrambled after the wounded birds, of which he secured several, although

a few got away into deep water, was not the least amusing part of the performance.

After having shot away all the shells that we carried with us, we drew up under the shade of a tree that grew a hundred yards or so from the edge, to let the birds rest and await the arrival of the guide who carried the remaining ammunition. Our conversation, principally in reference to the game, was carried on in French, and when the *petucas* (cigar holders) were drawn forth, I handed one of the fragrant *puros* to the old negro. "There, old man, take that. You never smoked anything so nice in all your life." He looked at the cigar, smelt it as would a connoisseur, while a quizzical expression crossed his wrinkled countenance. "*Mouche cree. Moin fume bien bon tabac.*" (I smoked the best tobacco.) To say that I was astonished would convey but a slight part of the sensation I experienced at hearing this Creole French, so unexpected in this part of the Island. He explained, however, that his first master had been a French Creole at Santiago de Cuba, and that he learned the language then.

After a quiet smoke and the usual *siesta* the guide arrived with the necessary ammunition, and renewed our sport. I decided to separate from my companion and climbed into a favorable position in the branches of a tree, whilst he continued around the *lagunas* as we could get more chances for shooting this way. The ducks were not as abundant as the day before, and this, the old negro said, was due to the presence of the caimanes which devour large numbers of aquatic birds, so that the ducks move from one *laguna* to another to get out of the way of their enemies. There were plenty of the larger species, principally shovellers and pintails, and from my lofty perch I succeeded in dropping a goodly number.

During a lull in the flights, I happened to look around in the

direction we had come from the shore and remarked a dark object about fifty yards off, that appeared like a log on the water. As I had not noticed anything of the kind on our way out, this attracted my attention more particularly. As prolonged inspection did not clear up my doubts, I tried a shot at the suspicious object. At the report, a great commotion of the water and the disappearance of the dark object assured me that a caiman had been quietly watching me, and now that it was gone, I felt the greatest anxiety as to the position of the alligator in case I should wish to reach land before the return of the sugar-cooler.

I was reflecting on the dangers when a sudden hail in French interrupted my thoughts.

"Eh bien, what luck? Are there many ducks out there?" and our long-limbed Swiss hove in sight. He had had little success in snipe shooting, and his dog having followed a bird into the flags, had been carried off by a crocodile or some other beast. He had mounted his pony and guided by the noise of our guns, had arrived without much trouble at our shooting-ground.

"Is there a good place in that tree?" he asked.

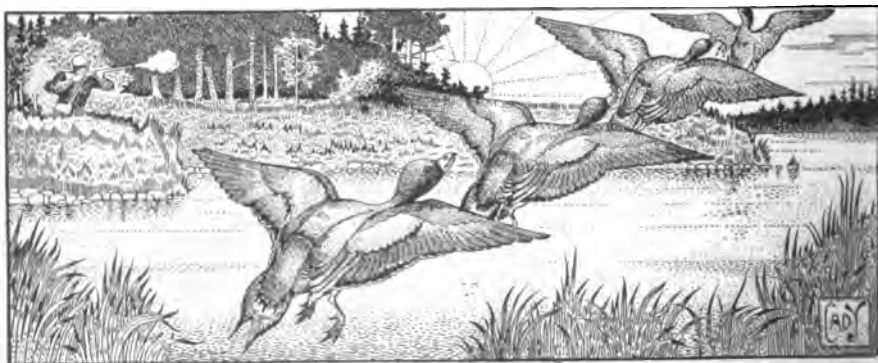
"Why, certainly," I answered, "and plenty of ducks, too; the water is not deep."

So he manfully made his way to

the tree, and I watched anxiously with my gun ready in case the caiman should put in an appearance, but nothing happened to justify my fears. As he reached the place and was about to ascend I called out to him to pick up the ducks that lay on the water as I descended to the lower branches to receive them. He gathered in a dozen or so and then waded out a little further, taking a stick to draw the birds toward him, as the water was much deeper. Just as he was extending his hand to seize a duck, a long black head was thrust out in front of him and a huge pair of jaws closed on the prey.

It needed no other warning to initiate a rapid change of base. How I got out of that tree and from there to the shore I know not. We did not stand upon the order of our going, but went at once, and I doubt if anything short of an electric spark could have overtaken us. I suspect that we must have fallen on the way as both of us were wet from head to foot. I had left my game-bag hanging up in the tree and the ducks that had been handed up had remained there also.

Our floating box came up soon after and the old negro begged hard for us to go after that crocodile and destroy it. We did not care to risk an encounter however, and the hunt for the caiman was postponed for another day.





A HUNTING ADVENTURE IN WYOMING.

By R. Edson Storey.

HEADS and antlers of big game are legitimate spoils to the hunter, and to gain a fine specimen, a man will often endure hardships of the most severe character, and encounter dangers that nothing else would tempt him to undergo. Added to the pleasure and excitement of camp life and hunting, there is in the pursuit of such trophies, a definite object to attain that leads the hunter from one part of the country to another and usually in the wildest sections, where adventures are sure to overtake him. So it has been with me, and my ambition to secure a head of each kind of big-game in this country took me a few years ago with one companion, to the most rugged part of Wyoming, where I met with an adventure as unusual as it was disastrous.

Stories of the bald-faced bear, an animal larger and fiercer than the grizzly, I had often heard with a proper degree of skepticism, until one day at a little trading-post in the mountains I saw the skin of a very large bear brought in by a hunter. When it was unrolled my attention was at once fixed by a broad white

stripe running from the forehead to the nose. The owner explained that it was a bald-face; though I recognized markings that showed it to be unmistakably a species of grizzly. Learning from the hunter where it had been killed, I at once made preparations for a trip to that locality. It was spring and the snow was still deep on the mountains—just the right season for bear, for the fur was then in prime condition.

A week later, the writer and Jack Vincent, the best hunter and mountain-man in that locality, were in a camp on Boulder Creek, fifty miles from the nearest habitation of man. We had the usual pack outfit, and camp was made in an old log cabin, built years before by trappers or prospectors.

Our explorations in the gulches and on the mountainsides near camp satisfied us that bear were abundant, and that there must be some big ones, too. We finally decided on a day's hunt among some small gulches two or three miles up the creek, for Jack had pronounced that to be the best locality, and we had seen the tracks of several large bear. We

were to hunt on foot, and we kept close together in working through the dense underbrush.

When the ground became a little more open, one track in particular attracted our attention, and we decided to follow it. Jack kept on the trail while I walked at one side forty or fifty yards away, but keeping him in view. This method gave us a great advantage, and as Jack would signal me occasionally to use the utmost caution, I knew that the trail was getting hot.

In crossing a ridge between two gulches, I stopped for a few minutes, peering cautiously into the bushes before beginning the descent. Every stump, log and bush was scanned closely, and the flutter of a bird's wing was noted instantly, for often the trained eye of the hunter detects in the swaying of a shrub, the presence of game. Nothing unusual or suspicious was detected; not a motion nor a sound, and I was about to signal Jack to move on—he was lower on the mountain and did not command such a good view—when my gaze was drawn toward a thick clump of bushes in the middle of the gulch, fifty yards away.

A rotten log protruded from the clump, the farther end of which could not be seen, and this log was what I was studying, though without apparent reason. Five minutes passed, and still I gazed without knowing why, though with probably the same feeling that an animal has when it instinctively suspects danger. With me it was probably the hunter's instinct, stronger than reason. Soon a gentle swaying of a bush, followed by a tearing noise, low and muffled, as of something pulling the old log to pieces, relieved my suspense, and told plainly that a bear was hunting for worms. Then a louder sound came as the old fellow ripped off a firmer piece of wood, and the bushes shook perceptibly, but that was all. Five minutes more passed, but nothing further could be seen; then,

becoming restless, I backed out of sight and went down to talk it over with Jack.

"Why, it's dead easy," said he, calmly. "The breeze is down the gulch, which is in our favor, and I'll just follow on the trail and you go back up to your position. Maybe I can get a shot, but if I don't, you are sure to, for he can't get out of the brush without your seeing him. He's too easy."

Quickly regaining my post, with rifle ready, I awaited developments. The first thing to attract my attention was the occasional trembling of the bushes toward the farther side of the clump, showing that the bear was moving. Then, as if suspecting danger, an immense bald-face, for indeed it was one, burst from the bushes like a frightened hare and bounded up the embankment on the other side of the gulch. A quick aim, and I pulled the trigger. Instantly there was change in matters, for my aim had been good and the heavy bullet struck the bear full in the shoulder. With a terrific bellow he rolled back a few feet against a log, where he sat up, squealing, and thoroughly whipped. As I was about to fire again, the roar of Jack's fifty-calibre came from the bushes, and the bear dropped in a heap.

We at once set about taking off the skin, with its long and glossy fur. This was my trophy, and at the moment I was the proudest man in the Rocky Mountains; but the magnificent skin was not destined to adorn a corner in my sportsman's den. Even now its frayed edges, whipped into strings by mountain winds, may be lashing the rocks and bushes beneath the limb on which we hung it.

After the skin had been removed from his bearship, we left it to be brought in a few hours later on one of the horses. We were probably three miles from camp, and as it was now noon, we hastened down the mountain toward the cabin and din-

ner, for our start had been early and we had worked hard. Half a mile above the camp we came to a point on the mountain overlooking our little gulch; and though the cabin itself could not be seen, away down there among the green firs and pines hundreds of feet below us, we could see just where it was.

Suddenly, Jack grasped my arm and pointed to the very spot at which I was looking, just where our camp was hidden beneath the foliage. As he pointed, I noticed, rising through the treetops, what looked like a great volume of heated air faintly tinged with blue, such a column as a huge fire without smoke might send up.

Jack released his hold of my arm and dashed through the bushes around the head of the gulch to a place where he could descend. I followed as rapidly as possible, and then began a race for camp. Jack was the first to reach the little clearing and when I came, breathless and reeking with perspiration, he was sitting on a log, gloomily looking at the smouldering embers of our cabin. Not a mouthful of food, not a blanket remained.

Without a word, my companion in misery started up the little grassy hill where our horse were picketed. He soon returned leading two, and

when I asked him where the other two were, he handed me a bit of paper he had found tied to a picket-rope, on which was scrawled: "Reckon you don't need no pack horses to get out." Rather grim humor, I thought, when it gradually dawned upon me that we had been followed and our camp robbed; the cabin burned, two horses stolen, and we—well we were two days' hard riding to the nearest relief—and bareback riding at that.

"Let's be getting out of this," said Jack, preparing to mount.

"Not without my bald-face skin." I replied, persistently. "We'll go and get that first."

"Why, man, you're wild to think of it. We have three hours of daylight left and we can't afford to waste it."

Nothing that I could say would alter his determination, for he knew the dangers that delay meant. As it was, our sufferings from hunger, cold and fatigue were intense, though no serious results followed our exposure. But to this day I have not ceased to mourn for the trophy that was ruined by the elements in the wilderness. That was a greater loss to me than the whole outfit that was burned and stolen by the marauders.

HUNTING PRONGHORNS IN THE SAND-HILLS.

By Frederic de Garis.

ONE bright, cheerful morning not many years ago I stood in the doorway of my cabin inhaling the pure, dry air, and I thought I could understand why so many people renew their lives in Colorado's atmosphere. As I scanned the bottom-land on which my ranch is situated I was agreeably surprised to see that a big band of antelope had come in during the night and were apparently enjoying the surroundings as much as I, for they were quietly

grazing and seemed very much at home. We had a good supply of venison in the meat house and there was no necessity for killing any of the antelope, so I told the men not to disturb them, hoping that the band would make a long stay.

They tarried with us the rest of the winter, holding to the upper part of the bottom. By counting small bunches as they left the main body to graze, we estimated that there were not less than fifteen hundred in

the band. Graceful animals they were, too, and when startled they would move in a compact mass, and at a distance, as they followed the undulations of the foothills, they looked like a field of golden grain gently swaying in the breeze.

In northwestern Colorado, on the Bear River, the antelope are the first of the quadrupeds to herald the approach of spring. Their flesh is then poor and they are never killed at that time unless it is an absolute necessity. As the season advances they become well worth bringing in, and are frequently shot near my ranch. In the upper part of the bottom there is an antelope crossing, and the broad trail winding down to the water's edge was worn by many generations of the animals in their travels over it. After swimming the river, the pronghorns would take up the trail on the other side, always at the same spot year after year. Their instinct to follow a beaten path is very strong, and was well illustrated on one occasion in the spring, when we were herding a bunch of cattle near the trail. We noticed great numbers of antelope collecting on the hills across the river, and as night drew on, first one and then another of the animals would run down to the water, make a survey and canter back. About midnight they began to cross in single file and soon they were strung out for a long distance; and not even our presence or the camp-fire deterred them or made them deviate much from the trail. It was an unusual spectacle. The bright moonlight kept the graceful creatures in full view and intensified the white and light-red of their coats, the white bars across their throats showing distinctly as they came out of the water. In the stream, they were as bouyant as so many feathers, almost the whole body being exposed while swimming.

As fresh meat was needed, we killed two of the stragglers, and their coats were hardly wet. They have a curious covering; the quill-like hairs

are round and hollow and stand out from the body like bristles, and after a plunge into a stream the water drips off quickly.

In hunting this wary animal there will be more blank days than good scores recorded. Occasionally, however, there will come a memorable hunt, like one that I had in August, a few years ago. One of our best hunters rode down to the ranch and told me that there was a meat famine in an up-river settlement. The men had been doing their best, but were unable to secure any game. For the general good, we decided to try our luck, and in a very short time were on our way, with two pack-horses, to the sand-hills, a few miles away.

In regular succession these sand-hills cover a large expanse of territory, and their general appearance is that of the ocean when a heavy rolling swell is on. The entire country is covered with fine grass, quite similar to blue-joint. This part of the country has always been good antelope ground.

We were yet on the outer edge of these hills, just skirting Sugar Loaf, the most prominent, and had barely reached the top of a small knoll when the peculiar whistle of a pronghorn piped up in the distance. It is difficult to tell how an antelope makes his call. In some respects it is much like the noise from a whistle having a small marble in it, perhaps not so shrill, and a bit plaintive at times. It seems to be made in the roof of the mouth with lips nearly closed, when the animal is greatly excited or bewildered.

Off to our right we saw four of the animals moving uneasily about and looking at us with animated curiosity; but they were too far for a sure shot. There was no use in trying to get near them, for a long detour would have to be made to get the wind in our favor, and even then there was small chance of success. We therefore jogged on through the valley, away from the game, and

apparently taking no notice of them, but I felt a good deal chagrined that the game had seen us first.

We had not ridden far, however, when we had the good fortune to discover a pair of antelope in a small valley, entirely unsuspecting of our approach. Quickly dismounting, we led our horses back out of sight and left them, while we swerved off toward a mound from which a good shot could be had. Swiftly, and with the least possible noise, we scurried along until near the top, when we dropped flat on the ground, worming and pushing ourselves to where we could peep over. The antelope had changed their positions and were not more than a hundred yards from us, but acting as though they thought something was wrong. My companion told me to try for the animal that offered nearly the whole broadside, and chose for himself the other, which was looking directly away from us. At the signal we fired; Frank's antelope dropped with a broken neck; mine staggered, but pulled himself together and started to run, but Frank settled matters by pumping another shot into him.

When we examined my buck it seemed to us that my shot should have been enough, and that the animal could have made only a short run. But it is always best to take no risks with antelope, for often after being hit repeatedly, they will get away when it seems that they must be full of lead. It did not take long to dress the animals, and as we were roping them on to the pack-horses, we congratulated ourselves upon having secured two pronghorns with three shots.

After another start, we had ridden for about an hour without seeing any more game when Frank remarked that we must be very close to the side of the valley opposite where we had seen the first band. In all probability they had gone, we thought, but to satisfy ourselves we decided to have a look anyway. We threw

the lines over our horses' heads and left the animals to care for themselves. With the lines dragging on the ground, ranch horses do little wandering. Presumably, they are picketed so much that with the lines down they imagine themselves at the end of a rope.

Crouching and crawling to the crest of the ridge we were astonished to find the four antelope lying almost exactly where we had seen them before. It was a long shot, quite two hundred yards. We adjusted our sights for that distance, and then my companion wanted me to try the first shot, saying that when the game started up and stood looking around, he should have a chance. I fired and the buck that I shot at never got up. With the report of my rifle the other three sprang up and were off at once; they did not hesitate according to programme, so Frank had to shoot as they dashed away, and although he sent three bullets after them, they escaped.

While we were dressing my buck, attending strictly to our work, I looked up and was somewhat disconcerted to see an antelope, probably one of the three just put to flight, not fifty yards away, making short runs here and there, and evidently consumed with curiosity—a characteristic of the pronghorn. Frank rushed for his rifle and began some rapid firing, while I hugged the ground. Ping, ping, went the bullets, and the antelope trilling out his cry, tore around in a big circle at express speed. Frank failed to score, and finally the terrified animal disappeared over the hill. I thought it wise not to say anything just then, but as the opportunity for joking Frank for his poor shooting came so seldom, I could not refrain from making a few remarks about marksmanship in general; but he did some fine shooting later in the afternoon, and retrieved himself.

We kept beating about the hills with the best of luck, taking turns at

the chances offered, until at last we had each killed five antelope, and had as much of a load as our pack and saddle-animals could easily carry. It was my best record on pronghorns

and that night when we distributed the meat in the settlement, we had reason to feel that it had been a red-letter day indeed. I certainly never enjoyed one more.



A CATCH OF BIG BASS.

GAME HOGS with the incriminating evidence of their hoggerly, are as repulsive to sportsmen as pictures of legitimate trophies are interesting. THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE believes that its readers will find much to interest them in photographs of brother sportsmen and their trophies, and we shall print from month to month in these pages the best of the pictures of this kind with details of the fish or game and its captors, that our readers are good enough to send us. Good photographs of this kind of will be welcomed. Here is one them.

Mr. Frank N. White, of New York, is one of the most enthusiastic fishermen within many miles of the

Metropolis. Each succeeding season finds him at Greenwood Lake, N. J., for as long a vacation as his pressing business responsibilities will permit. It may surprise some of our readers to know that the state of New Jersey can furnish such good sport as Mr. White has been able to find there, but he offers excellent evidence of the fishing in Greenwood Lake in the accompanying photograph of three bass with a total weight of 14 pounds 9 ounces, which he took at Greenwood Lake last summer in one hour and ten minutes. This catch which broke the weight record established ten years before, was made with a 5½ oz. rod, a number 9 line and a single leader.

HUNTING GRIZZLY BEAR IN OREGON.

By Sherman Powell.

FEW sportsmen are yet familiar with the glorious opportunities that Oregon affords. The quantity and quality of both large and small game, however, will probably make the most northwestern state of the Union a Mecca for sportsmen from all parts of the world, before another generation has learned to shoot. Its splendid hunting grounds can readily be reached by railroad, while in some parts of this district the Mongolian pheasant has become so plentiful that within three hours an energetic shot can secure a fine bag of this beautiful game actually within hearing of the engine whistle. Besides the abundant game that lies waiting for the gun or rifle, the many large streams in the mountains have a splendid run of salmon during the summer months. These fish, before the berries are ripe, form the choicest food for bear, who never complain of "fisherman's luck," but follow up the stream and catch and eat until perfectly satisfied.

As soon as the berries begin to ripen, Bruin abjures his fish diet, and one glance at the mountain sides of southern Oregon during the months of August and September, will explain why there are many more bears there than in other state in the Union. Wild raspberries, blackberries and huckleberries, in patches by themselves or growing together with half a dozen other kinds which are not so familiar, furnish the bear with not only the daintiest kind of food, but also provide for him the safest shelter. Day by day, as the berries slowly ripen, first on the warm sunny spots in the open flats, and then gradually on up to the shaded slopes of the highest mountains, the bear climbs higher and higher always selecting the patches where the berries are thickest and largest. He

looks very greedy, too, as he sits on his haunches and rakes in the fruit with both paws.

But it is when the nuts begin to ripen that Bruin takes thought for the morrow, and prepares to lay in his stores for the winter. This sweet, rich diet he devours ravenously, and he soon accumulates great rolls of fat, which becomes covered by a fine coat of fur for winter use—either for his own service when he hibernates, or perchance some day for yours, when you climb out of bed on a cold, frosty morning.

The first course, with which he begins his feast, is the sweet acorn which grows in abundance on the low hillside bushes. The bear will journey many miles to harvest this delicious crop for he fully realizes that it will be spoiled for him by the first frost. Next in season comes the sugar pine nuts; then the chin-capin, a rich oily nut somewhat resembling the beech. The chin-capin grows upon the ridges among the scattered timber, usually on small shrubs three or four feet high, but occasionally one will outstrip its fellows and attain a diameter of ten or twelve inches with a height of thirty or forty feet. Among the large chin-capins, brown and black bear will often risk their lives reaching for the nuts on the highest branches, while the grizzly in spite of his superior strength, must be content to remain beneath and feed from the low growth or take what the others by chance knock down.

By the end of October the tanbark oak, the largest of all acorn-bearing trees, begins to ripen along the river bottoms. Then our fur-coated friends disappear from the higher ranges, lunching as they go down, on such stray hazle-nuts as the squirrels have failed to gather, and are dis-

covered again among the tanbark and live-oak acorns. The large tanbark acorns must lie on the ground two weeks or more before they have sufficiently ripened to be palatable to the epicurean taste of the bear, for he will never touch them until they are thoroughly cured. Then he turns his attention for a few days to the tender mushroom, and finally in satisfaction and comfort retires to winter quarters, where he sucks his paws until spring.

In a country where bear can be "still-hunted" successfully, there is no sport quite so delightful, or any that gives the hunter such opportunities for displaying so much skill and science. One who has never hunted big game west of the Rocky Mountains would never understand the indifference with which black-tailed deer, or even bull elk are passed by, so long as there is even a remote possibility of getting a shot at a bear. The sense of danger always connected with bear hunting only serves to add to its fascination, and becomes quite subordinate to the thought of glory and satisfaction that one experiences when standing over the slain quarry.

My last experience with this kind of game was an exciting one. I had one companion, and we had pitched our camp on the eastern flank of the Cascades, in a broken forest of kingly sugar pines which towered sublimely from every ridge and cañon in the range. We had come in after bear and success had exceeded both anticipation and provision so far that our supply of chemicals for curing the hides was exhausted, and we were now left with four choice skins suffering from lack of either alum or arsenic. The skins were fat and oily and their only salvation lay in frequent graining and rubbing well with salt.

Their condition made it urgent that we should hie to the nearest settlement that boasted a drug store, as soon as possible. But a tempta-

tion that few sportsmen could withstand presented itself. While returning to camp the day before our intended departure, I had discovered the fresh tracks of a large grizzly, and his presence so disturbed my mind that I persuaded my companion to remain over another day so I could hunt him.

Knowing full well that the grizzly is a tireless and enterprising traveler, I made an early start the next morning. After picking my way for about two miles in the uncertain light of the stars, I climbed the side of a steep mountain just as dawn was breaking. Peering eagerly in every direction, I could discover nothing that the most vivid imagination could conjure into a bear. Nevertheless, I found much else of interest to observe, as who will not on such a morning in such a country?

Following a well-defined game trail to the east, I became so intent in reading the tracks of different wild animals which seemed to have fallen into the same trail, that I almost forgot the one whose huge footprints had so lately aroused my curiosity and driven all sleep from my eyes. When the first rays of the sun came pouring down the cañon, flooding the whole landscape with their penetrating light, they suddenly revealed to my vigilant eye the dark forms of two bears about six hundred yards further down the same ridge on which I stood. They were just disappearing over the divide. Looking still more carefully a hundred yards further up the mountain, I could discern the outlines of another and larger bear, as he sauntered awkwardly across a small glade.

He was making his way toward a growth of chincapins which extended far away up the mountain, growing thickest and largest in the moist shadowy corners amidst an upheaval of purplish gray boulders. Eagerly I watched him as he prepared to make his breakfast of the nuts which nature had provided with such a



TWO MAGNIFICENT PRIZES LAY AT MY FEET.

lavish hand. Then dropping down the side of the mountain a few paces so as to be out of his sight, I worked 'round a tangle of blackberry bushes, dodging fallen logs and broken limbs, and avoiding the swish of the bushes against my overalls, and taking every precaution to secure a silent and successful advance.

Suddenly I beat a hasty retreat, for a strong breeze had sprung up from the west, that threatened to carry my scent to the bear, as had been my misfortune only the day before, when I lost a shot at three big fellows who winded me from a distance of almost six hundred yards. I crossed the first saddle to the north side of the divide, and continued to thread my way as rapidly as possible along the broad, open summit until I was far enough to be out of my bear's sight, scent and hearing. When

about opposite to the spot on which I had last seen him feeding, I changed my course and headed over the mountain.

Gaining the south side once more, I tried to locate the bear by looking toward the saddle, where I had crossed the mountain, but the closest scrutiny disclosed nothing. For another half-hour I hunted for a sign of my quarry, making a minute examination of every bush and shadow, of every old stump and dark mass of any description, but could discern no living thing. I listened, but could hear nothing, not even the hum of a bee nor the chirp of a bird; even the wind had hushed. Had the bear gone up grade or down grade, over the mountain or down the slope? It was too early yet for him to have stopped feeding. Perhaps he was tired of his solitude and had gone to

seek some congenial mate. All these and many other surmises came coursing through my mind, but they could give me no clue.

What was the meaning of that jay that now came flying swiftly over the ridge and lit on the top of a charred old fir? Its discordant cries attracted others, who, chattering and scolding in their tantalizing way, came swooping down one after another but always to the same spot; then back again to their perch above, in a way that thoroughly aroused my suspicions. I listened again. A small rock came tumbling down; then another and another. Looking up quickly, I saw a bush quiver some two hundred and fifty feet above me.

One more moment of suspense and then I saw a streak of grayish-brown fur that I knew formed the covering of Bruin's backbone; but for an instant only—then it was hidden again behind the bushes, leaving me with the rifle at my shoulder, sighting at the side of the mountain. Fully realizing the danger of shooting uphill at one of these grizzlies, I was nevertheless determined to open the campaign at the first opportunity, regardless of consequences, however serious. Built as he is with ribs of gristle instead of bone, and provided with a covering for his flexible framework so thick as to be almost impenetrable, a wounded bear will roll down the side of a mountain, tumbling over rocky crags and into deep caverns, and will eventually land right side up with nerve and vitality enough left to hug his enemy to death.

Reaching well forward I grasped the branches of some brush and drew myself into a more commanding position. At last I detected him hovering directly above in a clump of chincapins, greedily feasting and utterly unconscious of my presence. After vainly trying to distinguish which way he was standing, excitement got the better of prudence, and I took the chances and fired. He

dropped instantly, but quickly struggling to his feet, came whirling down toward me, when I gave him a second shot. At the third shot he rose to his haunches and I fired again. Plunging forward with a mighty roar, he started down again, crushing the bushes with his ponderous weight, as he made his way rapidly toward me. A moment later something turned him in his course, and he fell headlong over a perpendicular wall of rock, striking the earth fully twenty feet below.

With a feeling of relief and satisfaction I lowered my gun, but to my complete surprise, through the heavy growth of bushes with a snort and a whiff, rushed the grizzly which I had felt confident lay dead at the foot of the bluff. So startled was I at the indescribably wild and fearless manner of his charge, that for the first time in my life a doubt crossed my mind of the killing power of a 40-calibre Winchester and I realized the extreme danger of the position.

The situation demanded instant action. When he was within twenty feet of me, I braced myself for a supreme effort, took quick aim, fired, and he lay dead twelve feet from me, the bullet having entered the brain just over the eye.

But there was still something breaking down the bushes above me, and I stood with my rifle ready. To my great surprise, another bear soon appeared, slowly rolling over and over down the steep incline between me and the rocky wall. It was the bear that had tumbled over the bluff and by his fall had pushed out the second bear which I supposed was charging me with vengeance in his eye.

My faith in my Winchester was restored and I inwardly apologized for my misgivings concerning the power of a 40-calibre. Two magnificent prizes lay at my feet and their glossy skins provide a perpetual memento of one of the finest hour's sport that can ever have fallen to the luck of a hunter.

TROUT FISHING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

By George J. Miller.

ONE beautiful evening toward the latter part of last August, Harvey and I were in camp on the shore of Armstrong Lake, seventy miles from Windsor, Nova Scotia. We had been exploring Black Brook in search of trout, but with meagre results. The windings of the dark, silent water had been followed for miles; we had walked beneath the gloomy shade of gigantic pines and hemlocks, and had admired their grandeur and sublimity, but we had returned to camp with feelings of disappointment.

When we had satisfied our voracious appetites, we filled our pipes, found a soft log for a pillow, stretched our tired limbs on the dry moss with a sigh of contentment, and watched the stars peep out one by one from the darkening sky. We were perfectly happy, save for one thing—there were no trout. We had come to spend our vacation, to rest, and principally, to catch trout. While we were lazily discussing the question as to how this want was to be supplied, old Murphy, our guide, electrified us by exclaiming, positively:

"If there's any trout anywheres, you'll git 'em in Stoney Brook where it empties into Panook Lake. It ain't more nor two miles and a half through from the head of Armstrong Lake to there; and sir, I tell you, you kin jist drag 'em out as fast as you've a mind to. Yes, sir. I mind the time last spring—why, sir, I jist stood on a bunch of hard-hask and ketched six dozen, yes, sir."

We would go to Panook. We would start next morning at day-break, walk fast, and be on the ground where Murphy "ketched his dozens" by breakfast-time or shortly after.

We started as planned, went up the lake in a boat, and then struck

into the wilderness in the wake of our guide. And a wilderness it was, now plunging through a swamp, then disappearing headlong into a hole, next painfully climbing a densely-wooded hill strewn with huge granite boulders and interlaced by windfalls. At noon we came to a lake, on the wrong side of course, and stopped for lunch and rest; then struggling to our feet we resumed our loads and continued our terrible march. Tramp, tramp, stumble, crash! And all this time that tireless old guide moved serenely on, as if he were a walking machine wound up for the day.

I began to be fascinated, and found myself comparing him to the "old man of the sea," and the "wandering Jew." I struggled against a fantastic wish to kill him and turn back. What was he made of, anyway? Tall, thin, gray, bald, straight as a rush, tough as leather, merry as a cricket and absolutely tireless.

"Murphy," I called out at last, "how old are you?"

"Seventy-two," was the answer.

Seventy-two? Perhaps one hundred and seventy-two! Who knows? But it was impossible to talk with any comfort. All my breath was needed to keep up with the guide, who, in spite of his seventy-two years, seemed to glide through the woods like a ghost.

At length we halted on the bank of a long, still stretch of black water, and Murphy, as he laid down his load, said: "Stoney Brook dead-waters; and now, sir, there's the very pole I snaked out six dozen of 'em with last spring, yes sir." Sure enough, there was the "pole," a young ash as large as a man's wrist at the butt, and tapering to a point; about sixteen feet long and fit to kill a ten-pound salmon with.

I threw myself full length upon the ground and looked at my watch. Five o'clock, and this was Murphy's two miles and a half! A whole day spent in exhausting labor, undertaken on the bare word of an old guide either too ignorant to know the difference between one mile and five, or else rogue enough to be laughing at us even now. He was sure of his pay, and that was all that the leathery old sinner cared about, I thought.

I was mad clear through, and utterly used up; but after resting half an hour, I began to feel more comfortable and to regard the situation as endurable. In the meantime, Harvey had been putting the rods together and was carefully selecting a "killing" cast. I noticed that while thus employed, his eye glanced frequently at the silent expanse of water before us. I did not just understand the expression of his face. He seemed looking for something and, I thought, a little disappointed at not seeing it. Murphy, meanwhile, was busily engaged in building a lean-to.

The evening was drawing near—the time dear to the heart of the angler, when the trout begin to feed after the heat of the day. Everything was propitious; no man could have asked a more promising combination of circumstances. The trees had already begun to throw shadows across the water and there was a suspicion of rain in the soft wind that sighed fitfully through the branches.

I was still lazily watching Harvey's preparations. Finally, all things being arranged to his satisfaction, he began to cast carefully over the stream. He whipped the black water for fifty yards, patiently and thoroughly without a rise. There was not a hint of a trout, and when Harvey had fully satisfied himself of this, he sat down, filled his pipe, lighted up, and quietly proceeded to put away his tackle in a silence so eloquent that speech was weak in comparison.

By this time Murphy had finished the camp and was getting a pile of wood ready for use during the night. When we had made tea and eaten heartily, Murphy piled up the fire, filled a short pipe and proceeded to entertain us with funny stories of his experiences in this neighborhood.

"I don't know what's the matter with the trout in this 'ere place," he said finally, after discussing everything else but the fishing, "reckon they didn't hanker for your flies—never took much stock in 'em myself, nohow. Give me a good birch pole and a real lively worm, and I'll ketch more fish than all the fancy rods and flies as ever was"—this with withering scorn.

"What flies did you try?" I asked Harvey.

"Brown hackle, red palmer, Jenny Lind, purple," said Harvey. "A prime cast for this time of year and in these waters, if there were any fish."

"Well," said the old man slowly, "if there's no fish here they must be somewheres else. Down below, there's what they call frothy hole, where a brook comes into a piece of dead water. I've stood on a rock there and flung 'em out as long's I wanted to—smashers too—and the black flies a chawin' me all the time."

"How far is it from here to that place?" asked Harvey, disinterestedly.

"'Bout three miles," answered Murphy, with naive simplicity.

We had accomplished about two miles and a half, according to Murphy's calculation, and had been the best part of a day in doing it; and now there were three more of Murphy's miles to the next point. Again the desire to murder this hoary old liar assailed me, and again the recollection of our helpless condition in this vast wilderness of lake and wood preserved his miserable life.

"We'll jist run down there in the mornin' and get a back-load," said the old man quietly.

Harvey looked at me in a dazed, helpless sort of way and whispered something softly to himself. Shortly afterward, we knocked the ashes out of our pipes and turned in for the night in solemn silence.

We crawled about slowly enough the next morning. We were lame, stiff and sore, and hardly in condition for another long tramp. Yet it was necessary to make a start unless we wished to become as thickly moss-grown as the logs about us. After breakfast we shouldered our loads and with heavy hearts began our march. In half an hour the prospect began to brighten; joints became limber, soreness wore off, and we began to feel reconciled to life once more.

Half an hour more and Murphy halted on the brink of a long, narrow, deep piece of dead water, exclaiming, as he dropped his heavy load; "I've hit it to a yard." Then glancing up and down the darkwater: "It's just right, and now gentlemen, I've took you a bit out of the straight road back to git here, but my idea is that you kin ketch jist as many fish as ye kin back out of the woods; yes, sir."

Harvey quickly rigged up his rod and at the first cast hooked a trout that even in that dead water, made it very lively for his little lancewood.

I had been too depressed, disgusted and with too little faith in the guide to do more than watch with languid indifference, until I saw the result of Harvey's cast. Then it was astonishing how keen I felt. The sight of that big fish fighting, acted like a powerful tonic for both mind and body. In five minutes I had a pretty cast settling gracefully on the water, just behind a huge boulder that projected above the surface. Hardly had it touched the water when there came a silvery flash from the shadow of the rock, and a big fish leaped full length into the air. Then with a rush that made the reel sing again, he headed boldly down stream.

"Put up the landing net," I yelled

to Murphy, and followed the struggling fish along the bank. The old man first landed Harvey's fish, and soon after mine was lying in the grass beside it.

"Two pounds and one and a half," announced Harvey, with solemn satisfaction, as he pocketed his spring balance.

"I knowed it, I knowed it," said the old man, gleefully; "I knowed we 'ud strike 'em here, soon as ever I see'd the water; and there's more of 'em and bigger, too; and you jist look out sharp for them bits of rods, or you'll lose a piece of 'em, like's not."

Presently I hooked another large fish and just as I lifted the rod to "feel" him, another big fellow seized the tail fly. Then there was music. After a swirl or two during which they tried to make off in different directions, they apparently came to an understanding and started full speed down stream. I followed along the bank, which was fortunately quite clear, giving line a little and yet keeping a taut hold on the frantic pair. A short distance down stream there was a patch of lillies, and toward this tangle the pair headed. Now this was decidedly dangerous, for a fish among the lily stems is as good as lost.

"Snub 'em! Snub 'em! Snatch 'em, or they're goners!" yelled old Murphy, wildly waving the landing net above his head.

I increased the strain slowly and firmly. In spite of my efforts to prevent them, however, they continued to approach the lillies, but more and more slowly. It was a great fight, but the strain was evidently beginning to tell.

"Show 'em the butt," shouted Harvey. "Your rod will stand it," and he danced wildly up and down the bank. "More yet, give it to 'em." I shut my teeth hard and increased the strain until the greenheart was bent like a hoop, the tip almost touching the water, and the stubborn

pair not three feet from the lillies. The strain was too terrific to last; in another moment they gave insullenly, and I gladly eased up a little and turned them away from the dangerous spot into still, clear water under the bank. The old man was already there on his knees at the water's edge, waiting till they should come within reach. The moment came, and he dexterously slipped the net under them, taking the tail fish first; and the next instant they were both flopping about in the net.

"Hurrah, well done!" cried Harvey, drawing a long breath of relief. "It was a mighty close thing though; a little farther and you would have lost that splendid pair of fish and probably your line into the bargain."

Meantime, the old man had been examining alternately the delicate-looking rod and the heavy fish. He scratched his head thoughtfully a minute and then said, slowly: "Well, I'm blamed if I thought thet jimcrack contraption could have done it. Why, the darned thing ain't bigger nor a knittin' needle."

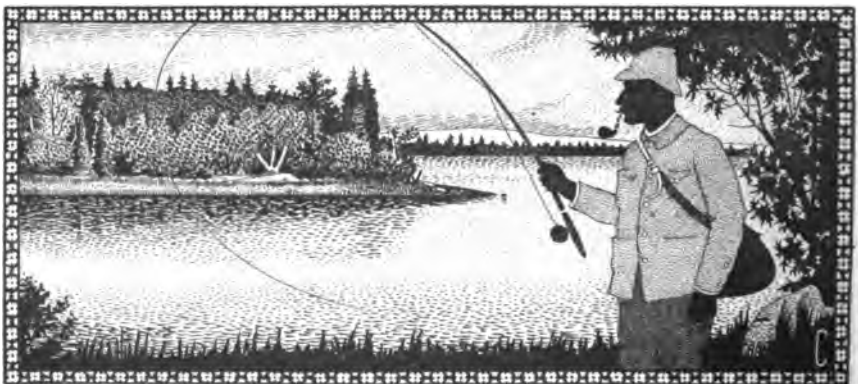
We weighed the fish and found that the pair pulled down the scales to beyond the seven-pound mark, and Murphy's wonder increased still more. He looked the rod over again and asked repeatedly what it was made of, seeming to think there

must be a steel rod under the wooden surface. One of his sapling poles would have given away under the strain and he could not understand how ours should have held so well.

At dinner time we had twenty fine fish lying side by side in the cool moss, and a prettier sight from a sportsman's point of view, it would be difficult to find.

We had still some days at our disposal, so we were not long in deciding that we could not do better than to camp where we were. The guide assured us that the fishing stretched for miles in either direction. It was therefore resolved that Murphy should start back to Armstrong Lake Camp, take with him the trout, carefully packed in moss, send them into town next morning by the mail-stage and return to us, bringing with him a supply of necessities sufficient for the remaining time at our disposal.

Murphy returned to us the following day with a fresh supply of all we needed, and we spent another full week in fishing the streams about this locality. Say what you please, I never saw such trout! We had fish for breakfast, fish for dinner and fish for supper, and when we returned to civilization at the end of the week, Harvey and I agreed that we had never spent a more enjoyable outing than our two weeks among Nova Scotian trout streams.





THE CAMERA AMONG SPORTSMEN.

By Frederick J. Harrison.

THE principal value of the camera to the sportsman lies in its capacity to record with accuracy any object at which it is pointed. The artistic side of photography, requiring, as it does, more or less elaborate preparation, is of necessity neglected and the so-called "snap-shot" camera, of little bulk and weight, is the apparatus with which the sportsman is usually provided. From such a camera, used as it generally is, under the most adverse conditions, too much is often expected. The fastest of plates are employed, the light is often of the feeblest kind, and the shutter is set at the maximum speed.

The subjects that appeal most to the sportsman are usually those that present the greatest difficulties to the photographer. The scenes about the camp, the product of the day's sport, an imaginary shot at a passing buck, are subjects that call for no particular skill from a technical point of view.

Plenty of time may be taken to choose a point of vantage, the subjects may be the product of some thought on the part of the operator and the resulting picture may be of interest from an artistic standpoint, as well as from that of a simple record.

Too often, however, we see the greatest opportunities allowed to slip. Rugged guides are posed in stiff, awkward, about-to-be-photographed attitudes and the whole

outfit presents an appearance of suspended animation. Such a photograph represents waste of good material, possessing really no value even to the subjects themselves. Actual camp-life, with its accompanying duties, is interesting to look at, and photographs which really illustrate some phase of this life, command immediate attention and are souvenirs of real value. The aim should be to eliminate the consciousness of the presence of the camera from



CLASS III.—A MOUNTAIN LION.

By BOYD C. PACKER.

(Exposure : One-tenth of a second in bright sunlight.)



CLASS III.—CAMP IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

BY W. S. RUSSELL.

(Exposure: One-fifth of a second in bright sunlight.)

the minds of the subjects; to infuse some actual life and action into the picture and so to make the camera perform its real function—that of a recorder of actual events.

The most common type of pictures made by sportsmen is the product of a day's shooting or fishing. This class of photographs admits of little artistic treatment; it is merely a record of facts, made to gratify the pride of the sportsman.

There is another class of pictures, however, which though difficult to make, are valuable for many reasons. Animals in their habitats, unconscious of the presence of man, form an interesting study. The true sportsman is not content to simply shoot his prey; he loves to study the habits of the animals he hunts; to know their peculiarities. For pictures of this type a special form of apparatus is necessary. It is, of course, practically impossible to get close enough to the object to obtain a satisfactory picture with the ordinary camera and lens. Stories have been told of placing a camera in such a position that it was focussed on a certain spot, at which was placed a bait. The animal, seizing the bait, operated the shutter and perhaps a flash-light apparatus and the picture was then secured. Such methods of operating will hardly answer, however, and involve many points of difficulty that need not be discussed.

The best apparatus is undoubtedly a camera permitting considerable extension and a tele-photographic attachment for the lens. With this apparatus, a distant object of almost any size may be photographed. The camera must be placed on a firm

support, the object focussed, the size desired being obtained by extending the camera bellows. Birds on nests, animals grazing, and other similar subjects may be photographed in sizes large enough to make them useful for study.

It is to be regretted that so few instantaneous pictures of animals in motion, are shown. The sportsman is apt to prefer shooting with a more formidable weapon than a camera and many excellent opportunities for work of this class are probably lost. The picture and the animal might both be secured, had the sportsman a friend who would operate the camera. Such instantaneous pictures should only be attempted when conditions are right. A good light is absolutely necessary.

It is interesting to note the increased use of the camera by cyclists. The wheel furnishes an easy and pleasant means of reaching many picturesque spots and the camera is easily carried and operated. While it is undoubtedly a fact that the bicycle for a time relegated the camera to the background, it is now evident that with the increased use of the wheel will come a more general use of the camera. Everywhere we see wheelmen with their cameras while the dealers in photographic supplies are making a specialty of folding cameras for this purpose and carrying cases for wheelmen.



CLASS III.—A BIG BUCK.

BY BOYD C. PACKER.

(Exposure: One-fourth of a second in bright sunlight.)



CLASS III.—QUAIL SHOOTING IN IOWA.

BY M. BRUCE.

(Exposure: One-quarter of a second in cloudy weather.)

CRITICAL COMMENT ON CLASS III. PICTURES.

By "Professor."

HUNTING, camping and fishing is the range of the third class of our competition. In considering pictures sent in under this heading, it is necessary to bear in mind that the camera is to the sportsman primarily a means of record, and the two points to be considered are: What has the sportsman thought worthy of permanently recording, and how has he utilized the material at his disposal? Selection of subject and technical treatment really cover the whole field.

In the batch of pictures before us we find camp scenes, actual life and records of prowess. To begin with the scenes of camp life, Isaac F. West's picture shows a one-night camp in Indian Territory. Breakfast is over and camp is to be broken up. The hunters are seated at the tent waiting for the teams to drive up. The general treatment of this picture is good. Exposure and development call for no especial comment. But a team has already arrived; camp is to be broken up. Why not have broken camp and loaded up that wagon? The picture sent answers very well as a

portrait of the people who made up the party, but did our friend use his camera during the actual operation of breaking the camp? Imagine instead of this picture, one showing the hustle and bustle of leaving, with all hands busy. A photograph of pictorial merit and of much interest to every one would have been the result. As a mere record the picture is excellent; but with the material at hand, a really interesting picture might have been made.

Of Mr. W. S. Russell's picture showing a camp in the Adirondacks, it may be said that the contrasts are too great. In the original print, black and white oppose each other with too much distinctness. The exposure, one fifth of a second in bright sunlight, may have been ample, but the high-lights—the tent, caps, shirt sleeves, etc.—were hopelessly overdeveloped before the detail in the shadows was sufficiently brought out. This often results from developing films by the roll, or four or five at one time. It is evident that each film may not have received the correct exposure and if all are developed simultaneously, only

one is likely to receive the correct treatment. A smaller proportion of reducing agent, a little more alkali, and a weaker developer generally would have given a softer negative.

In this picture again we have the obvious posing for the camera. Such pictures will doubtless be made until the end of time, and while they are admissible, the photographer should aim higher, and while exposing one film for his friends, should expose one for himself. With a camp and seven men there are ample opportunities for making pictures of the life of sportsmen that have not the consciousness of the proximity of the camera indelibly impressed upon them.

"Quail-shooting in Iowa" is an ambitious effort and Mr. M. Bruce is to be congratulated on his attempt to infuse some animation into his work. The print is of dark-red tone, admirably suited to the subject and were it not for the appearance of deep contemplation on the countenances of the figures, the picture would be an admirable one. The sky is not a patch of white paper but is a real sky, showing an appreciation on the part of the operator of its value in

the production of a picture and a knowledge of how to develop so as to preserve it.

"A Glimpse of a Deer," by J. C. Grew, is a picture of interest, for here we have a case in which the camera has, temporarily at least, been permitted to do the shooting. The animal is small when compared with the size of the print but the effort is a worthy one. In making such an exposure little time is afforded for a study of the general picture. The main object is to include the animal regardless of surroundings. In such work a tele-photographic lens is of the utmost value, permitting in this case a picture of the deer fully three or four inches in length. The technical part of the work has been well done.

"A Mountain Lion," by Mr. Boyd C. Packer, is an interesting picture, ably treated. It calls for no particular comment, except that it is well in accord with the terms of this competition. Mr. Packer's other entry, "A Big Buck," cannot be compared with this; it is only a bare record.

From these remarks we would have our readers gather that it is necessary to think when making photographs. It is not a difficult matter to make a few changes that will



CLASS III.—A GLIMPSE OF A DEER.

BY JOSEPH C. GREW.

(Exposure : Three quarters of a second in moderate sunlight.)



CLASS III.—TEMPORARY CAMP ON CABIN CREEK.

BY ISAAC F. WEST.

(Exposure : One second in moderate daylight.)

transform a commonplace, stilted subject into one possessing interest and animation. The picturesque surroundings of the hunter and the fisherman offer many good subjects for the camera, and the picture producing the most permanent impression is the one to which some thought has been given.

Take an old hunter and show him a picture of a camp with all hands ranged up in front to be photographed. It will excite little or no comment. Show him a picture of a camp with all hands busy, and his interest and critical capacities are stirred. And old hunters are men of discernment, too!

RULES AND CONDITIONS OF THE COMPETITION.

THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS in gold have been offered by THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE for the best amateur photographs submitted. The competition is divided into four classes, and the prizes for the first and second have been awarded. The specifications for the others follow :

CLASS III. *Hunting, Fishing and Camping.* Prizes: Forty dollars in gold for the best photograph; twenty-five dollars in gold for the second best, and ten dollars in gold for the third. In this class are wanted pictures of general interest to sportsmen of the rod and gun. Views of hunters or fishermen with the "tools of their trade" in hand; of their camps in the woods; of their game;—in short, any photograph that appeals directly to the hunter, the fisherman or the camper. Entries will close June 1. The prize-winning photographs will appear in our July issue.

CLASS IV. *Competitive Sports.* Prizes: Forty dollars in gold for the best photograph; twenty-five dollars in gold for the second best, and ten dollars in gold for the third. For these prizes are eligible all photographs taken of sports on the track, in the field or on the water. Instantaneous or time exposures of racing—by men, horses, yachts or bicycles; of field sports in progress—baseball, football, cricket, lawn tennis, golf—all are within the limits of this class. Entries will close September 1, and the prizes will be announced in our October issue.

A few general rules for this competition are necessary: (1) All competitors must be amateur photographers, and must prove their standing, if called upon, before they receive any prizes awarded to them. (2) Only finished prints (though not necessarily mounted) will be considered;—no negatives, blue prints or untuned proofs should be sent in. (3) Details of subject and exposure (date, place, subject, condition of light and length of exposure) must be furnished in each case, with the full name and address of the photographer. (4) The right to reproduce and print in THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE all photographs entered in the competition must go with the prints, and the exclusive copyright on those to which prizes are awarded.

Photographs may be entered in advance for any of the classes, but it should be distinctly stated if they are intended for any other than the class which closes next. A competitor may enter as many prints in each class as desired, but we cannot undertake to return photographs. No entrance fee will be charged and no other conditions than those stated here must be complied with.

Photographs and communications regarding this competition should be addressed to the

PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR, THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, 377 and 379 Broadway, New York.



CLASS III.—A BIG CATCH.

BY A. W. TANNER.

(Exposure: One second in shade.)

NOTES FROM THE DARK-ROOM.

COLOR photography is receiving another boom. Chassagne's method, it is stated, will soon be introduced into this country. This method requires the use of four or more solutions, three of which are dyes. The print is first treated with a special solution and then dyed successively in the blue, green and red dyes, a wash of the special solution being given between each operation. This process seems like an old friend in a thin disguise, and the staining of prints—and incidentally of hands—is not likely to become very popular.

Amateur photographers should read our announcement and special offer, which follows the regular pages of the MAGAZINE this month. Up to June 1st, we will send any two back numbers of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE (excepting October and November, 1896, which are out of print) *free* with a year's subscription. By this arrangement you may have your subscription dated back two months to the beginning of the second volume, or you can receive fourteen months beginning whenever you please, for the price of twelve months' subscription, two dollars.

The brighter weather brings greater opportunity for making prints and several enquiries have reached us in regard to toning baths. It is well to carefully read the instructions sent out with the paper used and to follow them as closely as possible. The manufacturer usually has good reasons for recommending a special method of procedure and good results may be looked for if directions are followed.

Land Markward, of Warrensburg, Mo., asks for good formulas for toning baths. The following are suggested:

FOR ALBUMEN PAPER:

Chloride of gold..... 1 grain.
Bicarbonate of Soda..... 4 grains.
Water..... 8 ounces.

This is ready for immediate use and gives rich prints. For collodion printing-out papers: Wash out all free silver and tone in a solution of chloride of gold, one grain; and water, ten ounces, made slightly alkaline with a solution of borax.

COMBINED TONING AND FIXING BATH:

Hyposulphate of Soda... 3 ounces.
Lead Nitrate..... 60 grains.

Dissolve in twenty-four ounces of water and add six grains of chloride of gold dissolved in half an ounce of water.

Developers that are used repeatedly should be occasionally filtered to remove any particles that may have been taken up from the plates and trays. To do this properly, a wad of absorbent cotton should be well wetted under the tap, dropped into a clean glass funnel, and allowed to drain. The developer will rapidly filter through this.

A useful dodge to prevent making two exposures on one plate is to paste a piece of gummed paper on each side of the plate holder, thus holding the end of the slide to the frame-work. When an exposure is made this paper is broken. All holders with the paper unbroken will contain unexposed plates.

Pyro stains may be removed from the fingers by rubbing with moist chloride of lime and then soaking in hypo solution.

A new sensitive paper has been recently placed on the market and exquisite results are shown. It is a stiff board, sensitive on one side and giving beautiful matt-surface prints.

Some curious expedients are often resorted to for obtaining pictures of fortresses and other jealously guarded places. A story goes that an officer made pictures of a fort by disguising himself as a German nurse and wheeling a perambulator in which was a cleverly devised dummy infant. In the body of the dummy was concealed a camera the movements of which were controlled from the handles of the carriage.

Professor.



The Trotting Season of 1897.

THE trotting and pacing season of 1897 is now near at hand and stories of phenomenal speed are even more frequent than while trotting "around the store" in the winter months. Horsemen are rejoicing in the fact that the outlook for a most successful season, both from a sporting and financial point of view, is far better than for many years before. The number of associations that have already claimed dates is larger than in even the "palmy days of the '80s," but the best sign of all is that the "fly by night" associations, have almost entirely quit the business. The purses offered this year, will for the most part be paid, and the aggregate amount to be offered in stakes and purses will exceed in volume, that of the "brown" years of 1888 and 1892.

Naturally, there is much speculation as to whether or not the world's trotting record, 2:03 $\frac{3}{4}$, now held by the queen, little Alix, will be beaten in 1897. Alix made her famous figures in 1894, and after a rest of two seasons, during which none of her many competitors has even equalled her record, she will make her re-appearance this season. If she stands training well, she should prove better than ever before for she is still a young mare. Azote, holder of the next fastest record, is said to be completely broken down, and a "has-been" beyond resurrection. He will doubtless never be heard from again except in regrets for his early retirement.

Alix's most formidable competitor is that great young mare Fantasy, 2:06. She is a daughter of Chimes, the most successful son of Electioneer, and her record of 2:06 was made in 1895, when she proved herself almost invincible and set a mark for which mares of her age (4) will aim at for some time. She was also out in 1896 and won

nearly all of her races, against such fast competitors as Kentucky Union, 2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$; William Penn, 2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$; Benzetta, 2:06 $\frac{3}{4}$; Klamath, 2:07 $\frac{1}{2}$ and Onoqua, 2:08 $\frac{1}{4}$; her best mile being done in 2:06 $\frac{1}{2}$. She is reported to have wintered well and her owners, Messrs. C. J. & H. Hamlin, expect her to not only lower her own record this season, but to lower the best trotting record. The great Aberdeen mare, Kentucky Union, who won so many good contests last season in the open classes and demonstrated such gameness, will be a prominent factor in the 1897 free-for-all races. As she beat all the cracks last season, she should be able to more than hold her own with the best that are out this year.

Directum, 2:05 $\frac{3}{4}$, holder of the world's champion trotting stallion record, is hopelessly broken down and is making the season near Detroit, Mich. His retirement is to be regretted as he was a great and game horse. Benzetta, 2:06 $\frac{3}{4}$, the great mare by Oniwaull, 2:25 $\frac{3}{4}$, and owned by Mr. W. E. D. Stokes of New York, made her record in 1895 in her four-year-old form and was one of the sensations of that year, winning many times against the best in her class. Last year she was expected to prove herself a "world-beater" but for some inexplicable reason she went wrong and never finished in front during the entire season. She still has many firm believers in her ability to make a "championship" record and if she comes out this season in good form, will not lack followers.

This also fits the case of Onoqua, who made her mark of 2:08 $\frac{1}{4}$ in 1895 in her four-year-old form, and is the property of Mr. James W. Cooke, one of Philadelphia's most prominent citizens and a great horse fancier. Onoqua was placed in "General" Turner's hands in 1896 and great things were expected of her, but like Benzetta she went wrong and did not succeed in getting

in front during the entire season. In 1895, Onoqua's owner offered to match her against the great Alix, but the match was never consummated. Neither Onoqua nor Ben-zetta should be overlooked in picking the 1897 winners, however.

William Penn, the game little stallion by Santa Claus, 2:17½, and owned by Mr. W. D. Althouse of Philadelphia, made a mark of 2:07½ in 1895, was retired in 1896 and after a heavy season in the stud, was placed in training late last summer and trotted late in the fall, one of the gamest races in the annals of the turf, lowering his mark to 2:07¼ and beating all the crack performers of the year. William Penn is scant 15 hands, but in gameness weighs about 24 ounces to the pound. After a short season in the stud this spring, he is now in active training and if he has good luck, I fully expect him to lower the world's stallion record.

These constitute the best of the free-for-all trotters for 1897, and when they come together some interesting contests should result.

Among the crack pacers, the world's champion stallion and gelding, John R. Gentry, 2:00½, and Robert J., 2:01½, are owned by the New York banker, Mr. Lewis J. Tewksbury, and will be started in exhibitions mainly during this season, although I understand that both are entered in the free-for-all stakes at the coming meeting at Charter Oak Park, Hartford, Conn. Robert J., may start in the open class at a number of points and should prove a "hard nut to crack" if in good condition.

In the hands of his new owner, Mr. Murphy, Star Pointer should be a prominent factor in the pacing class this year, for the gameness of both horse and owner are proverbial, and Pointer has a mark of 2:02½, the fastest ever made in a race. Rubenstein, 2:05, the great son of Baron Wilkes, 2:18, defeated Star Pointer in a match race over a half-mile track at Mansfield, Ohio, the former's home, last fall, and should not be overlooked, as he was a good horse all last season. Joe Patchen, 2:04, is as game as any of them and as speedy as most. He confined himself to exhibitions over half-mile tracks during last season, but is now in new hands and should hold his own with the best this year. Tottie Lowaine, 2:06½; Pearl C., 2:06½; Fidol, 2:04½, and W. W. P., 2:05½, may all be heard from this season and one or more of them in no uncertain way.

H. P. Ray.

Camping Preparation and Outfits.

WITH the coming of May, the old camper and angler fondly gathers together his paraphernalia and prepares for action. He knows just what is necessary for happiness when away from town, and hardly

an hour is occupied in purchasing the necessary provisions. Experience has taught him what to take and what not to buy. A carefully prepared list in his scrap-book does away with the possibility of driving twenty miles into the country, to find that the matches are still in the grocery-store; while wash-basin, towels and toilet soap were not even thought of.

It is the occasional camper and the beginner that are likely to be short of some really necessary articles, while they are almost certain to burden themselves with things that had better been left at home. The provisions and camp utensils will give the most trouble, for no amount of thought can supply the place of experience in making the selection.

Two men on a camping excursion that is to last three weeks will find fifty pounds of flour about the right amount. If part is graham it will be appreciated, even if not thought much of at home. Campers in spring will hardly bother much about meat, though enough bacon—about ten pounds—should be taken for frying fish and as shortening for bread. It is much more convenient to carry than lard. In the mountains of the West, beans are used largely, for they are easily carried and contain much nourishment, in proportion to the bulk—quite the reverse of potatoes, which should be left at home—albeit rather indigestible. In boiling the beans, they will become soft much sooner if a teaspoonful of soda is added to the first water. Rice will be found an excellent substitute for the vegetables one is accustomed to. Ten pounds will not be too much, while fourteen pounds of sugar are about the right amount. As these supplies will last two men for three weeks, the proportions can easily be reached for a large party or any other length of time.

Rolled oats and wheat are almost a necessity. Five pounds of each should be taken. Some men will not eat either when at home, but I have never yet seen them refused in camp. As with the cereals, so it is with dried fruits; one's appetite takes kindly to such things as evaporated apples and peaches, apricots and raisins. The system demands the phosphates and acids that they contain. Five pounds each of the four mentioned may seem like a large amount, but it will be safer to add two pounds more of the apples and peaches. Coffee is one of the luxuries as well as a necessity—for comfort at least—to most people, but good coffee cannot be had unless it is carried unroasted. In this form the bulk is much less—three pounds being sufficient for excessive drinkers. A little can be roasted in a frying-pan every day or two, and thus the camp kept supplied with fresh coffee.

It is not likely that any one would forget salt, though they might not know that four pounds is sufficient for such a trip. Two

frying-pans will be needed, for the bread will be baked in them, unless you use a Dutch oven—a very needful utensil, by the way. A six-quart camp kettle will be necessary for boiling beans. For the fruit, nothing else is so good as a three-quart granite pail, for the contents may be left in it until used, without fear of the acid acting on it as it does on tin. Two such pails will be found useful if taken, and a large tin plate will be needed for mixing bread. It is always well to have a good supply of tin plates, knives, forks and spoons; for visitors may come at any time. A good butcher's knife and a whetstone are quite necessary to the cook's happiness; while he could hardly get along without an axe—a light one is good enough. Although a coffee-mill is very convenient, it can be dispensed with; a small canvass bag, the axe and a stump, taking its place. Where the camping-grounds are reached by wagon, a good sheet-iron stove may be carried to advantage, though it is not necessary.

The inexperienced are likely to take too little bedding, and that not of the right kind. Blankets are usually too small; they should be seven feet square. Each man should have two pairs of heavy ones, one large quilt and a rubber blanket; though the rubber ones are always just a little too small. Better than this is a sheet of twelve-ounce duck, seven by eight feet in size. This, besides being waterproof, serves as a covering for the bedding when travelling. When the weather is cold, one's blankets can be made into a sleeping bag, with the aid of a few large safety pins. This adds much to the warmth; and if the canvass is laid over and tucked under the bag, one may sleep comfortably in cold weather.

The inexperienced camper should possess sufficient moral courage to withstand the jibes of any one who laughs at his carrying a small feather pillow. There is absolutely nothing that can take its place. The tips of fir boughs pack and become hard after a night or two, while one's coat or trousers are only a makeshift at best, when used as a pillow. A mosquito-bar six feet square should go with each man's bedding. For perfect comfort and independence, every camper should have his own bedding, pillow and mosquito-bar.

In the matter of clothing, one cannot do better than to wear an old business suit, with a pair of overalls for cold or rainy days. I have never found anything for feet superior to ordinary, medium-weight shoes with "bellows" tongue and heavy soles. It is well to have them large enough so that cork insoles can be used. Woolen underclothing of medium weight, and socks of a mixture of wool and cotton are the best. The older and softer the hat, the easier and more comfortable it will be. A "slicker" or rubber coat is never amiss in camp, and a woolen sweater is almost

indispensable. The sweater will keep you warm in cold weather, and cool in warm weather; it can be slept in or worked in, and it will keep you dry when it rains.

The change of food and conditions of living bring on temporary derangement of the digestive organs. Some simple remedies should be carried, particularly if the camper leaves an office for two or three weeks of active life. For such men, it is better to be careful, no matter how vigorous the appetite, in the use of bacon and boiled beans. There is a good deal of fiction about being able to digest anything while in camp. I have known a man in ordinary health, when he went into the mountains in the spring, to come out in the fall afflicted with chronic dyspepsia. This might have been an extreme case, but a little pepsin in camp may be of inestimable value to some camper who never needs it any other time. Ammonia is another useful remedy, if strong enough to allay the irritation of insect bites. Quinine, too, acts as a cure for many small ailments, particularly for fevers.

After one trip, if the camper will make notes, he can be better prepared to thoroughly enjoy himself another year, than men who go on year after year, camping in the same manner each spring that they did on their first outing.

Rollin E. Smith.

Notes From the Game Fields.

THE question of spring-shooting comes up every year with consistent regularity, and it seems that it cannot be disposed of permanently. Some years ago spring-shooting was prohibited in Minnesota; then it was permitted again. Its opposers in that state, however, still continued the fight, and in a bill introduced in the state legislature last winter, spring-shooting was again prohibited, and after a hard fight, the bill became a law. The opposition to the measure was only another case of pecuniary interest or selfishness working against sportsmanship; but the result shows that Minnesota has some sportsmen to be proud of.

Game laws are sometimes of curious parentage, could they be traced to their inception. Some years ago, there crept into a bill before the legislature of a certain western state, a provision making it illegal to shoot wild fowl from any public bridge or roadway. If this provision was noticed at all, certainly no attention was given to it, and it passed with the rest of the bill. It afterward developed that this provision was for the benefit of one man who had a little duck marsh on his land; but the ducks in coming into it from an adjoining lake always crossed a road at the farther side of the marsh, thus, in their regular flights morning

and evening, affording excellent shooting to any one stationed in the road. Such is the selfishness of some men!

The high waters in the Mississippi valley during the recent floods will have a decided effect on the game supply. The southern states along the river are the sufferers. Deer and turkeys have been driven from their resorts and hundreds have been slaughtered by negroes and poor whites. But as often happens, the same agent that brings loss to one locality helps another. In northern Minnesota the overflowed river spread out for miles, and filled dried-out marshes, affording much new territory to wild fowl, so that larger numbers of these birds than usual, will nest in the state this year. Of course the local gunners will reap the profits.

Tennessee is one of the most active in game protection of all the southern states, and the sportsmen of Knoxville, in particular, are persistent in their endeavor to have laws that really protect. Ruffed grouse or pheasants are now protected for a term of five years, and the exportation of quail is prohibited. The law has also been amended making it a felony to kill fish with dynamite. This last provision is a wise one and will doubtless be the means of stopping the foulest method of slaughter ever adopted by market fishermen.

The difference between the sportsmen law-makers of Tennessee and Missouri is very striking. Those of the former state strive to save their fish, while the Missourians have permitted seining in the streams. Some of the rivers have within a few years been stocked with bass, and anglers were looking forward to fine times with rod and reel; but these visions have been scattered by hoggish legislation.

Though this may not be a case in hand, it often happens that sportsmen are justly punished for their sins of omission. They quietly enjoy the shooting and fishing that nature has provided for them, but in the matter of legislation, they are deplorably indolent, leaving that important point to those selfishly interested or woefully ignorant of what is necessary. Then when inimical laws are made, these indolent sportsmen write feeble letters of protest to their favorite papers, telling the kind-hearted editors all about it. But the protest comes too late; their indignation is not aroused until the damage is all done.

Some wisdom is absolutely requisite in game-law legislation, and a knowledge of little things should not be disdained, or the effect of the whole may be defeated, as in the case of one provision in the new Maine game laws. This was intended to prohibit, on the score of safety, the use of metal-patched bullets used in the small-bore smokeless-powder rifles, for the range of these bullets is wonderful when propelled by high-pressure powder. The prohibitive clause was made

to read: "The solid metal bullet cannot be used," etc. Now, the metal-patched bullet is not "solid metal," but the ordinary lead bullet used in nine-tenths of the rifles in Maine is of solid metal. As passed, the real object of the law was defeated through ignorance.

The District of Columbia is hardly looked upon as a resort for the sportsman in search of game or fish, yet there is game among the hills and fish in the waters, and the members of the District of Columbia Game and Fish Protection Association are not going to permit their hills and waters to be depleted. Some good bills have been drafted and will doubtless become laws. One provision is especially worthy of note. After mentioning the various game birds and animals, it says: "Possession of any of the birds and animals referred to, in the District of Columbia, during the season when it is unlawful to hunt or kill such game, under plea that it was taken lawfully outside the District of Columbia is not regarded as any defense whatever."

This point is well taken and should be drafted in the game laws of every state. It is safe to say that the opponents to such a measure would be men who kill game out of season and those willing that others should that they may profit by it—the market-hunters and some restaurant keepers.

In Montana, mountain sheep are now protected at all seasons, though deer, antelope and goat may be killed from September 1 to January 1; elk may be killed from September 15 to November 15, and then not more than two animals by the same hunter in one season. The sale of game birds and animals is prohibited.

In Maine it is unlawful to hunt game with any artificial light, which of course stops the questionable practice of jacking. The penalty for illegally killing moose or caribou is imprisonment, not exceeding four months; a fine is not optional. All guides must register and pay a fee of one dollar.

Wisconsin is experimenting with a non-resident license law for deer hunters, with a fee of \$30. What good may result from such a law is not yet apparent.

Good Stories Told by Sportsmen.

It was Jones's first trip over the new golf links and he had been unable to secure any of the experienced caddies, so he was forced to content himself with the services of one of the youngsters recently recruited from the town, who was resplendent in a red cap and green coat and a caddy bag slung over his shoulder with Jones's clubs.

Jones had just fuzzled his driver badly and had carried his ball back to tee again for a new drive. Swinging the driver back of his head, he addressed the ball carefully

and then cried out the regulation warning for golfers ahead to look out for his flying ball:

"Fore!"

The new caddy hesitated for a second and then as his employer drew back the club for the drive with which he hoped to clear a nasty hazard over one hundred yards from the tee, he interrupted Jones's play with the apologetic correction:

"Excuse me, sir, but you are cheating yourself. When you bring back the ball and tee again you 'play three' on these links, not four."

* *

A good story is told of General Crook who made almost as great a reputation as a sportsman as he did for fighting Indians.

While visiting a party of friends among the Minnesota Lakes, he spent a good deal of the time in shooting and fishing. On one of these trips a certain member of the party, whose diminutive height permitted some things which the larger men could not enjoy, carried with him a ten-foot folding canvass canoe of exceedingly light construction. The others ridiculed this outfit, but the boat worked well for fishing, and its owner certainly had the best of the argument until the ducks began to fly.

When the little sportsman proposed to shoot ducks from his "unarmored cruiser," as General Crook called the canvass boat, there was a general laugh at his expense and finally the General declared that it was absolutely unsafe.

"I'll bet you ten dollars," said Crook after arguing for some time with his persistent companion; "that you can't shoot out of that thing."

"Done," said the other, and each paddled off to a different spot among the reed blinds.

Ten minutes later a pair of mallard circled over the party and each of the others carefully let them go by until they reached the little man at the end of the line.

In his excitement, however, the occupant of the canvass canoe raised himself upon his knees and levelled his gun at the foremost bird. Even before he could pull the trigger, he had lost his balance and over he went—head, heels, gun and even the canoe on top of him. It was shallow water and they soon fished him out again, and for the rest of the morning he shot from a shore blind.

No mention was made of the wager until the whole party had gathered for dinner that night, when General Crook laughingly declared that that was "the easiest ten dollars he had ever won."

"On the contrary, my dear General," said the little man, "I was just rather congratulating myself on having some satisfaction for the ducking I got to-day."

"How do you make that out?" asked Crook, "you certainly did not fire a shot from that boat of yours."

"I don't deny that," returned the other with a triumphant smile; "but I'll bet ten dollars more; that there is not a man here who will deny that I shot out of that canoe, and that I shot out head first, too."

The little man had succeeded in turning the laugh from himself, and his ten dollars were promptly spent for wine with which he bought the silence of the rest of the party.

* *

Among the thousands of sportsmen and sportswomen who visited Madison Square Garden during the week of the Sportsmen's Exposition last month, there were a few who knew nothing of sports, and who went there out of curiosity. For these people, the display of taxidermy seemed to have the greatest fascination, and they stood about the taxidermists' booths and gaped at the mounted animals.

One well-dressed young man was pointing out the different specimens in one of the displays and giving the characteristics of each of the animals he did not know, with an ease of manner and an air of superiority that both charmed and awed his feminine companion at the same time.

"Now you see that big fellow up there," he went on in his enumeration of all the animals in sight, this time pointing to a great moose. "Well, that's one of those big deer they kill out West."

"But look at that awful nose," responded his companion. "Do they all have noses like that?"

"Oh, dear, no; that's only the stupidity of the taxidermist. He's put too much stuffing in the head. You see they stuff these animals with sawdust and sometimes they get too much in one spot or another, and this fellow's got too much up there in his nose, that's all."

"To See Ourselves As Others See Us."

"SINCE its first number, THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE has shown improvement with every succeeding issue, and the March Number is an excellent illustration of what a sportsman's magazine should be."—MAIL AND EXPRESS, New York.

"THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE for April devotes many pages to athletic sports, and the illustrations throughout the number make it an attractive periodical for sportsman and athlete. Its contents will whet the sportsman's appetite for adventure as soon as warm weather permits full access to woods and stream."—TIMES-UNION, Albany, N. Y.

"I think this is one of the best magazines I ever saw and do not think any one would hesitate to subscribe at once, if they only saw the sample number that you sent me. I have shown it to several friends and they praise it very highly."—JOSEPH K. BLANKMEYER, Philadelphia, Pa.

"THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE for March is a bright and interesting number and it is well illustrated. Readers will find here much to suit their fancy."—JOURNAL, Minneapolis, Minn.

"With its March Number, THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE has completed its first volume, and we are glad to say that it has carried out the terms of its opening number from issue to issue, its publishers evidently being in touch with their subject. This first volume contains over 500 pages of matter covering all indoor and out-of-door sport by writers over their own signatures, most of them familiar names in the sportsman's world."—FREE PRESS, Easton, Pa.

"THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, a new candidate for favor among the fast growing fraternity who love outdoor and indoor recreation, has published seven numbers, all of them handsome and interesting, covering the entire field on water and land, rod and gun, competitive and club sports. The April Number is a Fishing Number and will delight disciples of the rod and gun. There are over fifty illustrations in this number."—SUNDAY CALL, Easton, Pa.

"In time, I think your magazine will drive others of similar character out of the largest fields. For a long period there has been an opening for a purely sportsman's illustrated publication, which you are making a good effort to fill."—F. DE GARIS, Patchogue, Long Island, N. Y.

"In the April Number of that bright and beautifully-printed monthly, THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, Kit Clarke has a characteristically interesting article from which we clip. We are sure our readers will do well to secure it."—PHONOGRAPH, Phillips, Me.

"In March, while looking over periodicals at the news stand, I came across that which I now consider the best of them all, THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE. It has since been so highly spoken of I think they will sell well."—C. E. SELBE, Point Pleasant, W. Va.

"I cannot say too much in praise of your magazine. I read all of it once and most of it twice. I think if you could publish a semi-monthly, all your subscribers would be pleased."—HENRY HUTCHINSON, Cleveland, Ohio.

"THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE for April is a superb publication. It is called the Fishing Number, being devoted to the lovers of the 'gentle art of angling.' The covers are embellished with all kinds of flies in colors and gold. The illustrations are magnificent. The reading matter consists of contributions by some of the leading anglers and sportsmen of the United States. All of the fishing narrative are told in fascinating language. THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, although not quite a year old, is recognized as one of the leading publications of that character in the United States. The Gazetteer takes

great pleasure in recommending it to sportsmen."—SUNDAY GAZETTEER, Dennison, Tex.

I am very much pleased with the MAGAZINE and its interesting treats to its readers."—S. PRESCOTT LAZARUS, New York.

"I have bought quite a number of copies of your MAGAZINE and am very much pleased with it."—H. P. FESSENDEN, New York.

"I do not want to miss a single number of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE if I can help it. I take several other sportsmen's publications and think it the best of its kind published."—ALLEN GRANT, Sing Sing, N. Y.

"From what I have seen of your magazine, I am very much pleased with it as it is just such a nice clean publication as I have long wanted."—F. C. KOONS, Louisville, Ky.

"The combined attractive features of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE ought to secure for you the subscriptions of every sportsman and amateur photographer."—M. BRUCE, Des Moines, Iowa.

"THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE is a very fine one, and I enjoy reading it much more than any other sporting paper."—CHAS. B. CROSSMAN, Jamaica, N. Y.

"The January Number of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE is an excellent one. This magazine is improving with every issue. Its letter press and illustrations are very fine."—DAILY COLUMBIAN, New Westminster, B. C.

"For many years I have been looking for such a publication as yours and now I think I have found an ideal magazine for sportsmen. Your catch-line, 'By Sportsmen and For Sportsmen,' attracted my attention and I bought a copy. Ever since I sent in my subscription I have been better pleased with each issue, as it is received. My little son was almost as enthusiastic, and after sending for one of your premium lists, he set to work and soon secured enough subscriptions to get a fine shotgun. He was so pleased with it that he is now working for a bicycle. You have a host of other admirers in this town."—AUGUST FRONTENACH, Saginaw, Mich.

SPORTSMEN should read our announcement and special offer which follow the regular pages of the MAGAZINE this month. Up to June 1st, we will send any two back numbers of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE (excepting October and November, 1896, which are out of print) free with a year's subscription. By this arrangement you may have your subscription dated back two months to the beginning of the second volume, or you can receive fourteen months beginning whenever you please, for the price of twelve months' subscription, two dollars.

EDITORIAL MENTION

WHEN the Legislature of New York declared that hounding deer "is a relic of barbarism," and that it must not be practiced in this state for a term of five years, it voiced the sentiments of our most thoughtful citizens. With the advancement of civilization, we have departed from many practices that were looked upon with careless eye in the days of our ancestors. Now, to the enlightened sportsman it seems strange that we should be more mindful of the physical feelings of the condemned criminal than we are in the treatment of animals we kill for sport. Yet our laws declare that there shall be no "cruel or unusual" methods used in punishing criminals. It is conceded by all that the thing we must kill, whether for sport or necessity, should be killed without unnecessary torture. What would be thought of the butcher who took delight in chasing the ox about a field before gleefully cutting its throat; or of the duck hunter whose chief pleasure lay in chasing crippled ducks over the water? As an exciting sport, hounding will have its advocates—but so will bull-fighting.

Aside from the question of humanity, there is reason enough to prohibit hounding—not for five years, but for eternity—for this method of hunting deer undoubtedly hastens their destruction. As it is intended to frame all game laws so that the game supply will not decrease and extermination need not be feared, the new law should meet with commendation from all true sportsmen. The advocates of hounding claim that with the use of dogs there is no more danger of exterminating deer than by still-hunting. Argument can never settle that question, but the opinion of settlers in new countries whose food supply often depends upon the game killed, is of real value. By such men, hounding is deprecated, not for any tender feeling of mercy, but on good, sound principles of providing for the morrow. By them, hounds are used only in chasing wounded deer, while strangers who hunt with hounds in such localities usually go home without their dogs.

EVERY sportsman has seen an occasional great tree fallen in the woods and rotting where it fell, its remaining branches lifted as if in mute protest at the wanton destruction of nature's best gift to man, the forests. Perhaps we pass by without giving these fallen giants a thought; or when we see the huge trunk lying by its chopped stump, which show that the elements had no part in its downfall, the thoughts often arise; "Why was it chopped? What vandal did it?" Possibly a grapevine, from which a bushel or two of grapes were gathered, tells the tale; perchance a hole chopped in the trunk shows where a few pounds of wild honey were found; or perhaps the axe-marks tell the story of a coon with a twenty-five-cent hide, for which this magnificent tree was sacrificed. One tree is a small matter, so thought the vandal—if indeed he thought at all—but one tree here and one tree there, every year and in every wooded township, county and state where wild land is available, soon amount to a multitude. It takes fifty years or more to grow such a forest giant, and less than a few minutes to chop it down.

There is a close affinity between sportsmen and the woods, and to see fine trees ruthlessly destroyed is much the same as seeing game killed that cannot be used. To see forests mowed down before the hand of civilization, the lover of nature endures until he can find a remedy; but the insidious attacks of the coon hunter and the raids of the countryman in search of wild grapes or honey should not be tolerated where any sportsman's club can make its influence felt. Now that game has been depleted to such a woeful extent, every sportsman sees the necessity for protection. Had modern game laws been enacted a generation before, game would be plentiful to-day. If sportsmen do not soon arouse themselves to the crying need for the protection of our forests, we shall witness history repeating itself, and forests will be as scarce in the next generation as game is now. Every sportsman's club in the country should make some effort in this direction.

It is with feelings of real sorrow, which we know will be shared by all readers of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE who have admired his work in these pages, that we record the death of Mr. Hermann Simon, the artist. On the night of March 31, he passed quietly away, after suffering long with consumption. Few men die whose places in the world are not quickly filled, and fewer still who are not soon forgotten by all but their personal friends. Yet with Mr. Simon's life there went out a wealth of

art that is lost to the sportsmen of the world and which, if it could have been bequeathed, would have fallen like a blessing from Heaven upon its fortunate possessor. Mr. Simon was himself a sportsman and the scenes of wood and stream that he portrayed had a touch of nature that few artists can give. And though his art departed with him, and sportsmen will mourn his death; yet the world is richer that he lived and his work will be a pleasure for generations to come.

A FEW FEATURES OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE for June will be the Aquatic Number, and a special feature will be made of yachting, rowing, canoeing and other aquatic sports. It will have another handsome illuminated cover lithographed in colors and gold. Here are a few of the special features:

Training the Big College Crews, by James Watson.

The rigorous course of training and preparation of the five big college crews, Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania, for the intercollegiate boat races at Poughkeepsie in June, will be fully described and illustrated from instantaneous photographs and groups of the oarsmen.

New Racing Yachts of the Year, by Arthur F. Aldridge.

Yachtsmen of the eastern states do not own allegiance to any single class of racing boats for long. The big 80-foot "single-stickers" gave way to half-raters; then 21 footers occupied their attention as the most popular size. There will be a still newer class this year, and the yachts building and preparing for the racing season will be described and illustrated in this article next month.

A Day with the Bluefish off Fire Island, by Frederic de Garis.

Trolling for bluefish is one of the most popular forms of salt-water fishing, and the waters off Fire Island—only forty miles from the Metropolis—furnish some of the best of this sport. A day in a small sail-boat, trolling for these fish will be described in this article next month.

The Story of a Hammerless Shotgun, by E. A. Brinninstool.

In this clever story an American-made hammerless shotgun tells the story of its life, from the very beginning of its existence through a successful career before the traps. Its owner was a good shot and won many events with the "hero" of his story, and his good care of the gun points a moral to other shooters.

The Log of Four Corinthian Yachtsmen, by Herbert A. Barnes.

The cruise of our four young sailormen will end in the June number and when the *Irene* finally drops anchor in port, her crew will say good-bye to "Bones's" readers forever. The last days of the cruise will be thoroughly illustrated.

Ex-President Cleveland as a Sportsman, by Robert M. Larnier.

The third article in the series of Famous Men as Sportsmen will be devoted to Ex-President Cleveland. General Custer and Ex-President Harrison have each had their share of attention, and Cleveland will be the next on the list. Other papers in this series are in course of preparation.

Regular Departments.

Vignettes of Sport, Photography for Amateurs, Current Topics and the other regular features of the MAGAZINE, will all be found among the pages of our June number, while a new feature will be inaugurated in the form of prizes for the cleverest descriptions of tours with bicycle and camera. List of premiums for new subscribers sent on receipt of postal-card.

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SPORTSMEN'S BOOKS REVIEWED



By Sportsmen and for Sportsmen.

The New "Encyclopædia of Sport."—Part I.

MESSRS. G. P. Putnam's Sons have recently issued in New York the first part of a new and elaborate illustrated "Encyclopædia of Sport," which is intended to become authority. Unquestionably there is room for a good work of this kind in the realm of the sportsman, but to judge from the first part received, the present attempt to fill this "long-felt want" is too narrow in its lines to be accepted by American sportsmen. The long list of writers and editors whose names are given out as the authorities who will contribute to its pages contains few names known in America—its editors are all English and so are most of its writers. If the first part be a fair criterion, the result seems to have been much the same as when the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was issued. This famous work was offered extensively in America, but American men of letters soon discovered that it was too pro-English for their use.

In the "Encyclopædia of Sport" the record of the America's Cup, for instance, is minimized to a wonderful degree; the handling of football completely ignores the existence of the game as played on this side of the ocean; the sizes of shot, and the brands of powder are all given in the measures of English manufacturers; and archery, a game little played on this side of the Atlantic, is spread out to nearly seven pages with elaborate illustrations. From these few instances noted in the first part of this new work it will be seen that Putnam's *Encyclopædia* is hardly a universal one, and might more appropriately have been called the "Encyclopædia of British Sport."

Walter W. Fosdick.

"Official Guides" for Baseball and Tennis.

SPALDING'S "Official Baseball Guide" for 1897, and Wright & Ditson's "Official Lawn Tennis Guide" for 1897, have both appeared during the last few weeks. Each is as complete in itself as it is possible to make such paper-cover annuals, and each is the admitted authority on the

records for each year. The season of 1896, for both baseball and lawn tennis, has been fully and accurately recorded in these two little volumes, and a devotee of either sport cannot afford to be without the yearly "Guide" to his favorite pastime. Beside the official playing rules of the games, these books contain much other valuable information, as well as the complete records of the previous year; and each is profusely illustrated with portraits of the leading players in its own branch of the sport. Columns upon columns of tabulated figures help to complete the data of 1896 baseball records, and many months of hard work have been required to make these as complete and accurate as they appear. In the volume on tennis, one of the features is a complete directory of the lawn tennis enthusiasts of the country. Only one criticism might well be passed upon this convenient little book. Its editor has included the "differential tables" for adjusting handicap odds, which is very likely to deceive the average reader into the belief that these tables are still used in American handicap tournaments, whereas they are in vogue only on foreign courts.

J. Parmly Paret.

A "Bibliography of Guns and Shooting."

IN the "Bibliography of Guns and Shooting," the author announces that his book will probably be of little value to the book collector; for "it was compiled for the use of a writer, not a book buyer, and is both conceived and arranged with a view to best serving the needs of the student."

As a catalogue of sportsmen's books, with brief descriptive accounts accompanying the titles of a large number of them, it is quite complete and as such will doubtless be valuable to those wishing to make a selection of books in any particular branch of gunnery or shooting. But here its service ends. It is a well-printed and neatly-bound volume of over 200 pages, compiled and revised by Wirt Gerrare, and published by the Roxburghe Press, Westminster, England.

Paul G. Richmond.

BOOKS FOR SPORTSMEN.

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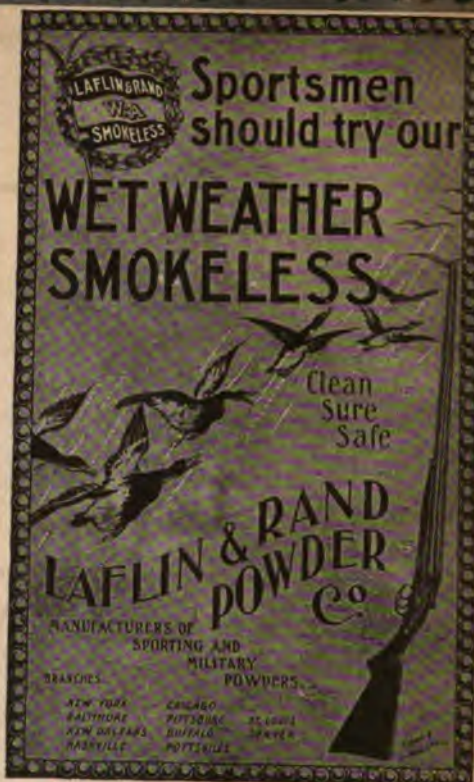
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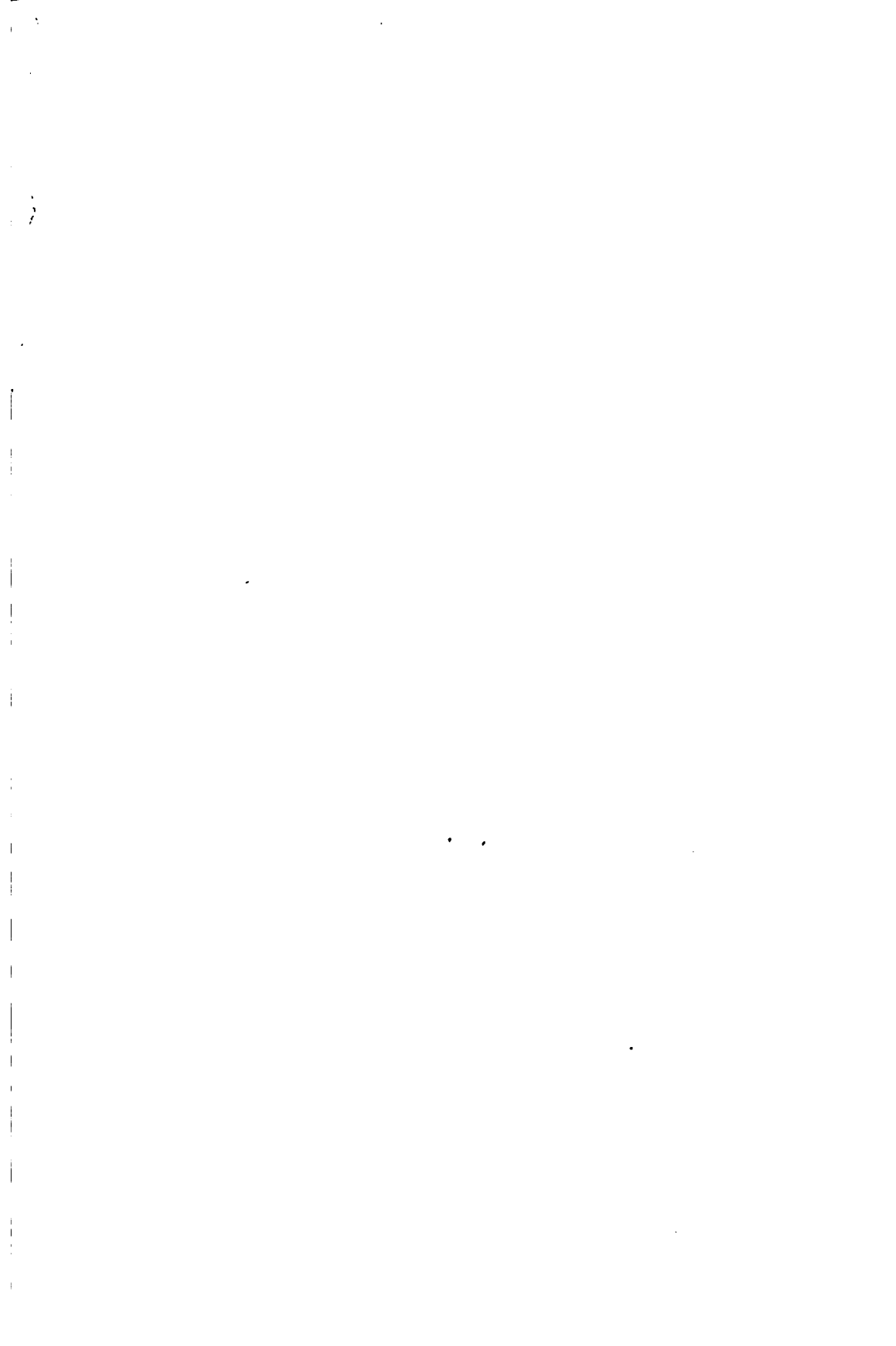
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